

AFRICA 1960

QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

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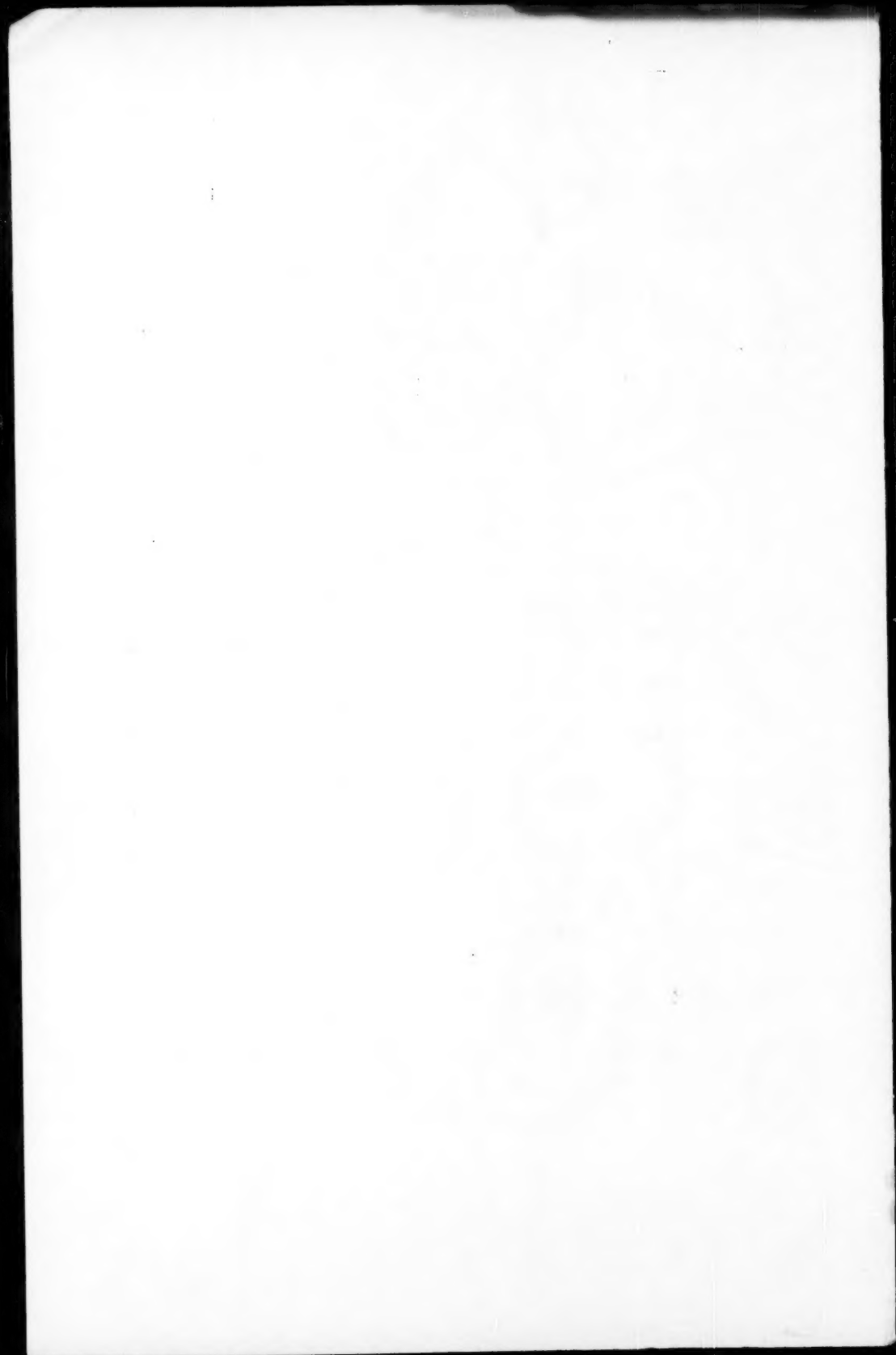
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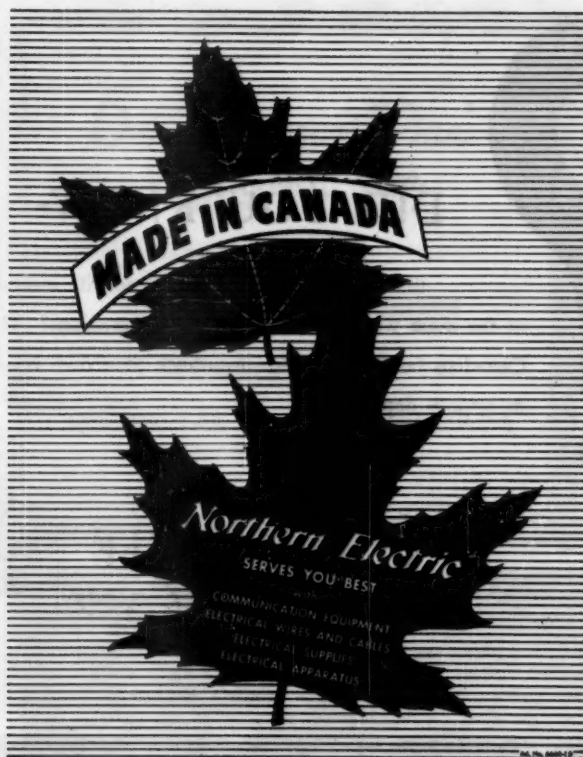
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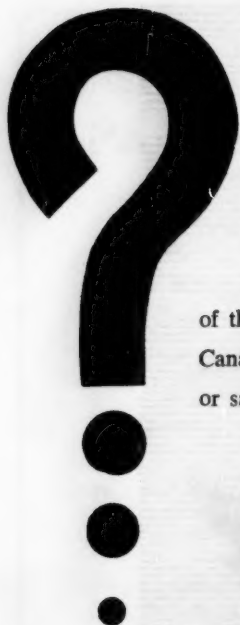
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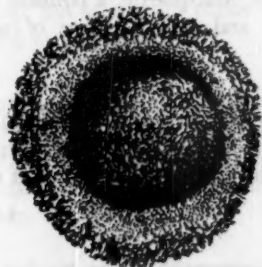
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the sun



and the moon



and fear of
loneliness

**SONGS
OF THE ESKIMO (1)**

*There is fear in
Turning the mind away,
Longing for loneliness,
Amid the joyous
People's throng.*

lyaiya — ya — ya.

*There is joy in
Feeling the warmth
Come to the great world
And seeing the sun
Follow its old footprints
In the summer night.*

lyaiya — ya — ya.

*There is fear in
Feeling the cold
Come to the great world
And seeing the moon
—Now new moon, now full moon—
Follow its old footprints
In the winter night.*

lyaiya — ya — ya.

*Tatilgäk
Musk-Ox people
Bathurst Inlet*

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 27 MAY 1670

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

The major portion of this number is devoted to articles on various aspects of present-day Africa, particularly those parts of it directly connected with the British Commonwealth. In the preparation of the issue we have been fortunate to have the co-operation and advice of a noted authority on African affairs, ARTHUR KEPPEL-JONES, who recently left his native South Africa to become Professor of History at Queen's University. His article on "South Africa and the Commonwealth" appeared in the Spring 1954 *Queen's Quarterly*. For the present issue he has written an up-to-date evaluation of the rapidly changing situation in South Africa.

Some comments from the House of Commons are provided by HEATH MACQUARRIE, Progressive Conservative Member for Queen's, P.E.I., who was Parliamentary Observer at the 12th and Canadian Delegate at the 13th and 14th General Assemblies of the United Nations. Mr. Macquarrie, a political scientist, has taught at several Canadian universities and is the author of numerous articles.

PHILIP STUCHEN'S report on Ghana is based on a recent fifteen months' stay in that country under the auspices of the United Nations on loan to the Government of Ghana as an economist from the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce.

D. J. HEASMAN, a keen student of Commonwealth affairs, teaches political science at Dalhousie University.

B. T. G. CHIDZERO, at present doing research at Nuffield College, Oxford, has an M.A. in political science from Ottawa University, and a Ph.D. from McGill. He was born in Southern Rhodesia, his father having come from Nyasaland as a migrant labourer. He has a book forthcoming on the *Influence of International Trusteeship on Tanganyika's Political Development*.

R. C. PRATT, recently appointed to the Department of Political Science, University of Toronto, formerly taught at McGill and at Makerere College, the University College of East Africa. He is the co-author of *Buganda and British Overrule*, published by Oxford this year, and co-editor of *A New Deal in Central Africa*, just published by Heinemann, to which Dr. Chidzero also contributed. The latter book is reviewed in this issue by RONALD WATTS of the Department of Philosophy, Queen's University, who is currently engaged in research at Nuffield College, Oxford.

Both HUGH H. and MABEL M. SMYTHE are students of African affairs. He serves on the subcommittee on African studies of the College of the City of

New York, where his wife lectures in economics as well as acting as co-ordinator of the high school division of the New Lincoln School. Their book on *The New Nigerian Elite* will be published by Stanford University Press this autumn. STEWART SUTTON went to Africa with his wife and family in early 1955 as a United National Children's Fund representative. He was transferred to the Middle East in 1956 as UNICEF Director for the Eastern Mediterranean Region. From 1946 to 1955 he was Director of the Children's Aid Society in Toronto. Our map of Africa was provided by DONALD Q. INNIS of the Department of Geography, Queen's University.

FRANK WATT, who writes on the "Agrarian Myth", is a member of the English Department, University College, University of Toronto. He has published articles on Canadian literature and history in many journals.

P. D. DRYSDALE formerly taught English at Memorial University of Newfoundland, but is now an editor with W. J. Gage Ltd., though still very much interested in linguistics.

Another of our regular surveys of recent Canadian poetry is provided by E. W. MANDEL, himself a gifted poet as well as a critic. A group of his poems appeared in *Trio* (1954) and his first full volume, *Fuseli Poems*, will be published later this year. He is a member of the English Department, University of Alberta.

Two of our poets in this issue have appeared before in *Queen's Quarterly*: MIRIAM WADDINGTON of Montreal, author of three books of poetry, the most recent being *The Season's Lovers*; and ELIZABETH BREWSTER, author of three Ryerson chap-books, and recently appointed to the Department of English at Victoria College, Victoria. M. MORRIS of Winnipeg is a newcomer to our pages.

Our short stories are by H. N. CLAUSS, a free-lance writer who has worked as a theatrical producer, director and technician in various parts of the United States, and who plans to live in Spain for the next couple of years; and RUDOLF G. HOSSE, who reports that he does most of his writing on the daily train-ride from his home to the office of the large life insurance company in New York for which he works.

JOHN ARTHOS is Professor of English at the University of Michigan and the author of books on eighteenth century poetry, Spenser and Milton. "Patmos" is part of a book to be entitled *A Traveller in Greece*.

Our frontispiece is by GEORGE SWINTON who has been on leave from his teaching post at the University of Manitoba School of Art this past year on a Canada Council fellowship. Many of our readers will have seen his recent series of television programs on art.

QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

Volume LXVII

SUMMER

Number 2

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THE HERALD

Drawn for *Queen's Quarterly* by GEORGE SWINTON

Africa: Continent of Change and Challenge

by

HEATH MACQUARRIE

A Canadian Member of Parliament, and Representative on the Trusteeship Committee of the United Nations General Assembly, discusses the effects in the field of foreign relations of Africa's growing self-consciousness and makes some timely suggestions concerning the rôle Canada can play in this rapidly changing situation.

A new and interesting development in international relations is the attention being accorded the African continent. For a long time it seemed to be on the remote periphery of the diplomatic scene and, except for some imperialistic diversions in the late nineteenth century, it was largely ignored by the great powers. Through the years the Western World became accustomed to getting along without Africa in diplomatic considerations. Contacts with the vast continent were few, and its voice was not heard in the councils of the world. But today Africa cannot be ignored, and the statesman who fails to recognize the importance of this long-neglected continent is shortsighted indeed. The peoples of Africa form an important and perhaps a decisive sector of the uncommitted area of the world's population. It is noteworthy that leaders of both the Western and Communist Worlds are now giving attention to the African continent. Prime Minister Macmillan made a lengthy and important visit recently, and it will not be at all surprising if Mr. Khrushchev adds Africa to his extended itinerary.

The changes now occurring in Africa are causing repercussions throughout the world. At the United Nations the impact of African developments is seen most vividly. At this year's General Assembly it is expected that seven new members will be admitted — all of these are African states. The League of Nations had three members from the whole continent of Africa. Ten African states are members of the United Nations. In the Fifteenth General Assembly there will be

fourteen. In the years ahead the list will lengthen and the influence of the African group will be tremendously increased. One can visualize a United Nations General Assembly with as many as one hundred member states. It is conceivable that many of the states of the French community may seek membership in the world body.

A few years ago the rest of the world watched with fear, and perhaps with fascination, the rapid development of nationalism in Asia, but nationalistic tides are rising far faster in Africa. New states are donning the robes of independence, looking forward to the privileges and opportunities which sovereignty brings, and seeking to prepare themselves for the grave difficulties and serious responsibilities which also come with autonomy.

As with nationalistic urges elsewhere in our time, the African variety is generating explosive force. Old concepts and old ways are being abandoned and the rate of cultural change is rapid. Traditional attitudes of subservience and placid acceptance are being replaced by a new self-assertiveness which cannot be forestalled nor gainsaid. In some areas of the continent the force of emergent nationalism is encountering older brittle forces and the resulting social conflict is occasionally convulsive.

It would be a mistake to regard the political and social developments of the African continent as being all of a piece, for the pattern naturally varies depending upon historic, economic and ethnic factors. But allowing for the wide variety — both in the problems and the attempted solutions — there are some generalizations which might be made in reference to the whole continent. The Prime Minister of Ghana, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, one of the leading apostles of the new nationalism, has set forth the three basic aspects of contemporary African politics. These are:

- (1) The desire to see Africa free and independent.
- (2) Determination to pursue foreign policy based upon non-alignment.
- (3) The urgent need for economic development.¹

Certainly the chief motivating force in African politics today is the burning desire for political independence. Metropolitan powers

¹ *Foreign Affairs*, October 1958, p. 40.

are generally recognizing that the old order must change and change rapidly. In 1939 there was in the whole continent only one independent state outside the Union of South Africa, the tiny republic of Liberia. Today it is the colonial area which is steadily and inexorably diminishing. Accelerated programs for independence are being pushed by African leaders and accepted by colonial administrators. In October of this year full independence will be granted to the Federation of Nigeria and this great new state will then take its place as the most populous African nation. The vast Belgian Congo, which yesterday seemed many years away from independence, now stands on the very threshold of sovereignty. Sweeping changes are taking place in the British and French areas and the test of statecraft will be in meeting the new needs through peaceful adjustment with some of the older forces of political authority.

While the ferment of nationalism is being felt throughout the whole of the continent it is in the north and south that its explosive force is most ominous. The continuing Algerian warfare and the repressive *apartheid* policies of the Union of South Africa have profoundly stirred the people of the newly free African states. At the conferences of independent African states held at Accra in April, 1958, and Monrovia in July, 1959, African leaders gave high priority to these trouble spots. At Monrovia a resolution called upon France to end hostilities and to open negotiations with the provisional government. The political leaders of the African states called upon NATO countries to stop France from using in Algeria arms supplied by members of the Alliance. The use of African troops in the Algerian conflict was bitterly denounced and French plans for atomic tests in the Sahara brought vigorous and indignant hostility.

The recent riots in the Union of South Africa and the bloody Mau Mau struggle in Kenya indicate how dangerous the race issue actually can become. The more sober African leaders advocate non-violent methods, but there is an ever-present danger that the swift march of events may brush their counsels aside. Tom Mboya, one of Africa's outstanding leaders, put it very succinctly at the Monrovia Conference: "Nobody likes to employ violence, but the actions of colonial powers especially in Algeria will eventually determine whether we also

should use force and when that time comes we should not be blamed."

At Accra the representatives of the free African states unanimously adopted a resolution which pledged support to the struggle of the not yet emancipated peoples of the continent. But whatever form it takes the contest for political freedom is being waged throughout the vast continent. As Dr. Nkrumah said at Accra: "Our struggle is to wipe out imperialism and colonialism from this continent and to erect in their place a union of free, independent African states."

African leaders often say that their struggle is not only for self-government but for self-respect and certainly the deeply emotional question of race prejudice and the memories of race exploitation are an important ingredient of African politics today. The five million white Africans are but a small minority in a continent of over 200 million people. In the new order of things there will be a drastic decline in their relative political and economic power. Where the white population forms a tiny minority as in Nigeria the problem of race relations is not a major political factor. But where they form a sizeable and well established minority as in many British areas in East Africa and in the Union of South Africa and Algeria the colour conflict is of the essence. Today in certain parts of the continent relations between men of different coloured skins are so tense and hostile as to threaten the whole political and social fabric. Often through their shortsighted policies the colonial administrators aid and abet the nationalist extremists whose rise to power constitutes the greatest threat to the stability of their régimes. It is often said that the way to Government House is through a prison and sometimes a nationalist leader of the most ordinary stature emerges from incarceration casting a giant's shadow on the African political scene.

Wisdom, tolerance and understanding in great measure will be required of African and European alike if the required degree of racial cooperation and harmony is to be developed. Without a great measure of accommodation on this highly emotional issue Africa will not be able to make the economic and social advances which are so sorely needed.

The Thirteenth Session of the United Nations General Assembly was informally called "The African Assembly", and there were many

and compelling reasons which made such a description an appropriate one. The United Nations has been eminently successful in discharging its sacred trust toward African peoples for which it holds responsibility under the Charter. By October 1, 1960, four of the original trust territories — British Togoland, French Togoland, French Cameroons and Somalia — will have attained sovereign status. The termination of the Trusteeship Agreement for the British Cameroons is not far off, and awaits only determination by the peoples of the northern and southern sections of the best form for their future political structure. In Tanganyika events seem to be moving rapidly and peaceably toward the attainment of independence. The leading political figure in Tanganyika, Julius Nyerere, is a man of great ability who made a most favourable impression during his recent visit to Canada. In Ruandi-Urundi the Belgian administrators seem ready and able to adjust to the new measure of things.

But while trusteeship developments comprise the major United Nations efforts in Africa they are not the only African matters to absorb the attention of the world body. When Victor Belaunde, President of the Fourteenth General Assembly, reviewed the work of the Session he listed, as two of the three highlights of its deliberations, items which had a special bearing upon Africa. These were the paternal rôle performed by the United Nations with respect to the countries still in the process of evolution or preparing for independence, and the subject of economic and technical assistance to the less developed countries. Of the 123 Resolutions adopted by the Fourteenth General Assembly 37 dealt with African matters.

It is not surprising that the United Nations should concentrate so much of its attention on this area for no part of the world requires technical and economic assistance so desperately as the continent of Africa. In an area of rapid technological advance infant governments are struggling with grave economic disabilities which would challenge the most mature industrial and commercial states. There is an acute shortage of administrative and technical skill and a lack of facilities for training along these lines. Disadvantages resulting from climatic and topographical factors must be met. As well as being underdeveloped, much of the continent is still unexplored in so far as natural

resources for broad economic development are concerned. Before the continent's resources can be exploited they must be charted and appraised. Even population figures for most parts of Africa are but sheer administrative guesses. Vulnerable one-product economies must be buttressed by greater diversification of industry. With little indigenous private capital it will be the public sector which must make the massive assaults necessary to develop a more mature, prosperous and stable economy. An economic survey recently conducted by the United Nations set out the rôle of the State on the economic front:

It is not merely that direct government and government-sponsored activities exert, because of their relative size, a major influence in the transformation of the traditional economy into a modern economy; the fact is, given the lack of conditions necessary for a more spontaneous growth, many African governments have no choice but to perform the functions of an entrepreneur in diverting domestic savings into productive investment and even in assuming responsibilities of management.²

Many of the facilities such as transport, water supply and power are in urgent need of development for any considerable economic growth to take place, and in these fields government initiative is essential. As an indication of the magnitude of the task one might refer to the estimate that less than 1% of Africa's potential hydro power has so far been developed.

It is in the economic and technical field that Western countries can render the most significant assistance to the peoples of Africa. With a high degree of technological "know-how" and the recent experience of developing its own natural resources Canada is in a position to make a particularly valuable contribution. Great engineering projects, such as the development of the Upper Volta dam, require personnel highly trained in various technical fields. In many, if not most, areas of administration specialized personnel are urgently required. In 1959 seven Canadian experts in such fields as tourism and public administration rendered useful service in Ghana, and assistance of this kind would doubtless be welcomed on a broad scale in other new African states. There is every reason to believe that increasing emphasis will be placed on Canadian aid to African na-

² *United Nations*, Department of Economic and Social Affairs "Economic Survey of Africa Since 1950", p. 3.

tions. Secretary of State for External Affairs, Hon. Howard Green, told the External Affairs Committee of the House of Commons, "The Government is keenly aware . . . of the needs of the newly independent and emerging states of the Commonwealth in the great continent of Africa". With Nigerian independence and admission to the Commonwealth but a few months away it can be expected that a special Canadian program will be developed for that country which is endowed with potentially valuable natural resources.

Closer as well as wider diplomatic contacts with the new African states would seem to be warranted at this time. The establishment of a new mission in Lagos, the capital of the great Nigerian state which is to assume its place as an independent nation in October of this year, is a most welcome move but there are still many areas of the continent where Canada is not represented. Our Department of External Affairs is not capable of indefinite expansion, but there would seem to be strong and pertinent reasons for augmenting our diplomatic contacts with the dynamic and significant African states now taking their places in the international community.

Even more important than relations between their governments are the contacts between the peoples of Canada and the new African states. The Commonwealth Scholarship Plan will increase the opportunities for African students to come to our institutions of learning. There is an acute need for trained and educated personnel in the new countries, and outside assistance in staffing their own institutions would be most welcome. An exchange of students and teachers and technical and skilled personnel would be of great value. As a nation partially French in culture Canada could profitably develop closer ties with the African members of the French Community and other nations with a French background.

Nor should this educational process be thought of as a one-way street. In Kimble's classic remark, "The darkest thing about Africa has always been our ignorance of it". Canadians could profitably learn a great deal about the vast and vital continent where such startling and far-reaching changes are taking place. The establishment of an African Institute at one of our universities would be a timely and practical step in the direction of better understanding. A course of

study on the anthropological, historic, sociological, political and geographic aspects of Africa would form a basis for the curriculum with more specialized fields to be added as the Institute developed. With encouragement from the Department of External Affairs, assistance from the Canada Council and educational foundations, and staffed by a highly qualified faculty of scholars from Africa and elsewhere such an academic organization would greatly enrich both Canadian scholarship and diplomacy. The Institute of Islamic Studies of McGill University has been highly successful and might profitably serve as a model for a similar venture in African studies.

While nationalism is the great motivating force in Africa today there are also significant supra-nationalistic movements towards a continental solidarity. This is evident in the growing cohesiveness of the African group in the United Nations. One unifying factor is the desire to avoid entanglements with outside alliances. At the Accra Conference Mr. M'Hammed Douri, Minister of Public Works, Morocco, gave clear expression to the view: "The African States gathered together at this Conference have stressed their desire to contribute to the strengthening of peace in the world and to cooperation with all peace-loving nations. They have equally demonstrated their fixed determination to remain outside conflicts and international quarrels and to reject any form of dependence."

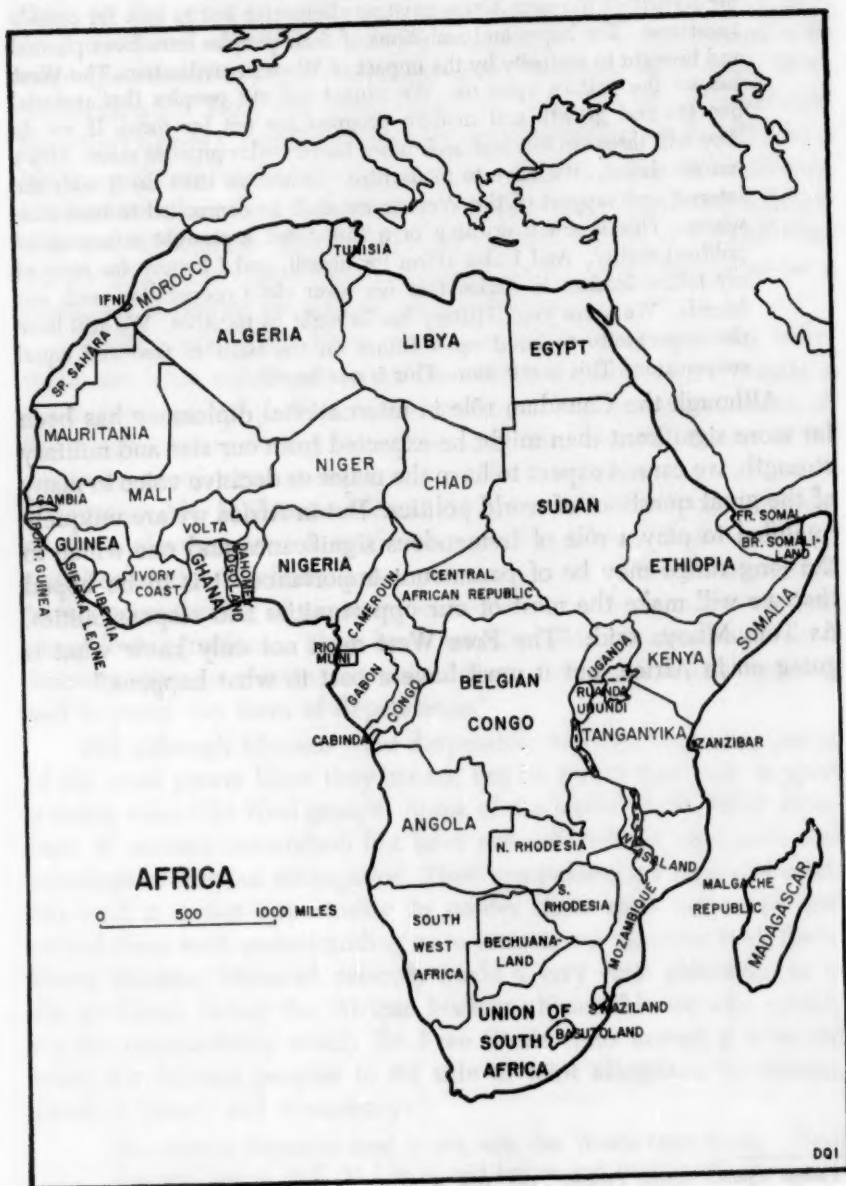
But although Africans want desperately to avoid becoming pawns of the great power blocs they cannot but be aware that their support is being wooed by rival groups. Some of the leaders have bitter memories of western colonialism but have not suffered the repression and vassalage of Russian subjugation. Their sympathies are basically western, and it is our opportunity to render them such assistance and extend them such understanding as to cement our relations with them. Prime Minister Nkrumah recently made a very clear statement as to the problems facing the African leaders. From this we can readily see the responsibility which the Free World must accept if it would bring the African peoples to its side in joint allegiance to western ideals of liberty and democracy:

But Africa's desperate need is not only the West's opportunity. There is a risk here as well. As I have said before and must emphasize again,

the leaders of the new Africa have no alternative but to look for outside assistance. The hopes and ambitions of their peoples have been planted and brought to maturity by the impact of Western civilization. The West has set the pattern upon us. We cannot tell our peoples that material benefits and growth and modern progress are not for them. If we do they will throw us out and seek other leaders who promise more. Africa has no choice. We have to modernize. Either we shall do it with the interest and support of the West or we shall be compelled to turn elsewhere. This is not a warning or a threat but a straight statement of political reality. And I also affirm for myself, and I believe for most of my fellow leaders in Africa that we want close cooperation with our friends. We know you. History has brought us together. We still have the opportunity to build up a future on the basis of free and equal cooperation. This is our aim. This is our hope.³

Although the Canadian rôle in international diplomacy has been far more significant than might be expected from our size and military strength, we cannot expect to have the major or decisive voice in many of the great questions of world politics. But in Africa we are uniquely qualified to play a rôle of tremendous significance and one which in the long range may be of paramount importance. It is to be hoped that we will make the most of our opportunities and responsibilities. As Tom Mboya said: "The Free West must not only know what is going on in Africa, but it must have a part in what happens."

³ *Foreign Affairs*, "African Prospect", Oct. 1958, p. 53.



Assessing the South African Crisis

by

ARTHUR KEPPEL-JONES

"No policy that excludes political integration can assuage the bitterness of African resentment, and so long as African resentment continues, the position of the white régime will be precarious." A noted South African scholar assesses the tense and critical state of affairs as it now stands.

THE South African conflicts had never before been so publicized, reported and assessed as in the weeks following March 21, 1960. Yet it is harder now than it has ever been to make a reliable assessment of the situation. For one thing, censorship and intimidation have silenced much of the expression of opinion; a large part of South African politics has been driven underground. For another, South Africans of all races and parties have been living for years in a world of make-believe and unreality. Many of them — not all, perhaps not even most, but many certainly — have withdrawn even further into that Wonderland in reaction to the horrors and implications of the recent crisis. Thus it is impossible to form a sound judgment of the present position and future prospects without much adding to, and subtracting from, the picture that appears on the surface.

The first factor that has to be assessed is the state of African opinion — the thoughts, feelings and intentions of two-thirds of the population of the Union. The basic difficulty here is the reluctance — one might say the constitutional inability — of Africans to reveal their real thoughts to Europeans. This attitude is not new, or merely a reaction to *apartheid* and *baasskap*. It has been apparent since the earliest contacts between the races, and suggests a fear of the unknown power of the white man's magic—least said, soonest mended; no names, no pack drill. Africans living under conditions such as those in the Union have two sets of attitudes, one obsequious and acquiescent, assumed in dealing with the white boss, the other the genuine expression of the personality. An African student may try to organize his

fellows for resistance and revolution; but when he writes his history examination he will turn out what the white examiner is supposed to want — the sufferings of the Boers, the folly of Governors who were soft with Kaffirs.

Psychologists have techniques for penetrating this confusion. The rest of us judge by observing behaviour and by applying to the African's case a general knowledge of human nature and a special knowledge, if we have it, of Bantu custom. Useful insights are obtained, too, from observers fluent in a Bantu language who overhear much that was not intended for their ears.

What, then, lay behind the great upheaval that began at Sharpsville and Langa? There are two versions. According to one, an African population exasperated by oppression was organized to protest, then goaded by police action to a more extensive and violent resistance. In spite of beatings and hunger the mass of the urban African population rallied to the call of its leaders, observed the work boycott and paralyzed industry in many places, until it was physically battered into submission. In the other version, most of these people were law-abiding, well-disposed to Europeans and to the government, and desired nothing more than to be left in peace and to go to work as usual. But they were "terrorized" by gangs of agitators, largely Communist-inspired, who had political ambitions and who for their own purposes exploited the fears and ignorance of their countrymen.

If the second version is true, the imprisonment of nearly two thousand "agitators" will have cleared the air, and we may expect a return to the old happy days when white *baasskap* was in the nature of things and no one tried to disturb the peace. If the truth is in the other account the prospects are radically different. A whole people inspired by old and now aggravated resentment, by a militant nationalism and by the memory of even a brief and partial triumph, will be held down only by force, and not a moment longer than the force against it continues superior to its own.

As so often happens, the truth of this matter is mostly, but not entirely, on one side. Experience both in South Africa and elsewhere — in the history of trade unionism, for instance — suggests that an operation of this kind could not be carried out without compelling

unwilling people to fall into line. It naturally depended on leaders, who can be called "agitators", and it would be surprising if the Communist Party (banned in South Africa) did not try to fish in such troubled waters.

The government is not without its African supporters and defenders, however cynical their motives may be: chiefs and the rest of the Bantustan hierarchy, policemen, some teachers, all on the government payroll and some owing their jobs directly to *apartheid*; simple tribesmen in remote areas who take their cue from the chiefs, others who want peace and quiet or are opposed for personal reasons to the local representatives of African nationalism. All these are a godsend to the State Information Office.

But the weight of evidence suggests that these yes-men are an insignificant proportion of the whole. The evidence is difficult to summarize. It is weighty precisely because it consists of innumerable reports of separate incidents in almost all parts of the country. To take a few examples: when chiefs, etc., were being appointed under the Bantu Authorities Act during 1957 and 1958, white officials and black paramount chiefs went to various places to conduct the installation ceremonies. In the Mount Frere district the Native Commissioner could not appear before a gathering of the people, for fear of violence, and the ceremony had to be conducted in the Magistrate's office. At Lady Frere the people refused to have anything to do with the system, and the Chief Native Commissioner and the local Tembu chief had to leave the meeting after five minutes. At Cala a similar meeting broke up in disorder. The imposition of the pass laws on women led in Marico and Sekhukhuneland to police action, violent resistance and "reigns of terror". For a number of years protests, riot, resistance, boycott and refusal to co-operate have been reported from one end of the country to the other. The operative grievance in one case is the pass laws, in another the imposition of an unwanted chief, in another the municipal beer monopoly, the culling of cattle or the removal of a tribe to another location.

No one can read this evidence and honestly believe that a willingly submissive population has been provoked by a few agitators. This thesis becomes even less credible, in fact incredible, when one

remembers that Africans are people, and compares their lot with that of their fellow-Africans in other parts of the continent. They themselves are aware of the comparison; it is the basis of their political thought.

But the thought itself remains elusive, and is now more inaccessible than ever to white enquirers. If actions speak louder than words, they speak of a people driven by resentment and hatred to desperate remedies in the face of apparently hopeless odds; driven to attack armoured cars with sticks and stones.

These signs, to all who can read them, are ominous. All over the continent of Africa would-be liberators of the Union's helots are assuming power, and are in a position to command the competitive support of the rest of the world. The materials of a great explosion are thus being brought together.

How are the signs read by white South Africans? Superficial appearances would suggest that most of them are blind or illiterate. The Nationalist Government, as always, stands pat. Its remedy is merely more of the same. The ex-Nationalist rebel, the honest and courageous Japie Basson, has founded a new party with the blessing of ex-Chief Justice Fagan; the best they can think of is to return to the spirit and even the letter of Hertzog's policies in 1936. The United Party talks benevolent platitudes without being prepared to yield anything of substance to African demands. From certain business circles comes the old talk of a coalition of the United Party with the "moderate" Nationalists. Ever since a similar thing happened in 1933, coinciding with new gold discoveries and the abandonment of the gold standard, this manoeuvre has connoted political peace and fortunes on the Stock Exchange. The really analogous move in 1960 would be a coalition of white and black, but the people who dream of coalition have not kept pace with events.

This failure to read the signs is not ordinary blindness; it is turning the blind eye. The sense of an immeasurable gulf between white and black is so strong and all-pervading for most white South Africans that it is regarded as a fixed datum from which all thinking on race relations must proceed. The Nationalists therefore think in terms of total territorial segregation of the races, in spite of its proved

impossibility; the United Party, of mere exorcism of troublesome problems and a kind of mesmerized return to the happy days before they had arisen. Neither can recognize the necessity of a real concession of *political power* — the essential thing — to non-Europeans. Politicians who recognize it are thrown out of their parties; voters who do so go over to the Progressives or the Liberals. In the ranks of both the main parties all measures that lead to political or social integration are *tabu*. Yet no policy that excludes political integration can assuage the bitterness of African resentment, and so long as African resentment continues, the position of the white régime will be precarious and the political situation tense and critical. The two large parties are therefore in a *cul-de-sac*, and are driven to pretend that things are not what they are.

Some of the pretences are staggering in their naïveté. The government has suddenly discovered the need for large-scale white immigration, and is taking steps to promote it. Apart from a handful of white supremacists retiring from other parts of Africa, few are likely to be attracted. What is more, one of the first acts of this government, on taking office in 1948, was to turn back the tide of European immigration that was then flowing strongly; it feared, rightly, that the newcomers would be anti-Nationalist. Now that immigrants can no longer be obtained they are not only desired, but dangled before the public as the solution of a problem.

From the rank and file of the Nationalist Party, though not from the government itself, has come the suggestion that the Coloured people (ten per cent of the whole population) ought to be recognized as allies of the white; even that they might be put back on the common voters' roll. This, after the Nationalists for about six years had kept the country at boiling point, broken the most solemn promises, debased the Senate and the Supreme Court, made a laughing-stock of Parliament itself and violated the Constitution — all to get the Coloured voters off the roll.

At the highest official level, it is announced that the policy of "separate development", which means moving the African population by stages into the Bantustans, must now be implemented with greater determination and at much greater speed than before. But it is noto-

rious that it was not being implemented at all. The money spent on the development of the reserves has been less than one per cent of the sum which the government's own commission laid down as the necessary minimum. It was apparent before 1960 that the money for this purpose could not be raised without a great expansion of the economy, which presupposed a further integration of Africans into the multi-racial industrial society; the object could not be realized until it had first been defeated. And now the economy is a good deal weaker than it was before the crisis.

There are economic as well as political reasons for self-deception, or at any rate for the deception of the public at large. To admit that the opinions and intentions of the dominant section of the whites and those prevailing among the Africans are irreconcilable is to abandon hope of peace and security. Such despair is very bad for business. Those who have actually abandoned hope and intend to sell up and get out have cogent reasons for wanting the market to be buoyant. Those who wish to remain have still more at stake. Pessimism means financial loss to everyone.

It is therefore natural for the English-language newspapers, controlled by corporate business and mostly supporting the United Party, to clutch at straws. Immigration, coalition, moderation in high places, the appeasement of Non-Europeans by cheap concessions, a swing of Afrikaners away from Nationalism (perhaps because it is now hitting them in their pockets) are some of the straws. Editors have another reason for striking a more cheerful note than the situation warrants: the government's power, under the Emergency Regulations, to suppress their papers.

For these reasons the press though hostile to the government within the traditional framework of South African politics, conveys a general impression of business-as-usual and, above all, of a fundamental confidence in the future. There are individuals who in letters from home or conversations abroad take the same line — the reports have been exaggerated, the disturbance was superficial.

There are grounds for thinking that it is the confidence that is superficial. I quote from letters written, from widely separated places, during the early weeks of the emergency. Their tenor is very different

from the calm appraisals in the press. One correspondent wrote: "Things *are* grim here. One wonders how much one is becoming 'conditioned' these days, and it is becoming increasingly difficult to think independently. I never understood the term 'brain-washing' before, but it is beginning to dawn now. When everything is censored and everything guided, as the ruling clique has ordained it, how is it possible that one can form any independent thought?"

From a second correspondent: "The feeling of tension is absolutely appalling. We of course know very little of what is actually going on. From the time the state of emergency was declared there's been very little in the papers, though of course plenty of rumours. We all have to be rather careful what we say, for fear of being popped inside at dead of night — that is the rule these days; people's families are not even notified that they have been imprisoned, under emergency regulations." And from a third: "It must seem very melodramatic to someone outside it, but living in it is terrifying to an extent that I would not have believed possible two months ago. There is a sort of hysteria just below the surface that one is able to forget at intervals, but the feeling of living in a fog of deception and distortion is at times an almost unbearable strain". These three correspondents are unknown to one another.

The apparent lull after the storm has not restored a sense of confidence or of normality. The property market is reported as dead. The business men, politicians and journalists who assert their faith in the future are not buying houses. People who had thought of themselves as deeply rooted in the country are now leaving it. By April it was impossible to get a regular air passage to Europe sooner than August. This fact was duly reported in the press and was attributed to heavy tourist traffic ("no connection with the emergency".) But all ships to Australia and New Zealand are now fully booked up to 1963, and no one can pretend that those passengers are tourists.

In these practical matters there is a discrepancy between the public expressions of opinion and the private assessment on which people base their actions. The actions belie the words. Nor must too much stress be laid on the number of actual emigrants. For one that goes there are probably dozens who are anxious to do so but have not

yet brought themselves to write off their assets, or are unable to raise the passage money. And among the most inflexible Nationalists there are increasing signs of resignation, in the last resort, to a *Götterdämmerung*, going down in the White Ship with all guns blazing and colours nailed to the mast.

On Union Day, at Bloemfontein, Dr. Verwoerd tried to launch upon the world a dove of peace. The augurs may read the future in its refusal to fly.

British Politics and Commonwealth Principles

THE CASE OF CENTRAL AFRICA

by

D. J. HEASMAN

Issues basic to the whole structure of the Commonwealth, and of great significance to all its members, including Canada, are involved in current negotiations between the British Government and the Central African Federation. Some of the implications are here analysed by a Canadian political scientist.

HETEROGENEOUS societies such as Canada, South Africa, Ireland, India, Palestine, Cyprus, Malaya, Kenya, Uganda, and Central Africa have provided British statesmanship with some of its most searching tests and British politics with some of their most bitter debates. In each of these lands there has been strife, though in Canada least of all; in Ireland, India, and Palestine, partition was thought to be the remedy, thus obviating the need for any external underpinning of minority guarantees; Singapore still remains apart from Malaya, as the British High Commission territories do from South Africa; South Africa itself, where independence was granted to a ruling minority, has made nonsense of the entrenched clauses in her own constitution, while Turks hope anxiously that they will not have cause to regret the arrangements for Cyprus to which they have agreed. But it seems to be in Central Africa that so many problems of Empire, old and new, have come together to test, and no doubt to modify, the principles by which Britain is guided in her relations with the Commonwealth, and it is with the implications for the Commonwealth of the British approach to this question that this article is concerned.

The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, which came into existence in 1953, brought together the self-governing Colony of Southern Rhodesia and the Protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The white population of Southern Rhodesia had been given control over their internal affairs thirty years earlier, subject to

the same kind of British control that was later to be applied to the Federation. With the passing of the years, however, this control became largely illusory: the supervisory machinery for administration of Africa was withdrawn; the power of disallowance fell into desuetude; and the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia became a regular participant in Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meetings (since 1953, the Prime Minister of the Federation has attended instead), with the result that the prestige of his government came to be such as to make any reassertion of British authority seem out of keeping with the spirit of the Statute of Westminster which was then permeating the Commonwealth.

It was the discovery and successful development of copper mining in Northern Rhodesia that provided the Southern Rhodesians with what they most needed if they were ever to achieve full Dominion status: the chance to build a viable economy. With their skills and organizing ability (as well as their supplies of coal) and Northern Rhodesian and Nyasa labour they would be able to make the most of the opportunity, to the advantage, it was said, not only of themselves but also of the Africans. Moreover, the Northern Rhodesian settlers came to welcome the prospect of getting away from Colonial Office rule and of sharing the load of the African problem with their more populous neighbours. Britain, preferring as always that colonies provide for themselves from their own resources where possible, supported the idea of economic integration of the three territories, particularly in view of the benefits that it would bring to indigent Nyasaland, but was not prepared to concede the settlers' demand for political amalgamation. However, post-war immigration from the United Kingdom further strained Southern Rhodesian resources, and made that country more vocal in its demands; the victory of the Nationalist Party in South Africa in 1948 not only killed any idea of union with her but also rendered the British Government more susceptible to the pleas of comparatively liberal — and British — Rhodesians; and the development of African political and trade union organization in Northern Rhodesia which had gained momentum during the war had made settlers there even more apprehensive. Moreover, the earlier doctrine that the interests of Africans must be paramount

had given way to the view that "in any constitutional changes in the direction of self-government, care must be taken to safeguard the proper rights and interests of all the different communities" — to quote Mr. James Griffiths, Secretary of State for the Colonies in the last Labour government. Ostensibly, there is little difference between this and "partnership", to the establishment of which in 1953 everything seemed to conspire.

Since 1953 the Federation, like Southern Rhodesia before it, has been able to throw off many of the shackles binding it to London. It has not been able to do more because of the mobilization of African opposition and the keen and critical interest of sections of British opinion. The Federation therefore remains poised between Colonial and Dominion status, the United Kingdom retaining ultimate control of external affairs and defence. As was the case with Southern Rhodesia, the power to disallow legislation has not been used. Although the British Parliament may legislate for the Federation (as well as for any of the territories) the British Government agreed in 1957 that, in regard to matters within the Federal jurisdiction, they would "recognize the existence of a convention applicable to the present stage of the constitutional evolution of the Federation" that this right should only be exercised at the request of the Federal Government. It is significant that the Labour Party insists that it is not bound by this inter-governmental agreement, and it is not possible to say that such an agreement constitutes a convention effectively to diminish the authority of Parliament in the way that authority has been diminished in the case of Canada, for example, by section four of the Statute of Westminster; nevertheless, an agreement of this kind comes closer to the status of a convention the longer there is a British government accepting it as such, and it is significant that the Federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, wants it to be written into law. Full of implications for the jurisdiction of the British Parliament is the attitude of the local courts; the terms of the Federal Constitution would seem to jeopardize British authority in this respect.

Two other remnants of British control have shared a similar fate. First, Constitutional amendments, bills that change the electoral laws, and bills classed by the African Affairs Board as "differentiating

measures" must be reserved by the Governor-General for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure. One such bill, the Constitution Amendment Bill, 1957, was so classed (not only by the Board but also by the African opposition in the Territorial legislatures), but, in spite of this and other protests, the Bill became law upon confirmation by the British Government in Order in Council. Secondly, the governments of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland continue to be under the aegis of the Colonial Office; their administration, however, has been geared to the policy of ensuring success for Federation. For example, the victory in the Nyasaland elections of 1956 of the African Congress Party, which is bitterly opposed to Federation, was followed by the Colonial Secretary's warning that Federation had come to stay; and the development of the Nyasaland constitution has been put back because of disorders, which were found by the Devlin Commission to have arisen from the controversy over Federation.

Now that the Federation has been in existence for seven years, there is a danger that the public mind, in Britain and elsewhere, will confuse the problem of Southern Rhodesia, where to each of the 200,000 or more Europeans there are thirteen Africans, with the problem of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, where populations of a comparable size include only some 65,000 and 9,000 Europeans respectively. The difficulties militating against the reimposition of effective control over Southern Rhodesia might then be thought to apply to the entire country. Furthermore, when the population statistics are examined more closely, it is found that the white population is more than three times as great in all three territories as it was in 1936, while the African population is between one and a half and two times as great. Indeed, the white population of Nyasaland has doubled since 1953 and it is rather far-fetched therefore to refer to that territory as having a multi-racial society: any people can create such a society if they are allowed free influx, as the Jews showed in Palestine. All parties in Central Africa, particularly the "opposition" Dominion Party, give high priority to white immigration: from Nyasaland, at least, it might be better to encourage white emigration, perhaps to other parts of the Commonwealth.

It is not very sensible, then, to expect Nyasaland's constitutional arrangements to be in keeping with its racial make-up and in line with franchises and electoral systems in the rest of the Federation. Nyasaland is different — in many ways its affinities are with East Africa rather than with the Rhodesias, as the nationalist leader, Dr. Banda, has lately been emphasizing — but that, of course, is the crux of the matter. If, as Mr. J. B. Danquah of Ghana said in 1950, the choice in Africa today is between white imperialism and black dictatorship — and little has happened since to controvert that view — then Central Africa can be seen as the area in which the forces on either side are (at the moment) most evenly matched. In the Federation, the proportion of whites to blacks is sufficient to provide determined resistance to the forces favouring black paramountcy on the East African model but insufficient to sustain blatant policies of white supremacy on South African lines. Hence the whites base their hopes on what they call racial partnership and anticipate that if they behave themselves better than the Afrikaners of the Union and if the blacks of Nyasaland are prevented from infecting their Northern Rhodesian *confrères* with ideas of secession, all will be better off. Africans will get what European politicians are prepared to give them — politicians who cannot propose basic changes without losing electoral support, yet who believe that African economic advancement must precede any further political enfranchisement.

Industrialization has already made much of Central Africa more like South Africa than East Africa in the sense that the races have become more independent and necessarily more mingled; white workers are therefore particularly fearful of the effect of black competition on their wages. But the political problems which arise as a result and the political objectives with which the white population is primarily concerned seem to have been dwarfed in the minds of British policy-makers by economic considerations. Of course, a Conservative Colonial Secretary is likely to be more sympathetic to investors than a socialist, and Mr. Lennox-Boyd once said that one of the prerequisites of a transfer of power is that a colonial territory must keep the confidence of all on whose capital and skill its prosperity would largely depend. Naturally, such statements do nothing

but confirm the conviction of many socialists that settler domination and capitalist exploitation form one, inextricable evil which cannot be concealed by talk of the special problems of a multi-racial society. It is not surprising, they say, that the capitalist in Central Africa is usually more liberal than the white worker, for he is not committed to the territory in the same way and is more aware of the explosiveness of the situation and of the consequent need for outlets; his, indeed, is the agreeable rôle of countering the intransigence of those who would not be there without him. In any case, he is powerful; recognizing that, Mr. James Callaghan, the Labour Party's spokesman on colonial matters, made an interesting observation in the debate on the Devlin Report regarding the advantages which *can* accrue from uncontrolled capitalist power in society. "Fortunately", he said, "there are some interests at work, business interests in Nyasaland, which are so big that they do not have to yield to subtle intimidation or pressure. They can speak their minds."

It requires little imagination for Conservatives in Britain to see in a partnership of races something akin to that partnership of classes which they try to foster at home — a partnership by means of which an élite, admitting new elements and modifying its position where necessary, maintains itself, as it were, for the benefit of all. In economic terms the argument is: increase the size of the cake, don't argue about its distribution when all can get more. The socialist tendency is to suspect this line of reasoning because racial partnership of the Rhodesian variety appears to them to be as thinly disguised and futile a version of imperialism as "co-partnership" and a "property-owning democracy" are of capitalism: in this sense, the class struggle at home and the national struggle overseas are one movement, which it is right and prudent to support. The achievements on the home front must be extended to take in the underdog elsewhere, especially where the underdog appears in any case to be on the way up. Socialists who do not like the term "class struggle" — and most now do not — point out, in effect, that if the beneficent results of Conservative strategy are to be achieved there must be at work in society a critical, vigilant, reforming will, a will which should certainly give expression at home to discontent overseas. Socialists like to think of themselves as carrying

on in the liberal tradition, as do the Liberals, and as forestalling the Communist conspiracy to break with that tradition, a conspiracy which could not exist were it not for the errors and evils which make it possible. And among these evils would certainly be included the state of affairs which allows the European to take twenty times as much out of the common pool as his African fellow-worker. In terms of Commonwealth principles, the socialist invokes that of national self-determination, the application of which to an area in which the British have a stake is advocated as an earnest of British sincerity.

Conservatives have had more faith in the sense of justice and fair play of people of British stock, even though British standards of justice have not always been upheld. They have always felt that the core of the Commonwealth is the British Commonwealth. Lord Salisbury, for example, has said that "there are no people more loyal to Britain and all Britain stands for than the white inhabitants of Rhodesia". Conservatives are inclined to be impressed with the argument that self-government cannot be withheld from people like themselves when it is granted to Ghanaians and Nigerians. They do not seem to have understood that an Englishman abroad is not the same as an Englishman at home; that good intentions can be compromised by environment and a different pattern of relationships; that their traditional empiricism can more easily remain empirical than traditional. There is little indeed to choose between the outlook of Rhodesians and that of their English-speaking neighbours in the Union who talk of their civilizing mission and who pathetically confront doctrine Afrikanerdom with "common sense".

Where Conservatives are disposed to give the benefit of the doubt to 'the man on the spot', to respect his knowledge and judgment, and to imagine themselves in his shoes, the Left is inclined to be suspicious of him, very largely because they see in his relationship with the African something which accords with what they know of relations between employer and worker. The socialist outlook is evident in Ramsay MacDonald's *Labour and the Empire*, which was written over fifty years ago, as well as in Lord Attlee's *The Labour Party in Perspective*, published in 1937. "There is a false demand", Lord Attlee said, "for 'self-government' which comes from ruling British minori-

ties, which seek to escape from the impact of public opinion at home and to realise their ambition of governing the native population themselves."

Although it is clear that party attitudes to colonial questions are not merely opportunistic, Socialists are much more likely to be accused of playing a party game because their appeal, unlike that of Conservatives, is not primarily an appeal for unity. Defending the Government's disingenuous handling of the Devlin Report last year, the Conservative *Sunday Times*, for example, spoke of the debates on Africa as being "forced" into a party pattern, and it accused the Opposition of undermining the authority of government; it drew attention to the fact that, while the Government had the confidence of a Parliamentary majority [as if this did not depend on party!], it had to continue to do its duty, and it could not resist the temptation to conclude on a party note itself by suggesting that the conduct of the Opposition was perhaps a sign that the Socialists had already given up the election as lost. In fact, colonial issues played a bigger part in the 1959 election than ever before, and the more progressive and realistic Conservatives, such as Mr. Iain Macleod who became Colonial Secretary in October, realized that the election did not provide a mandate to carry on as before in Africa, a continent which has become, indeed, the Conservatives' *crise de conscience*. As a potential prime minister, Mr. Macleod is likely to display a livelier appreciation of the wider, as well as the domestic, implications of colonialism than either of his two immediate predecessors. He evidently maintains more intimate contact with the "Bow Group", a younger Conservative counterpart of the socialist Fabian Society: this group has already helped to sponsor an "Africa, 1960" Committee, and has even suggested that a customs union under a High Commissioner is a possible alternative to Federation. Although Conservatives are inclined to be sceptical of the value of theoretical conceptions of human rights, especially when divorced from the achievements which have made men aware of their "rights", they now call upon all races to accept the principle that certain rights belong under the law to members of all races as individuals. Mr. Macmillan made it clear on his African tour that an attempt must be made to moralize what has to be, to turn the wave

of African nationalism to fruitful ends. So long as Sir Roy Welensky believes that talk of "a wind of change" is "poppycock", the British Government is bound to draw away from the white settlers in whom it has reposed so much confidence in the past; there is likely to be less of that liberal optimism which allowed Britain to believe that dominion autonomy would not endanger the common cause. Thus Mr. Macmillan declared in Cape Town that if Commonwealth members are tempted to say to each other "mind your own business", he would add: "but mind how it affects my business too". Instead of noisily denouncing South African policies as Labour does, however, the Government hopes to change South African attitudes by its example. In the spring, when South Africa was clamping down on its Africans, Britain was releasing nationalist leaders from detention in Nyasaland; at the same time, it refused to support a Security Council motion condemning South Africa. Relations (trading and otherwise) between the Federation and the Union are quite close, and many people are much concerned with the danger of a Rhodesian 'Boston Tea Party' receiving support from South Africa, but it is difficult to envisage any attempt to form a political union whilst Afrikaner nationalism remains so vociferous and so vulnerable to any addition to its English-speaking population, and whilst the racial policies of the Union continue to provoke African violence. It is ironical that South African policies, by dividing white forces in the southern half of the continent, might well have brought forward the day when the pattern of South African life will be effectively challenged. Meanwhile, recent events and decisions in Kenya, the French *Communauté*, and the Belgian Congo make their impact on the northern Protectorates, and are likely, in turn, to affect Southern Rhodesia, and ultimately South Africa. The British Government has always seen Federation in terms of the broader issue and principle of multi-racialism upon which the modern Commonwealth is often said to be based; now would seem to be the time for it to act more strenuously to make that principle a reality.

In Central Africa itself, recent events have made an immediate impact on attitudes. Dr. Banda sees no reason why Nyasaland has to remain in the Federation in order to ease the burden on the African

in the south, and he is demanding immediate self-government and secession. He accepts the Devlin Commission's statement that "the fundamental postulate of all opposition . . . to Federation is that the African in Southern Rhodesia is much worse off than he is in either of the Protectorates because, it is maintained, in the Protectorates he is treated as a human being and in Southern Rhodesia he is not." He can also draw attention to recent Southern Rhodesian legislation which makes it an offence, subject to heavy punishment, for any *native* to make any statement which is likely to undermine the authority of, or bring into disrepute or contempt, any officer of the government. Although, in January, Sir Roy Welensky was still talking in terms of complete independence for the Federation by 1960 or 1961 at the latest, Sir John Moffatt, a month or so later, moved a resolution in the Northern Rhodesian Legislature, pressing for some looser kind of association since federation in its present form could not last. The Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Edgar Whitehead, has said that if a definite settlement is not made this year, if nationalist governments seem likely to come to power in the north, if the Federal government is not to remain in civilized hands (he does not specify who is to decide which hands are civilized), and if the terms of Federation are changed, then his country might secede. At the very least, he demands the removal of the remaining British restrictions on Southern Rhodesian sovereignty, restrictions which would have disappeared years ago, he maintains, had the Federation not come into existence. The British Government's duty is to insist that any changes have the support of the African population.

In Britain, the differences between the parties are not what they were. Although the Government continues to insist that there can be no question of secession, it has now recognized that Nyasaland must advance as an essentially African state, that the Protectorates shall retain their status for as long as their respective peoples desire, that only then, and if the territories so wish, can Federation go forward to full independence and full Commonwealth membership, and that this final step is out of the question so far as the next few years are concerned. While the Labour Party thinks that the right to secede should be granted, and that Britain's belief in the ultimate goal of

undiluted democracy should be clearly stated, and while it remains apprehensive of the steps that are to be taken at the 1960 constitutional conference, its leader has declared that the continued presence of Europeans in the area is essential. Labour is concerned, however, about the way in which the Federal authorities are using their powers of immigration control. They have even been used to exclude British M.P.'s, who might well ask how it can be ensured that proper deference is paid locally to the authority of the British Parliament, bearing in mind the remarks of Sir Roy Welensky's predecessor, Lord Malvern, who has said that "Europeans here are sensible enough not to care two hoots what is said in the House of Commons. The formula for those in control of the Federation must be: for overseas critics as much contempt as you can, and for our own people keep the public sweet."

For some time now, Mr. Macmillan and his colleagues have been acting as brokers between the Labour Opposition and the Federal Government, while Sir Roy Welensky has played the same rôle between the more extreme white Opposition in his own country and the British Government. Mr. Macmillan evidently returned from Africa feeling that much will depend in the next year or two upon the wisdom, and sense of proportion and harmony, shown in Britain. Conservatives have always feared the impact of public opinion at home on the ordering of authority overseas, and, of course, all governments like to implicate the Opposition in their policies if possible; but any government has the right to ask that the Opposition behave responsibly, and that it not expect the Government to do exactly what it would do; Labour, moreover, is in a favourable position to give advice and criticism to African leaders, and to help them realize that Europeans have their problems, and that the colonial relationship is a stage in history and has no monopoly in man's inhumanity to man. But an opposition must also be vigilant, and true to itself. The bipartisan approach to political problems has its weaknesses, as has been shown in Nyasaland, where chiefs were expected to be "above politics"; that is to say, for the Government and for Federation.

Much of the discussion so far has been in terms of party tendencies, but political parties do not exist in a vacuum, nor are they so monolithic as to exclude views that cut across party lines. The Liberal

Party, non-political groups of one kind or another, and the churches, especially the Church of Scotland with its formidable spiritual investment in Nyasaland, have all played their part in the development of policy. But opinion does not have to be organized for there to be disquiet when a commission presided over by a High Court Judge reports that "Nyasaland is — no doubt only temporarily — a police state". It is evident that the British debate on Central Africa is a debate on the Commonwealth; in it are to be found all the questions which crop up whenever the larger association is subjected to scrutiny: the relations between Westminster, Whitehall, and overseas countries; the division of function between the Commonwealth Relations and Colonial Offices in London, and between "responsible" and "official" ministers in the colonies; the Rule of Law; the weight to be attached to trade, investment, and economic development; migration, as a cause and as a solution of the problems of multi-racial societies; the claims of people of British blood and bone, who are loyal to the Crown and expect British support, but who are not prepared to accommodate their policies to overall British or Commonwealth interests; the principles of racial equality and partnership, and of national self-determination; the constitutional arrangements best suited to meet these different claims; and, above all, the lines along which the Commonwealth is to develop. In this, other members of the Commonwealth have an interest, as the British Government has recognized by appointing Professor D.G. Creighton of Canada and Mr. Frank Menzies of Australia to the Monckton Commission, which is to give advice this year on the future of the Federation. Unfortunately, Labour did not find it possible to participate in the work of this body, because of the terms of reference, the composition of the Commission generally (especially the meagre representation given to Africans), Mr. Macmillan's insistence on having Privy Councillors represent Britain (a device which seemed to be designed to exclude Labour's spokesman on colonial affairs, and which was not employed when it came to filling final vacancies), and the differences between the parties at the time. At least two members of the Commission, however, do not feel constrained by the terms of reference, and it will be surprising if they do not recommend some fundamental changes in the existing struc-

ture of Federation. The Labour and Liberal parties, and leaders of African opinion, would have welcomed the appointment of more Commonwealth representatives, particularly from the non-white Commonwealth.

Canada, which is next in line to Britain in the range of her Commonwealth contacts, is clearly expected to have views on Commonwealth matters which go beyond mere considerations of interest and bilateral ties. Indeed, Canada finds herself more and more in a pivotal position from which her influence over members old and new could be most salutary. She could even, perhaps, aspire to "command African support", and surprise those in Britain and elsewhere who think she could not. It is therefore important that Commonwealth principles, and their application to such concrete issues as Central Africa, become the subject of serious public discussion in this country.

The Future of Federalism in British Africa *

by

R. C. PRATT

Some form of federalism seems the obvious political means of welding together the diverse parts of many emerging African states. Yet few African experiments with federal forms of government have been successful. Why? A Canadian expert in the field examines the problems involved and estimates the prospects for the future.

MUCH of British Africa today is involved in some form of federal or near-federal constitutional arrangements. There are full political federations in Central Africa and in Nigeria. In East Africa there is important institutionalized inter-territorial cooperation between Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika and in West Africa there is the promising but still ill-defined relationship between Ghana and Guinea. In Uganda, nominally a unitary colony, an important degree of autonomy has been conceded to Buganda, a tribal state within Uganda, whose population is about one-fifth of the total population of the Protectorate. In addition in two areas federal proposals, though not introduced, were widely discussed: one for a full East-African federation first advanced in the 1920's and renewed in the immediate post-war years and another, advocated by the opposition party in the Gold Coast in 1951-1953, that Ghana should be given a federal constitution before being granted independence.

Yet this list, though long, is deceptive. Few of these experiments have been successful and fewer still can expect a secure future. Federations, largely because of the influence of political factors, have proven much less appropriate to Africa than was expected.

Viewed superficially, federal forms of government might seem to be appropriate to much of Africa because of the continued strength of tribal loyalties. Yet in fact federalism is not a suitable technique to resolve the conflict between the tribal nature of African loyalties

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and the need for supra-tribal political institutions. The main reason for this is the obvious one, that the tribal political units are in almost all cases just too small to become regions or provinces within larger federal states. They are much more suitable to be the basis of local governments than states within a federation.

There is a further reason why modern African states are unlikely to develop as federations of tribal states. In almost all cases the political agitation for independence is led by nationalists who are anxious not to return to tribal systems of government but who want their territory to become a modern independent state, free of Imperial overrule but benefitting still from the technology, the social and educational services and the economic development that have been the products of that rule. Understandably and perhaps inevitably there is often deep antipathy between these political leaders and the tribal chiefs. The former are modern, "detribalized", nationally minded. The latter are traditionalists, anxious to preserve older loyalties and suspicious of supra-tribal institutions. They stand for two different sets of political values, two conflicting views of what makes the exercise of power legitimate. Each is likely therefore to view the other as a rival. If tribal loyalties are universal and strong then it is difficult to see how the nationalists could gain the support necessary to sustain a progressive central government. Alternatively, if the nationalist movement is strongly supported then it is likely that the chiefs will prove too weak politically to force a major recognition of the indigenous political systems.

The examples of Ghana, Uganda and Nigeria illustrate the complexity of the relationship between federalism and tribalism.

In the years immediately before the Gold Coast achieved its independence and became Ghana, the main opposition group, the National Liberation Movement, demanded that the new state should be a federal one. This was vigorously rejected by the Convention People's Party, led by the Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah. The clash between these two political groups was essentially a clash between nationalists and traditionalists. The National Liberation Movement was supported by many traditional chiefs and in particular by the Ashantekene, the paramount chief of the Ashanti. These chiefs recog-

nized the underlying contradiction between their authority and that of the nationalists and they wanted a federal system in order to protect themselves from a central government that would be controlled by the C.P.P.

Nkrumah and the C.P.P. succeeded in winning a clear electoral victory in 1956 and the British then agreed to yield to their demand for a unitary constitution. The British Government did secure a number of concessions designed to reassure and protect the north and Ashanti from a too aggressive central government. Regional assemblies were to be established and independent judicial and civil service commissions were to supervise employment, promotion and dismissal in the judiciary and the civil service.

These various safeguards have proven of little value. Since independence the incompatibility of nationalism and tribalism has become more apparent than ever. The nationalists, secure in their control of the central government, have removed one by one the constitutional safeguards. As well, Nkrumah has succeeded in displacing the most powerful chief of the coastal region and in humbling the Ashantekene himself. Ghana has thus become a fully centralized state dominated by a single nationalist party and Nkrumah is now introducing a new Constitution which will move away from the Westminster model of parliamentary democracy which the British had bequeathed to Ghana, towards a type of plebiscitary democracy in which much more power is to be concentrated in the hands of an elected President.

Uganda provides an extreme contrast to these developments in Ghana. There, tribal rather than national sentiments have been more important. No nationalist movement has been able to build up sustained widespread support throughout the territory. In Buganda in particular, the main tribal Kingdom in Uganda, the traditional Kabaka (King) retains a most powerful hold on the loyalty of his people and the few modern nationalist politicians are politically ineffective against those tribal leaders who are known to have the Kabaka's favour.

The British have tried to develop Uganda as a unitary state. Administratively and economically the case for this is conclusive.

The total population is under six million; the territory is poor and needs a vigorous central government to promote development; there are too few educated men and women to have them spread throughout the several levels of government of a federation. Moreover it is hard to see what the regional units would be in Uganda were she to be a federal state. Buganda could claim a separate regional government but the same right could not be conceded to the numerous other tribes of Uganda, for they are too numerous and too small. Yet these tribes would surely demand this and some at least of them would resist any attempt to group them into provinces in order to create more reasonable federal regions.

But here is the dilemma in Uganda. To argue this case for a unitary state is not to prove that it will be politically acceptable. Uganda today is held together in a semblance of unity by its British rulers. No nationalist movement has yet aroused deep and lasting nationalist sentiments nor organized large numbers into an effective political movement. Hostility to the British presence is mounting but it is being asserted much more in terms of tribal political ambitions rather than national ones. Uganda in contrast to Ghana is in danger of being without that minimum of interest and loyalty, having a central government that will not have behind it the political strength and the national loyalties that will be required if Uganda is to stay united after the British administration has departed.

Nigeria offers a third and more encouraging contrast. There, the indigenous loyalties neither threaten the structure of the state as in Uganda, nor stand in sharp conflict with nationalism as in Ghana. Nigeria is the largest and the most heavily populated of the British territories in Africa. As a political unit it is entirely a British creation. Within its boundaries are widely different general cultures, a vast number of previously separate African political systems, and over a hundred different language groups. Britain chose, for reasons of convenience, to divide Nigeria into three regions and to administer each of these as separate areas. After the war, when it became clear that the West-African territories would be advancing rapidly to self-government, the British sought to bring the three regions into a united Nigeria. Separatist sentiments proved too strong and in 1953 Britain agreed that Nigeria should go forward as a federation.

The Northern, Eastern and Western Regions of Nigeria are not modern counterparts of older indigenous states. Each includes many different tribal political systems. Yet each has a common culture which unites a majority of their citizens and distinguishes it from the other regions. The North is, except for what is called its southern pagan belt, Muslim by faith, and before the arrival of the British was divided into Emirates which were often large, powerful and well organized. The Emirs who are the heirs of these Muslim principalities are still the social and political leaders in the North. Their rule, their faith and their social values give the Northern Region a character different from the two Southern Regions.

The Western and Eastern Regions each contain a dominant tribal group (the Yoruba in the West and the Ibo in the East) whose indigenous social and political systems are vastly different from each other. Thus, although the Regions are not the direct inheritors of earlier tribal states there is nevertheless a historical and ethnic basis justifying and sustaining the federal regions into which Nigeria is divided.

Political developments have reinforced this. The initial cultural differences between the Regions and the fact that each was administered separately resulted in African political activity being organized on a regional rather than national basis. Each Region has its dominant party to this day. The Northern People's Party controls the legislature in the North, the Action Group in the West, the National Council for Nigeria and the Cameroons in the East. Each of these parties has a secure hold of power within its own region and although the leaders of the N.C.N.C. and the Action Group have decided to take part in the Federal Assembly rather than the regional legislatures, neither they nor their followers would consider for a moment abandoning the federal character of the Nigerian constitution.

In Nigeria therefore in contrast to both Ghana and Uganda, modern political activity and traditional cultural differences have worked together to give the Nigerian Federation a solid basis. This federation also makes good sense administratively and economically, for the resources and population of the regions are reasonably adequate to the responsibilities and functions of a state within a federation.

The Federation is of course not without its internal tensions. Few federations are, for it is the existence of such tensions that usually necessitated the introduction of a federal rather than a unitary form of government. In Nigeria one of the most important political strains in recent years has been due to the existence within each Region of important areas in which the majority do not belong to the dominant cultural group of the Region. The three most important of these are the "middle belt" divisions of the Northern Region in which the majority are neither Muslim nor Fulani speaking, the "mid-west" divisions of the Western Region in which the Yoruba, the dominant tribe in the Region as a whole, are in a distinct minority and the Calabar, Ogoja and Rivers divisions of the Eastern Region which are not Ibo by tribe. During the protracted constitutional discussions of recent years each of these areas demanded that it be separated from its Region and created into a new state within an independent federal Nigeria. This demand was supported by the political parties which were the minority parties in the Regions concerned. Understandably the majority party in each Region usually objected to excision of any territory from the Region it ruled.

The Nigerian political leaders in consultation together could not come to any agreement over the creation of the new states. Only after a special Commission of Enquiry had opposed the creation of these states was it finally agreed that Nigeria should go forward to independence without any change in the number of Regions or any revision of their boundaries.

The Nigerian nation is strengthened rather than weakened by her federal constitution. The divisions within her midst are too deep to be contained within a unitary government and had the attempt been made it would almost certainly have ended in disaster. The present federation, by assuring that each of the main regions of Nigeria will enjoy a real measure of autonomy, has facilitated their cooperation together.

There are almost always some economic and administrative advantages to be gained through federation. Few territories would not gain something from the common services, the joint planning and the common market that membership in a wider federation would involve.

Normally, of course, political obstacles are the barrier which block the creation of new federations. But in the early years of colonial rule before the appearance of articulate nationalist opinion administrators have sometimes sought to bring into a closer union the colonial territories under their rule. The most important example of this was the widely canvassed suggestion in the 1920's for the closer union of the three British East African territories, Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika. The relative poverty of each of the territories made the advantages appear all the more important while the lack of any organized African political activity seemed to suggest that local political reactions could be ignored.

But political factors cannot be ignored even in a colonial situation. Indeed, as the discussions about closer union dragged on from 1923 to 1931, political factors of a very complex character finally became decisive. Within Britain, an influential body of opinion, of which L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1924-1929 was the most insistent spokesman, supported the federation of the East African territories as a first step towards the creation of a white dominion in East Africa. The British settlers in Kenya although strong supporters of white control hesitated to support the idea of an East African federation. They looked forward first to securing an elected European majority on the Kenya Legislative Council and insisted that unless that was conceded they would oppose any closer union of Kenya with Uganda and Tanganyika. The logic of their opposition was clear. To enter a federation with territories whose populations were overwhelmingly African without first assuring European control of Kenya might lessen rather than enhance the prospects of such control.

Africans in Uganda and Tanganyika strongly opposed the proposed federation. They saw it, as did L. S. Amery, as a step towards white control, only for them this was a reason for opposition: nothing in these two territories was or is more feared than the prospect that the European settler in Kenya would spread his influence over the political, social and land policies of their territories. Their view was shared by the colonial governments of both Tanganyika and Uganda and for the same reasons. They preferred to develop the territories

under their rule without the complicating and illiberal influence of European settlers. These governments not only advised against the proposed federation but as well saw to it that the opposition of their Africans was well-expressed and widely heard. Their combined opposition reinforced the caution which many in England felt towards the project and finally in 1931 a Joint Select Committee which reviewed the whole question of closer union in East Africa recommended against any political federation.

During the war formal inter-territorial cooperation in East Africa was greatly increased and the administrative and economic advantages were judged to be very great. Shortly after the war ended, the British Government proposed that this inter-territorial cooperation be put on a permanent basis and in 1948 the East African High Commission was established. The High Commission administers an important group of inter-territorial services. It has direct legislative power relevant to these services and it has authority over the appropriations to run them. In two important ways, however, the High Commission falls short of being a genuine political federation. Neither the High Commission nor the East African Legislative Assembly which was established at the same time have independent sources of public revenue. They have to rely upon annual votes from each of the territorial Legislative Councils. Moreover they were established initially for a five year period and their continued life after that depends upon supporting resolutions in each of the legislatures.

Such subtle distinctions as these did not win for the High Commission any support from Africans in Uganda or Tanganyika. They saw it as the dreaded Federation in disguise and opposed it strongly. Their opposition led each of the governments concerned to reiterate that it was an administrative arrangement and not a political federation. But Africans continue to fear what Sir Philip Mitchell, who had been the Governor of Kenya from 1945-51, was later indiscreetly to put into words: "The East African High Commission is of course a federal authority but there is an agreeable human understanding in all three territories not to say so aloud."¹ The future of the High Commission is very much an open question. The fear that it was a

¹ *The Times*, November 2, 1954.

device to facilitate white domination is now without any justification for all three of the territories will shortly have African elected majorities in their legislatures. Julius Nyerere, the President of the Tanganyika African National Union, has already suggested that the three territories should reconsider the whole question of political federation once they are independent. If such a federation does materialize it will not be evolved from the present High Commission but will be the product of discussions initiated by the African leaders of the future independent East African countries.

The most interesting of the recent experiments in federalism in Africa is certainly the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Unlike most federations the main political division within this federation is not regional but racial. Southern Rhodesia has a European population of over 200,000 and an African population of over 2,000,000; Northern Rhodesia has 70,000 whites and 2,000,000 Africans; Nyasaland has 10,000 Europeans and 2,500,000 Africans. The crucial political division is between these two racial groups, not between the three territories themselves.

Proposals for the federation of these three territories have had a long history, but until 1953 two main barriers had blocked their acceptance. First was the inability of the European political leaders in the Rhodesias to reach any agreement about the proposed federation. The reason for this is interesting. Southern Rhodesia has had responsible government under local European control since 1923. Northern Rhodesia, in contrast, is a Protectorate and until 1945 there was an official majority on its legislature. Its European population was much smaller and their main wealth producing activity was copper mining rather than farming.

These few facts contain the key to the disagreements over federation. Southern Rhodesians were hesitant about any federation with a territory in which the Europeans were less numerous and less politically powerful than they were themselves. They supported federation only when it seemed that they would benefit from the riches of the copper belt.

The Northern Rhodesian attitude to federation fluctuated sharply. When the copper mines were prospering they were against any federa-

tion with the poorer Southern Rhodesia and they hoped instead to win political control for themselves in Northern Rhodesia. However when this confidence was weakened, either by economic depression or by the fear that Britain would not grant responsible government to the whites of Northern Rhodesia, then they turned to support a federation with Southern Rhodesia with its larger and more powerful European minority. The difficulty was that frequently, when the Southern Rhodesians waxed warm for a closer union the Northern Rhodesians were, for the moment, much less keen.

On Britain's part there seemed a permanent barrier to the introduction of a federation in Central Africa. From 1923 on, it was a firm principle of British colonial policy, reaffirmed by Secretaries of State of both political parties, that Britain could not transfer her responsibilities for the African populations in her charge to a local government controlled by a local European minority. This principle was reinforced in Central Africa by the clear differences in respect of "native policy" between settler-controlled Southern Rhodesia and the British Protectorate of Northern Rhodesia. These differences were judged by the Bledisloe Commission which in 1939 investigated the question of a federation in Central Africa as an important barrier to any surrender by Britain of her responsibilities in Northern Rhodesia.

After the war the European leaders of both territories were determined to secure a federation. They saw that elsewhere in Africa Britain was transferring political power to African nationalists and they wished to check any such development in Central Africa. There was more to their attitude than prejudice. They were convinced that European control was necessary to continued economic development. But it remained true that the position of the Europeans in both territories rested on discriminatory legislation which clearly would be repealed by an elected African majority. Hence their first choice was to unite into an independent unitary state under white control. However they recognized that such a proposal would be too drastic to win British support and so instead they campaigned vigorously for a Federation of Central Africa.

Why did the British Government agree to the establishment of this Federation in 1953? The arguments against it were fundament-

ally the same as those which had been judged conclusive in the 1930's. Yet in 1951 the Labour Government began the negotiations for the Federation and in 1953 the Conservative Government completed them.

Among the many reasons for this quite dramatic change in British policy three stand out as most important. First, Britain hoped that substantial economic benefits would result for all the inhabitants of the territories. Second, although Northern Rhodesia was a British Protectorate, by 1948 the local European minority had won a great deal of political power and would soon be demanding a decisive increase in their representation on the Legislative and Executive Councils. The British Government feared that it would be unable to resist such a challenge. It is an unwritten rule of British colonial policy that force cannot be used against British settlers and knowing this, the well organized European minority would be in a position to bluff any British Government into making major concessions to it. Third, this development coincided with the victory in South Africa of the Nationalist Party and its blunt policy of European supremacy. The British Government feared that if it refused to meet the demands of the local Europeans in Central Africa their leaders would become more obdurate and more susceptible to the influence of the extreme racialist views of South Africa. Fearing such a head-on clash, the British Government sought a compromise through Federation.

Federation thus represented a political bargain, not between the leaders of the three regions but between the local European political leaders and the British Government. It is this which explains the division of powers between the central and the territorial governments. The central government, under the control of a predominantly white electorate has jurisdiction over most modern government functions while the territorial governments retain responsibility for those more limited areas of jurisdiction that most immediately affect the African — such as land policy, agriculture and African education. It was the British Government's hope that the influence and control which it thus continued to have in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland would be adequate for the protection of African interests.

But British hopes went beyond this. Many British liberals found a further reason for supporting the Federation in the much canvassed argument that the Federation would be a great experiment in multi-racial partnership. This concept was never clearly defined but to most of its supporters it involved a gradual reduction of the various disabilities against Africans and a full equality, social and political, for the few but increasing number of Africans whose pattern of living was similar and whose income was equal to that of the Europeans. Some such policy as this, it was hoped, would reassure Europeans because it would guarantee their rule for at least several decades, while yet offering Africans the prospect at some future date of an African majority.

It is not necessary to examine in detail the full record of the Federation since 1953 to establish the collapse of this partnership ideal. African hostility to the Federation has become more rather than less intense and European political attitudes have become less rather than more liberal. Few observers would deny that federal institutions have become more and more irrelevant to the political struggle now taking place in Central Africa.

Federalism is now widely canvassed as a likely technique through which Africans as they achieve independence can cooperate together and express constitutionally their sense of a common destiny. It is too early to do more than point to this possibility. The proposed union of Ghana and Guinea and the Mali Federation in French West Africa shows the political force of the Pan-African ideal. However, gestures such as common flags and joint statements come easier than concrete agreement on the transfer of powers and the division of functions. Unless the political emotion of a common racial destiny is effectively reinforced by economic, administrative, strategic and defence considerations, then it is unlikely that the African leaders of the new states will be willing to part with much of their newly won political power. It is more likely that Pan-Africanism will be a guise for the expansionist ambitions of the political leaders of the new African states. In that event federal forms of government will not be much in evidence.

Two final considerations complete this rather depressing examination of the future of federalism in British Africa. The first is political. African territories are likely to be subject to strong internal divisive forces once independence is achieved. The political cohesion won during the struggle for independence may be difficult to maintain as older traditional fears and loyalties reassert themselves. In this situation a highly centralized single party rule may appear to be the only way of holding the country together. Federalism will be a luxury to be foregone.

Finally federalism is particularly inappropriate for underdeveloped areas where the full resources of the state must be used to increase the productivity of the economy. The classic federations of the west were all developed at a time when a *laissez-faire* view was taken of state activities. Even in these federations, when political opinion later favoured economic planning and increased state activity, the federal form of government often came to be regarded as a clumsy obstruction. How much more likely is it to be so regarded by the energetic and impatient leaders of contemporary Africa?

Nyasaland and The Central African Federation

by

B. T. G. CHIDZERO

"Nyasaland is in revolt against the equivocations of the doctrines of civilized standards and 'Partnership' between races, doctrines wholly out of keeping with the African passion for equality of individuals (not races). . . ." A Canadian-educated Nyasalander explains why his country is so strongly opposed to federation and weighs the alternatives.

NYASALAND is in many ways a land in revolt. A British protectorate since 1891, she became part of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in 1953. The decision to federate was taken on her behalf by the British Government as the protecting power and trustee, even in the teeth of fierce African opposition. Since then, the opposition and clamour for secession from the Federation have remained unmitigated, indeed gathered momentum, reaching a climax in the crisis of March 1959, when an emergency was declared in the Protectorate. More than fifty persons died at the hands of security forces, and African leaders were detained, including the country's undisputed nationalist leader, Dr. Hastings Kamuzu Banda, who had returned to his homeland in 1958 after forty years of study and medical practice in the United States and the United Kingdom. The emergency is still in force and most of the leaders are still held in detention. Dr. Banda himself has only just been released. He spent thirteen months in the Federal prison at Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia, in spite of the findings of the Devlin Commission (which was appointed by the British Government to inquire into the events leading to the emergency) that he was opposed to the use of violence and that there was no evidence to support the charges of an alleged massacre plot on which the Nyasaland Government had leaned heavily in declaring the emergency.

A number of questions inevitably pose themselves. Why was it necessary to federate Nyasaland with the two Rhodesias in the face of clearly-expressed African opposition? What is the basis of that opposition? Can Nyasaland survive on her own and develop outside the Rhodesian Federation? These are questions which must be considered in order to understand and appreciate Nyasaland's position and its sustained opposition to any association with Southern Rhodesia.

Nyasaland stretches along the whole western length of Lake Nyasa below the United Nations Trust Territory of Tanganyika, sharing common frontiers with that territory, and with Northern Rhodesia and the Portuguese Territory of Mozambique. Thus it has no common frontier with Southern Rhodesia, the citadel of European power in the Federation, which is over three hundred miles away across Portuguese territory. Its total area is about 45,366 square miles of which 8,640 is lake surface. With a total population of about 3,000,000 — larger than that of either Southern Rhodesia or Northern Rhodesia, it has a population density of seventy-three per square mile, to Southern Rhodesia's seventeen and Northern Rhodesia's eight. It is a predominantly agricultural country whose main products are tea which is grown by European planters, tobacco and cotton mainly grown by Africans; and has so far no exploitable minerals. In 1956 it was estimated that about a quarter of the country's adult manpower was employed in the Rhodesias and the Union of South Africa as migrant labourers and that there was domestic employment in the wage economy for about only 200,000 Africans, the remainder of the African population being occupied in subsistence agriculture and fishing. Nyasaland is decidedly poorer than either Southern Rhodesia or Northern Rhodesia whose copper revenues have been contributing well over half of the Federal budget. As will be seen shortly, Nyasaland's basic poverty and population pressures have been crucial factors in the political fortunes of the country.

The modern history of Nyasaland under the British sphere of influence goes back to the middle of the nineteenth century. It was in 1859 that David Livingstone, that intrepid Scottish missionary, doctor and explorer, discovered Lake Nyasa and began the long and intimate association between the Land of the Lake and Scottish

missionaries, traders and administrators. In response to Livingstone's call to stop the ravages of Arab slave trafficking in Central Africa and to spread the benefits of civilization and Christianity, the Livingstone Free Church Mission was established in 1875 on Lake Nyasa and the Church of Scotland at Blantyre (present commercial centre of Nyasaland, named after Livingstone's birth place in Scotland) was opened in 1876. By 1880, the Kirk had been established and had opened churches and schools for the people of Nyasaland, imparting something of the characteristic determination and love for self-help of the Kirk's motherland. The Kirk thus gave Nyasaland an early lead in education. It was not until after the turn of the century that the Rhodesias received the same benefit, though to-day — because better endowed with natural resources and more prosperous industrially — they have taken away the lead in many respects.

By 1880 also, the Kirk had formed the African Lakes Company for the organization of trade and commerce, and to facilitate means of communication in the struggle against the economic hazards of the land and the Arab slave trade. So it was that missionaries were followed by European traders and later planters of tea and coffee. But it was not until 1883 that the Flag followed and a British representative was accredited to "the Kings and Chiefs of Central Africa", as Nyasaland was then called. Eight years later, in 1891, the country was brought under the protection of the Crown in the United Kingdom with, in the words of the proclamation, "the consent and desire of the chiefs and people", and Sir Harry Johnston, that most versatile of nineteenth-century British pro-consuls, was appointed the Protectorate's first Commissioner and later Governor.

Thus British rule was established. But it is important to note two crucial things: first, the nature of the advent of British rule; second, the country's long association with Scottish missionaries. These points are vital. Nyasaland was never, and is not, a conquered territory; it is not a colony. It was brought under British protection with the consent and desire of the chiefs and people. This point has repeatedly been raised by the people of Nyasaland throughout the efforts at closer association culminating in the act of federation with the Rhodesias, so that nothing should be done to derogate from the protecting power

of Britain by the devolution of power to European settlers. The people of Nyasaland have regarded the British action of imposing the federation on them as a breach of faith, and refuse to recognize the doctrine — however it may be argued in British constitutional law and practice — that because the proclamation of protection was made under the royal prerogative the Crown is not bound legally by it and can alter the arrangements unilaterally at any time.

In the second place, the long association with the Kirk has given Nyasaland a singular historical experience in the lessons of national determination, perseverance and, later, indomitable nationalism. It is probably no accident that of the three territories of the Federation, Nyasaland has the most ripe and most virile brand of nationalism. In this, Scottish missionaries and others have played a significant rôle in supporting and defending the cause of the people. Thus, for instance, in a Deliverance of 1952, the Church resolved that

The General Assembly, noticing with interest the movement towards a Central African Federation, but viewing with concern the actual proposals now being made, urge that full consideration be given to African opinion and that no scheme should be adopted without the consent and co-operation of the Africans.

Following the declaration of emergency in Nyasaland in 1959, the Church took a very strong position against the Government in support of the Africans, was critical of the structure of the Federation and called for radical reforms which would place Africans in Nyasaland in full control of their government. Indeed, it is fair to say that some of Nyasaland's best nationalists are young Scottish missionaries working determinedly if silently behind the scenes.

Nyasaland's real dilemma began to unfold after British rule had long been established and the slave trade ended. This dilemma resulted from Nyasaland's basic poverty on the one hand and the presence of a fertile and able people on the other. For the British Government, as Professor F. Debenham records in his little book, *Nyasaland: Land of the Lake* (1955), the Treasury argument told immensely on her policy towards this so-called Cinderella of Central Africa. "There were shrewd people at the Foreign Office first, and later at the Colonial Office, who had to look at the matter from the purely business point of view and it did not need much shrewdness to say that Nyasaland

was a liability, and was likely to remain one Here was a protectorate which was a drain on the resources of the Home Government." In consequence, the Home Government, anxious to avoid the drain, virtually neglected the economic development of the country, though this point must be seen in its proper perspective, for British colonial policy generally paid no attention to economic development until the last War, with the enactment of the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund Act and the Colonial Development Act. Yet, there is more than a modicum of truth in Sir Roy Welensky's gibe that Nyasaland represents more than sixty years of British neglect and that the country has been an imperial slum.

But if Nyasaland did not have anything much in the way of exportable natural commodities, it did have abundant manpower and a surplus of labour — labour which was required by the Union of South Africa, Southern Rhodesia and later Northern Rhodesia. Nyasaland itself was unable to find adequate employment for its manpower and when it did, it did not pay competitive wages. Further, Nyasaland needed revenue for administrative purposes, to say nothing of social services. Thus Nyasas emigrated freely to the south and were also recruited, as they still are, by agencies like the Witwatersrand Native Labour Association of South Africa and the Rhodesia Native Labour Supply Commission. Labour came to be regarded as a vital export. Sir Harry Johnston said in his despatch of 1896 that "given an abundance of cheap native labour, the financial security of the Protectorate is established." Johnston thought first, of course, of employing this labour in the territory itself, but later he too turned to exporting labour or to encouraging its emigration. Thus by 1910 some 95,000 Nyasas were out of the country; in 1930 about 125,000; in 1950 about 145,000; and in 1959 about 180,000; that is, about a quarter of the adult male population. This labour brought income to Nyasaland valued at £1,700,000 in 1957 — a high percentage of the national income. The Nyasaland Government is naturally unwilling to do anything which would lose it this source of income. Hence, both the British Government's and the Nyasaland Government's insistence on federation.

It is important to understand Nyasaland's labour export problem and the degree to which the Territory became for this reason bound up with the Rhodesias. The Nyasaland Government, prompted by an awareness of British responsibilities of trusteeship over the Africans, urged on by philanthropic pressures from missionaries and others, lobbied by Nyasaland settlers anxious to have the internal labour protected, and moved generally by a realization of the family and tribal dislocations consequent upon labour emigration, forbade in 1912 any labour recruitment for employment outside the Protectorate. But that did not prevent voluntary emigration which continued unabated. The ban was lifted in 1935 because Nyasaland needed revenue and could not find employment for her labour, and because there were demands from Southern Rhodesia for Nyasa labour and pressures were exerted on the Colonial Office. In lifting the ban, however, Nyasaland was anxious that emigrant labour should be protected by inter-territorial agreements. These agreements, negotiated in 1936 and again in 1947, regulated the manner of recruitment, the transportation of labourers to their place of work and back, the health of the labourers, their pay, and their repatriation at fixed periods. The agreements further effected a system of regular family remittances, money sent back home by the employers on behalf of the employees and subtracted from the latter's pay, and also a system of deferred payment, that is, the employers withheld part of the workers' earnings which they sent to Nyasaland to be given back to the workers only upon their return home. The recruiting countries were anxious to secure these agreements as they would afford them not only an effective machinery for recruitment, but also a regular supply of labour and compulsory repatriation of the workers when they were no longer needed. One important effect of these agreements, and one deeply resented by many Nyasas, is that the Salisbury agreement made it difficult for Nyasaland to send more of her labour to the more lucrative South African market. Whenever South Africa wanted her labour quota raised, Southern Rhodesia protested vigorously to the Colonial Office because she wanted a monopoly over the reservoir of cheap labour in Nyasaland.

When the time came for federation, the labour question was very prominent. Southern Rhodesia was anxious to secure her historic steady supply of labour from Nyasaland. An association of the three territories, over which Southern Rhodesia had control, would ensure her that steady flow of labour, although it is quite clear that even without political association Nyasa labour would have continued to go to Southern Rhodesia. The British Government was anxious however to have a more certain market for this labour, since an independent Rhodesia could conceivably restrict its entry, in the event of her own internal labour supply becoming adequate.

Whether or not the emigration of labour to Southern Rhodesia, South Africa and Northern Rhodesia has been beneficial to Nyasaland is, of course, most debatable. It may be argued that Nyasaland benefits economically from this export and that without it not only would she lose the £1,750,000 which she now receives annually in the form of remittances, but would also be faced with an acute unemployment problem. But those Nyasas who accept this argument maintain that an economic arrangement which did not entail a political association was surely possible. In any case, it is also arguable that, were Nyasaland outside the sphere of Rhodesian political control, she could probably extract better bargains from the countries which import her labour. Further, most Nyasas feel that only an independent Nyasaland could force a system of labour movement which would make it possible for them to settle permanently with their families in the country where they choose to work.

The question in people's minds now, however, is whether Nyasaland's secession would invite Southern Rhodesia and perhaps Northern Rhodesia to close their borders to Nyasa labour. The Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia said very recently that he would take such action though the result would of course be an increase in wages in his own country due to scarcity of labour.

The main British reason for insisting on the inclusion of Nyasaland in any federal scheme was economic. Southern Rhodesia was motivated by a desire to share in Northern Rhodesia's copper revenues and to avoid the emergence of two black states in the north by including them in a political association dominated from Salisbury.

Nyasas themselves accept most of the economic arguments for federation, but contend that the loss of their political freedom under a white-dominated political system is too high a price to pay for these benefits. As a matter of fact, the alleged economic benefits are dubious ones, for Nyasaland has been kept in economic stagnation partly by Britain's neglect and partly by Rhodesian manoeuvres to keep the country as a reservoir for cheap labour. Nyasas further argue that federation has resulted in an artificially high cost of living for the Protectorate. Before federation Africans in Nyasaland could buy cheap textile goods and farming tools, such as axes and hoes, from England or India; to-day these goods cost more since they are produced in Southern Rhodesia and marketed in the Federation under protective tariffs. Nyasas could secure goods from the cheapest markets and stimulate internal development to provide work at home for its people. They are convinced that foreign capital and assistance would be forthcoming. Under a federal system on the other hand, Nyasaland must remain at the mercy of the Rhodesias as a supplier of labour and a market for expensive Rhodesian goods.

African nationalism in Nyasaland goes back to 1915 and the Chilembwe uprising, but it was not until 1952 that it received its greatest stimulus. The Nyasaland African National Congress, founded in 1943, never really commanded national support and remained ill-organized until the creation of the Central African Federation in 1953 and the return of Dr. Banda in 1959. There had always been opposition to the idea of any federation or amalgamation. The Hilton-Young Commission in 1929 and the Bledisloe Commission in 1939 amply re-echoed and endorsed that opposition. But it was not until 1953 that things came to a head.

The federal structure itself is heavily loaded against Africans in favour of Europeans, and against Nyasaland in favour of Southern Rhodesia in particular. Thus, for instance, Nyasaland with a total population of three million people has only eleven federal representatives of whom seven are European (one of these, in theory, representing African interests), so that the Nyasaland African population has only four African representatives out of a total federal house of fifty-nine. On the other hand, Southern Rhodesia with a smaller total

population has twenty-nine representatives (twenty-five Europeans and four Africans). Federal representation expresses the strength of the European population rather than of total population. It does not express territorial economic power either, otherwise Northern Rhodesia would have a larger representation than Southern Rhodesia.

While forty-four of the fifty-nine Federal Representatives are described as non-racial, so that they could be either European or African or Asian, the fact of the matter is that all of them today are European, as well as three others, so that the whole House has only twelve African members. The reason is not far to seek. The electorate consists of some 88,000 European voters and only 8,000 African voters. The franchise qualifications are much too high for most Africans, particularly in the light of the very low wages for Africans and the limited education facilities available to them. The qualifications range from £300 income per annum, or £500 property value, plus four years of high school education, to £720 income per annum or £1,500 property value plus literacy in English, for ordinary voters who elect forty-four of the fifty-nine members of the Federal Assembly. These qualifications, to say the least, are most forbidding and prohibitive and could only result in the present system of European control, and hence African opposition.

The African Affairs Board, which was intended to protect African interests, has proved ineffective because controlled by the Federal Government, and twice its representations to the British Government against the Constitution Amendment Act, 1957 (enlarging the size of the Federal Assembly) and the Electoral Act, 1958, have been ignored by Her Majesty's Government. No safeguard under the present system could be effective, even if the Africans were prepared to give the Federation a try. For federation was and is a scheme for European control, as most Africans realize fully.

Further, Nyasas rightly contend that within the Federation they must remain second-class citizens, unable to move freely in Southern Rhodesia because of that country's pass system which is hardly distinguishable from that of South Africa, and because the different territories have constitutional powers to restrict inter-territorial movement of persons. In any case, the whole system of race segregation

and European domination which prevails in Southern Rhodesia is wholly unacceptable to them and they can have nothing to do with any political association with Southern Rhodesia as long as the system enshrined in the Land Apportionment Act (geographic segregation of races), the Natives Registration Act (pass system) and Southern Rhodesia Electoral Act, 1957, prevails. Many Nyasas have worked or are working in Southern Rhodesia as migrant labourers and know and understand too well the repressive and restrictive Rhodesian system to be fooled by the preachments of the nebulous doctrine of Partnership of Races. Nyasalanders' own political belief is that of all Africans at large in Central Africa: political equality of individuals and the evolution of an egalitarian society. Partnership rejects these in favour of a system based on the doctrine of government in civilized hands, meaning high franchise qualifications and effective European control for the foreseeable future, which in turn means indefinitely. Partnership further means, for the European, inter-racial co-operation in some things but complete segregation in other things, and in any case preservation of the senior position of the European. There is, therefore, a radical disagreement in principles between Africans and Europeans and no federal solution can be devised to meet the demands and aspirations of both communities, for the hope and demand of the African is the fear and intransigence of the European and vice versa.

The present federation is thus anathema to the people of Nyasaland, as it is, indeed, to most Africans in Central Africa. However, whether Nyasaland could remain within a reconstructed federation, or whether a self-governing Nyasaland could find a place in a political association in which Southern Rhodesia remains what it is, it is difficult to say. It appears clear, however, that because of the fundamental differences in aspirations and the profundity of mutual fear and distrust a reconstructed federation acceptable to Africans and therefore to the people of Nyasaland would not be acceptable to the Europeans of Southern Rhodesia in particular; and a reconstructed federation acceptable to Europeans would be equally unacceptable to Africans. As for a self-governing Nyasaland within the present federation, that seems completely out of the question. It appears that

the most that can be hoped for is some loose association which would be mainly economic, something like the East Africa High Commission which administers common services in Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda, but leaves the three territories free to pursue their own political destinies. This system has, of course, its obvious weaknesses, but at least it is acceptable to all and gradually lays the basis for greater co-operation which could lead in time to political association once the differences and mutual fears become over-weighed by inter-territorial similarities, common problems and mutual desire for uniting politically.

Nyasaland's economic problems are formidable but they are not insurmountable, given an acceptable political system which would release the energies of the people for constructive purposes. There may be merit in the association of the three territories, but it would be wrong to think that African problems can only be solved by waving some magic economic wand and bottling up the political aspirations of the people, just as it is equally wrong to ignore the fact that political independence alone is no independence for any country which does not have a sound economic basis. Yet it cannot be over-stressed that without political independence everything seems to grind to a dead halt in most territories in Africa. In any case, Nyasaland is a land in revolt; in revolt first against Britain, which imposed an unacceptable and undemocratic political system on the Protectorate against the clearly expressed wishes of the people and thus committed a breach of faith; in revolt against the socio-political system of Southern Rhodesia based on race segregation and complete European control; in revolt against Southern Rhodesia, which first exploited Nyasa labour and now threatens to cut off that flow of labour unless Nyasaland pays the price of political subordination. Finally, Nyasaland is in revolt against the equivocations of the doctrines of civilized standards and "Partnership" between races, doctrines wholly out of keeping with the African passion for equality of individuals (not races) regardless of social standing or race or religion, and the passion for majority rule. Nyasaland could benefit immensely in a free, democratic federation, but she fears she has everything to lose under any scheme of political association which does not derive its existence from free negotiation and popular consent.

Ghana Reports Economic Progress

by

PHILIP STUCHEN

The progress of Ghana from colony to republic in just over three years has been watched closely by other emerging African states. Will Ghana be able to achieve economic independence to match her newly gained political autonomy?

The State of Ghana, the first in the current wave of black African colonial territories to achieve independence, is understandably prominent in African affairs and under very close scrutiny from outside. We may be too close to the event to assess it properly, yet it can safely be said that Ghana's declaration of independence on March 6th, 1957, contributed substantially to setting off the clamour of super-charged nationalism now raging over the continent of Africa. The conspicuous and commanding rôle which she occupies as a liberated nation; the prominence of her leaders in furthering the emergence of other African people; the awakening of a spirit of Pan-Africanism with the goal of a United States of Africa, obliging whites as well as blacks to be aware of the "African personality" — these are some of the forces at work which are making Ghana the show place of Africa.

But it is not only on the political front that Ghana commands attention the world over. It is one of the most colourful of tropical areas; its people are among the most friendly and good-natured folks; their catchy tunes, high-life dancing and drumming are most appealing and relaxing to outsiders. Their smiling and laughing countenances as they go about their work or play — the women with their infants wrapped about the mother's back; the children in their well-laundered school uniforms dexterously balancing school-books and ink-bottles on their heads; and the men-folk either in western clothes or, on most occasions, decked out in their brilliantly colourful and contrasting kente cloth robes — all these constitute one of the greatest human assets and attractions that any country can offer. Little won-

der, then, that so much gets written and photographed on these vivid, diverting and gay themes.

What of the more prosaic aspects of life in Ghana — the economy, the natural resources, the industrial development and potential? Actually it is in these fields that one can more convincingly record definite progress and achievement since independence as well as elaborate on plans for the future. Signs of change and modernization are very evident from the moment your plane sets down at Accra on a recently extended air-strip meant to accommodate jet-planes. Travellers who knew the capital a few years ago hardly recognize it today. New government and public buildings, modern commercial buildings, attractive housing developments, choice embassy offices and residences (following the establishment of twenty countries' representatives), a modern de-luxe hotel owned and operated by the Government, the vast new harbour and industrial development at Tema (eighteen miles east of Accra) which will afford the largest artificial harbour installation in Africa — all these developments and projects are evident to the visitor even before he starts to tour the country which, incidentally, the existence of good hard-surfaced roads greatly facilitates.

Ghana was regarded as a prize in the old days. The Portuguese in 1471 followed by the Dutch, Danes, Swedes, British and French were attracted over the centuries by the lucrative trade in gold, ivory and, even more, in slaves. Each attempted to oust the other and the twenty forts and castles along the coast-line stand as real evidence to competing rivalries and punitive expeditions of former times. The variety of her natural resources now makes Ghana the richest territory in Africa south of the Sahara with the exception of the Union of South Africa. Her per capita income is reckoned at about \$194 — more than twice that of neighbouring Nigeria with \$69 and more than three times that of India with \$56.

This newly independent African state, with five million people occupying 92,000 square miles, is not subject to the population pressures and scarcity of food supplies which are so great and urgent in the more densely populated areas of the Asian continent. Nor has she the white-settler problem common to certain parts of Central and

East Africa. In Ghana there are probably at most 10,000 to 12,000 non-Africans, of whom about half are British, the balance being largely Lebanese, Syrians, Indians, Swiss and French. Inter-racial tension is happily absent; there is thorough-going acceptance of and tolerance towards all colours, creeds and religions.

In what follows Ghana is assessed as one of the 'have' as distinct from the 'have-not' less-developed countries. This evaluation is based on the fact that one-third of the world's supply of cocoa comes from Ghana; that she is the third largest producer of manganese ore in the world and the second or third largest producer of industrial diamonds by quantity; that as a gold producer (whence came her earlier name of the Gold Coast of West Africa) Ghana still ranks among the foremost in the world — her production averaging about thirty million dollars annually; that more recently the same amount of tropical lumber and logs is exported each year; that some of the most extensive bauxite reserves to be found in Africa exist in accessible locations in the country.

Briefly, Ghana's annual exports approximate \$300 million worth of primary products and minerals: its cocoa crop (which is all shipped abroad for processing and manufacture) representing two-thirds of this and the balance being about evenly distributed among the other four chief exports — timber, gold, manganese and diamonds. From the nature of these exports, it follows that trading relations with Canada have been limited. The combined total of our exports to and imports from Ghana have amounted to only \$5.2 million, \$7.3 million, \$3.5 million and \$8.0 million respectively from 1956 to 1959.

Ghana — like most other tropical countries — is essentially agricultural. Nearly two-thirds of the adult population are engaged in food production and one quarter of these have the cultivation of cocoa as their primary occupation; in all perhaps two-fifths of the entire population are directly concerned with the cultivation, harvesting and marketing of cocoa. Annual cocoa exports valued in recent years at between £G50 to £G65 million (the £G is equivalent to the £ sterling or worth about \$2.80) have provided over two-thirds of the country's total export value and one-third of the Government's revenue. In fact, most of the funds required for the country's First

Development Plan (1951-56) came either from the export duty on cocoa or from loans made by the state-controlled Cocoa Marketing Board; likewise funds from these same sources will contribute substantially to the current Development Plan.

Cocoa was introduced only about eighty years ago, and is grown by some 300,000 to 400,000 Ghanaian farmers on small holdings averaging four to five acres each. Over the years various insects and pests have threatened the entire industry. One of the most destructive, the swollen shoot, in 1939 caused several million trees to be cut out at the roots. This epidemic has now been checked and controlled under careful surveillance and much of the land has been replanted, but other diseases such as the black pod and the capsids have set in. These are however being successfully combatted by chemical spraying regularly carried out under Government auspices. One of the largest industries to be established recently in Ghana is a branch of a prominent British firm which will produce the required insecticides and chemicals on the spot.

The purchase of cocoa is handled by the Government's Cocoa Marketing Board through some twenty-three local authorized agents — the majority of them Ghanaian. Sales are made through the Ghana Cocoa Marketing Company Limited in London, England, which functions along the lines of our Canadian Wheat Board. This arrangement assures the Ghanaian farmers a price fixed in advance and below the world market prices at which the Board disposes of its annual harvest. Over the past twelve years this system has been found to be more satisfactory to the individual producer by protecting him from price fluctuations and market uncertainties. Thus, it has been possible over the years for the Government to build up considerable reserves. From a peak of £G540 per ton in July, 1954, the price of cocoa had fallen to £G185 in 1956-57 but rose to £G305 in 1957-58. In 1958-59 there was an average crop — that means about 230,000 tons — and the price, while not as high as in the previous season, has been fairly stable at about £G260 per ton. Of late the traditional big users of Ghana cocoa — the United Kingdom and the United States — are together taking less than the increasing European Common Market consumers (among the latter particularly being West Germany and

the Netherlands); the Soviet Bloc countries are also taking larger quantities than previously.

Briefly, then, cocoa has been the main export from Ghana for many years; it has, in fact, been a substantial dollar earner as well as the means of building up her sterling holdings. Peak production was reached in 1936 when 311,151 tons — or half that year's world supply — were exported. Crops since the war have not been as large as in the immediate pre-war years, partly due to the incidence of the swollen shoot and other diseases. Energetic steps have been taken by the Government to counter these menaces while efforts continue to produce a healthier cocoa plant with increased yields. Under the current Development or Five Year Plan £G15 million, mainly from Cocoa Marketing Board funds, are to be spent on replanting in areas devastated by the swollen shoot disease, on spraying against capsids, and on the increased use of fertilizers.

I have dealt in some detail with cocoa production because Ghana is typical of so many less-developed countries with a one-crop-economy. This excessive dependence on one commodity may be considered a weakness. At present Ghana does not fare too badly with its other resource development; however, under its Second Development Plan, it is most eager to diversify agricultural production as well as to modernize present productivity. The Development Plan allocates funds for diversifying further by the introduction of new cereal crops, laying the foundation of a cattle-raising industry, and the encouraging of other cash or commercial crops — particularly bananas and rubber. The clearing of sites and the planting of rubber are to be subsidized and attempts have been made to interest American investors in the establishment of rubber plantations; a banana export trade is being steadily revived. Other agricultural products presently being exported but not in large volume include palm oil and palm products, copra and coconut oil, kola nuts, shea nuts and shea butter, coffee, limes and lime juice.

Ghana also produces many, but not enough, foodstuffs for home consumption — cocoyams, cassava, plantains, millet, corn and sorghum. The country's vulnerability was displayed early in 1959 when an extensive drought occurred in the North — where most of

these food crops are grown — and an urgent appeal for assistance was answered by a donation of 10,000 tons of American corn, transport and delivery of which was carried out by the Army once the shipments had arrived by boat at Takoradi. This crisis indicated the vulnerability of the day-to-day subsistence level of the population. Further conditions revealed were that there are no suitable storage facilities for food crops and cereals and that the present distributive system is quite inadequate — a state of affairs common indeed to all less-developed countries.

A run-down on some of the country's other main activities is perhaps revealing. Gold-mining has been associated with Ghana for many centuries although modern mining methods have been employed only since the late seventies of the last century. There are now several types of gold workings, namely, under-ground mines, open-cast and dredging. The under-ground mines are the most common and these go down to great depths — over 4,000 feet in one case. Of the eight current producers one is famous as the largest tonnage producer of high-grade ore in the world, while at the other extreme four others are barely marginal. Government assistance for further development will likely be forthcoming in the case of the latter mines. The visitor is most favourably impressed with their operations which account for about 23,000 employees — less than a thousand being non-Africans. The annual production of about £G10 million or over three-quarters of a million ounces is consigned entirely to the United Kingdom.

Lumbering is also a major activity which now accounts for the second largest export of nearly £G11 million. With almost an equal value in logs and in sawn timber being produced Ghana now ranks among the largest suppliers of tropical hard-woods in the world; there are woods with such exotic names as wawa, sapele, utile, baku as well as the better known mahogany and walnut. The forest area is constantly diminishing, due not so much to timber exploitation as to clearance for cocoa farming. The Government is therefore considering measures aimed at forest conservation and regeneration without which the continuance of the present high level of exports would not be fully assured.

Less than fifty years old is the diamond exporting business which now almost equals in value the gold exports. The diamonds are almost entirely of the industrial or rough type. Africans working singly or in groups constitute the greater proportion (or 11,000) of the 16,000 so employed, the balance being attached to diamond mining companies. This industry is under government supervision; all the diamonds are sold in the Government Diamond Market located in Accra where several ex-patriate firms or dealers compete for the goods. Current exports amount to well over three million carats or over £G9 million.

Ghana is one of the largest producers of manganese in the Commonwealth and has lately been exporting over £G9 million or 600,000 tons annually. These deposits are worked by open-cast methods and are moved by rail to the port of Takoradi for shipment abroad. There are also deposits of bauxite in two or three locations amounting to an estimated 200 million tons. At present a small annual export of only 200,000 tons worth about a £G half million is supplied to the United Kingdom. The grade is of good quality averaging about 50 to 56 per cent aluminum oxide.

The Volta River Project deserves mention in this context since this scheme involved — and still involves primarily — the mining of bauxite and its reduction to aluminium by using the power obtained from hydro-electric development on the Volta River. Other features of the Project include the irrigation of a part of the Accra Plains, improvement of transport facilities by means of an inland water route and the provision of adequate power for other industrial and urban uses. Since the Project would add a new source of income equal to all of Ghana's exports except cocoa, it is easy to understand why it has been so important in the minds of the Ghanaians over the years; in fact it is to them what the St. Lawrence Seaway was to us in the years preceding its realization.

Originally, this venture assumed the participation of the British and Gold Coast Governments and British and Canadian aluminium interests. A Preparatory Commission, set up in 1953, reported in 1956 that the total investment required to produce 210,000 tons of aluminium ingots annually would be \$650 million at September 30, 1955,

prices. This could well bring the project as first envisaged up to a billion dollars at present inflated levels. Perhaps the chief reasons for the lack of enthusiasm for the integrated scheme over the past two years have been the current world slump in prices and demand for aluminium; the doubtful availability of adequate funds from outside sources because of the uncertainties of investment and operations in a newly independent African country; and possible competition from similar schemes in other parts of Africa — the smelter in the French Cameroons, the bauxite and alumina project in Guinea, and the huge Inga power project sponsored by the Belgians.

Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah has frequently declared his country's determination that the Project must come off — if not in its original version then at least in some reduced form. He was able to revive interest in the scheme on his trip to the United States in August, 1958. Since that time a prominent American firm (Kaiser Industries Corporation) has sent a team of engineers to re-assess the project and a report by these experts became available about mid-1959. They recommend a substantial saving in cost by shifting the site for the dam to a narrower point on the Volta. This is now being seriously studied, but it may not be feasible to go ahead with the power development alone at an estimated new figure of £G65 million — and for the present no smelter. Whether the Project makes good economic sense in less than its entirety is causing concern among even the most enthusiastic supporters. But the Prime Minister has stated that the Government would defer or re-phase other parts of the Development Plan if it meant their conflicting with the Volta Project.

Some portion of the overall scheme will probably be initiated within the very near future, even though overseas assistance in considerable amounts will have to be forthcoming. At this time the United States and Ghana Governments are jointly sharing the costs of the re-assessment being carried out on-the-spot. The Americans may go ahead with the scheme on their own with whatever limited support Ghana can supply. Alternatively, a consortium of interested parties — American, British, Canadian and German — has been mooted. In any event when the Prime Minister introduced his

£G250 million Five Year Plan in July, 1959, he indicated an additional sum of £G100 million ear-marked for the Volta River Project.

Another major development is the near completion of the largest artificial harbour in Africa with modern facilities, an industrial area and a new town or community to go with it at Tema — all located less than a half-hour's drive from Accra. The construction of Tema Harbour was first planned to provide a port for the Volta River Project and was included in the original plan. However, a new port was necessary in the Accra area whether the Volta Project went ahead or not, since the present lighterage service was totally inadequate. The development was begun in 1952 and the harbour will be in full use by the end of this year or early in 1961. To build a modern port may not seem an unusual undertaking to us but in a less-developed country it becomes a major project of several years duration beset with hardships, shortages and changes of plans. A railway line had first to be laid from the harbour site to the Shai Hills twenty miles away where the stone for the two long breakwaters and for all concrete requirements was being quarried. The breakwaters which provide protection to the 500-acre harbour area will have a total length of three miles. Their construction has involved the quarrying of over eight million tons of rock, much of it in blocks weighing up to twelve tons.

Before the end of the year ocean-going ships will be accommodated at the four berths provided initially; these works constitute the first stage in the harbour's development (at a total cost of approximately £G13 million) and can be extended in subsequent stages as the need arises. Already the Government of Ghana has decided to proceed with the second stage by providing a further four quays. There is provision for a fishing harbour, a boat-building yard, and an oil tanker berth; extensive and modern cocoa sheds have already been completed. The industrial area is ideally adjacent to the harbour, but set apart from the residential accommodation of the new town of Tema. The ultimate population of this new development is estimated to be between 50,000 and 75,000; attractive and spacious housing units, carefully laid out, and offering most of its accommodation for lower-paid income groups, along with shopping centre, up-to-date schools and hospital stand in contrast to what formerly existed on

the same spot. This new Tema has been built on the site of the ancient fishing village of Tema. It was no easy task to convince the thousand fishermen involved to transport their families to the newer and more modern accommodations being offered. But the move was finally carried out last summer.

Coupled with this development which is the responsibility of the Tema Development Corporation, a statutory body created by the Government, is the desire of the Government to encourage industrialization — local industries — to lessen the country's dependence on imported goods and materials. Already in the Tema industrial area several internationally-known processing and manufacturing firms have established or are in the process of constructing factories or assembly plants; a large Canadian company has had its £G100,000 plant in operation since last September. High priority is to be given — as stated in the Second Development Plan — “to promoting the establishment of not less than 600 factories of varying size producing a range of over 100 different products”. This is perhaps an overly ambitious figure but to date there has been world-wide attention focussed on the considerable resources and industrial possibilities in the country. During five months of my fifteen-months' stay no fewer than nine official trade and economic missions visited Ghana. They came from Italy, the Netherlands, Czechoslovakia, Poland, East Germany, the United Kingdom, Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union and Hungary; more recently, official missions have been received from Burma, Hong Kong, West Germany and the United States. No favouritism has been shown as between the Soviet Bloc and the West; the declared policy as frequently enunciated by the Prime Minister has been that of “positive neutralism” or “non-alignment” or “friendship to all”.

The Government of Ghana offers special inducements and concessions to outside capital and investors. While figures are not available to show the extent of overseas investment in the country, the number of foreign-owned subsidiaries or enterprises jointly shared with Government over the past few years indicates a fair influx of new foreign capital. The largest supplier of capital from private sources has been the United Kingdom but in the matter of technical assistance and training others are fast catching up with her — the United Na-

tions, the United States, Canada and Israel. The Israeli participation in Ghana, for instance, has attracted a lot of interest. In addition to the usual exchange of specialists to Ghana and trainees to Israel, the two Governments have jointly established the Black Star Shipping Line with five ships presently operating on West African — European and Mid-Eastern routes; a Nautical College in Accra to train forty merchant marine operators a year is staffed by Israeli personnel; the Ghana National Construction Company, operated like the shipping line on a 60-40 percentage basis, (with Ghana holding the larger shares in each case) is utilizing Israeli engineers and equipment in major highway, building and airport construction. A Trade and Payments Agreement has also been negotiated between the two countries thus strengthening their trading and commercial relations. Israel, having overcome some of her development difficulties during twelve years of independence, now finds that she can share her solutions with Ghana and gain at the same time a friendly ally in emerging Africa.

While their numbers vary, there are 100 to 150 experts and technicians from all government and international agencies in the country at any one time. The twenty United Nations experts serve in a variety of assignments from malariologists to economists; the United States Operations Mission has twice that number on an extensive programme devoted to agricultural production and diversification. There are advisers and technicians from the United Kingdom; European countries have been lately supplying industrial specialists. Canada has sent her quota of film board and radio-broadcasting technicians, public administration and accounting instructors, a gold mining expert, an adviser on tourism, a company law consultant and a plant physiologist. In turn, there is a steady stream of students and trainees going to the United Kingdom, the United States, West Germany, Israel and Canada — under bi-lateral arrangements with these countries, under grants and fellowships offered by the United Nations and its several agencies, and under scholarships provided by the Ghana Cocoa Marketing Board. Over recent years the latter body has sponsored hundreds of students and is currently stepping up this programme of educational assistance abroad.

Nearly all the capital expenditure made in Ghana since independence has been associated with her Development Plans. The purpose of the plans has been to improve such basic services as roads, communications, electricity, hospitals, schools, urban and rural water supplies. The first of these plans was begun before independence and extended from 1951 to 1956; the Consolidation Plan followed from 1957 to the end of June, 1959; the Second Development Plan will continue from July 1st, 1959, to June, 1964. Expenditures under the First and Consolidation Plans totalled £G118 million, half of them for education, communications and electricity. The total sum involved for the Second Development Plan is three times that expended for the previous Plans or £G350 million: £G100 is intended for development needs; £G150 million for an industrial programme in which the co-operation of outside investors is sought; and £G100 for the Volta River Project.

Of this total amount, the Government estimates that it has available from various sources about £G90 million made up of £G50 million from Government reserves, £G25 million from Cocoa Marketing Board sterling reserves, and £G15 million from general revenue over the five year period. By a voluntary arrangement on the part of the cocoa farmers to accept 60 shillings instead of 72 shillings per (sixty-pounds) load of cocoa for the duration of the Plan, a further £G25 million will be forthcoming. In all then, the total funds available locally amount to £G115 million — more or less. It is evident that the implementation of the full Plan would require borrowing on a substantial scale. The Plan has, therefore, been divided into priorities or phases: Phase I, Phase II and the Volta River Project. The estimated amounts by this break-down are £G126 million, £G117 million and £G100 million respectively, with £G7 for contingencies. Phase II has been clearly indicated as being dependent upon foreign loans while certain items of Phase I could be sacrificed in order to make the Volta Project possible.

Comments on the Development Plan range all the way from calling it impracticable to affirming that it has been ably conceived and is capable of realization. The chief criticisms have been that the amounts of money required from outside sources are not assured;

that the country lacks the physical resources to spend such amounts; and that the recurrent charges necessitated by the new developments would exceed the revenue available. This latter difficulty has to be continually borne in mind with economic programmes for less-developed countries, but it is lessened if a good number of the schemes proposed are revenue-producing. Some observers find the new Development Plan re-assuring in this respect in that it shows a considerable swing from welfare schemes to economic expansion projects. It is their further hope that attention will be concentrated initially on that part of the Plan for which funds are available, and priorities maintained for those industrial projects for which the raw materials are at hand locally.

In the fast changing African scene it is not an easy task to keep abreast of the day-to-day developments. Ghana clamours for a rapid economic transformation to match her achievement of political autonomy; her leaders claim that her economic independence must go hand in hand with her political independence. Between March 6, 1957, and July 1, 1960, she will have travelled the road from colony to republic. She has a considerable distance yet to go in winning her place economically. But being more fortunate in many respects than other less-developed countries — notably in her material and natural resources and in the determination and spirit of her people — Ghana's progress has been both substantial and orderly. Indeed we might well marvel at the manner in which the political and administrative takeover has been effected and at the fact that the new State has fared so well economically during its formative years.

Africa's New Class

by

HUGH H. AND MABEL M. SMYTHE

With the growth of national consciousness in Africa has come a new kind of ruling class. A husband and wife team of sociologists examines Africa's new élite.

THE orchestra played a popular tune on the lawn, tempting the guests to stroll outside in the cool night air, where coloured lights strung from tree to tree illuminated the gardens sloping to the river.

Our host, a member of a Nigerian regional House of Assembly, strolled casually through the throng, introducing the guest of honour, the chief of the Nigerian Civil Service. Their flowing robes of brocade and damask rippled among the white dinner jackets of the British government officials and business men, the summer dresses of British wives, the pert Western dress of Miss Western Nigeria, the national dress of Nigerian government officials and professional men and their wives.

We were in Warri, Western Nigeria, but we might have been in any number of cities in which the new African élite are coming to be taken for granted by both Africans and Europeans. Their basic characteristics might be duplicated in almost any part of "black Africa" (that portion of the continent south of the Sahara): their growth more often from humble beginnings than from the families of traditional chieftains, their western education, their straddling of the ancient indigenous culture and the ways of European or American countries in which they or their teachers were educated, their confidence in nationalism, their conviction that they can accomplish anything, given the opportunity.

Their tremendous ambition has been encouraged by older leaders, relatives, and friends, as well as by some European missionaries and private citizens. Sometimes relatives have contributed to the expenses

of a promising youngster whose parents could not alone bear the burden of an extended education; when he has succeeded in his ambition, he helps younger members of the family to duplicate his record of achievement, and gradually the family status improves.

In the past two decades there has been a steady stream of young Africans going overseas for higher education, mainly to Britain, France, and the United States. Some of them have remained abroad for as much as ten or fifteen years. A short time ago, the television program "This Is Your Life" honoured Dr. Mongia Njoroge, a young man from Kenya who spent twelve years in America, attending college and then medical school, serving as intern and resident in an American hospital. On the same program were his two brothers, students at Northwestern and Temple Universities; his sister, a member of the Kenya legislature; and his parents, villagers who spoke no English, the mark of educated indigenes in British Africa.

This kind of Horatio Alger rise from country boy to leading citizen in one generation is increasingly frequent in Africa today. The span is not only economic; the new *élite* status carries with it a mode of living which requires extensive modifications in the old way of doing things which members of the new class learned as children. The old value system gave prestige to age, membership in a ruling family, and the accumulation of material possessions (including wives, cattle, trinkets, and so on). In their years overseas — or in the few university colleges of Africa — the rising *élite* encountered city life, with its new forms of social organization and new values. Is it surprising that in transferring from a well-defined village status to a new and fluid one they sometimes lack clear-cut social standards which would make them more secure in their new positions?

The inability of the new class to gauge precisely where they stand and for what to aim creates some confusion. It is taken for granted that members of the new *élite* class are "educated" in the Western sense. The relatively strong influence of Christianity among the *élite*, by the way, is no doubt traceable to the fact that until recent years most education was obtained in mission schools, creating an identification of western education and Christianity which still persists.

Considerable prestige is attached to material possessions — western-style home, car, fine clothing, expensive hobbies. The greatest prestige, however, is attached to position — particularly a government post of influence. (Incidentally, the rôle of government as chief employer of the highly educated gives a special emphasis to politics and identifies the élite with self-government and nationalism even more than might otherwise be the case. Even such professional men as doctors and engineers are likely to be employed in government hospitals or public works units). Nevertheless, social gatherings of the élite sometimes include persons of modest economic or social standing in the community.

The great social mobility and aspiration to high status go hand in hand with loyalty to less privileged brothers or cousins, who live, usually, in a small town or village removed from the cities in which the élite congregate; at the same time, snobbery toward servants and contempt of the lower classes betray a sense of social distance from less privileged persons who are neither relatives nor old friends.

Women who attain élite status in their own right, rather than qualifying by marrying a man of wealth and position, are exceptional. Islam and most indigenous social systems assign a subordinate status to women, and a number of enlightened men are understandably indecisive as to how much education they should expect in their wives. Limitation of opportunity often requires parents to choose which child to educate, and a boy is customarily favoured over his sister. Even among Christian Africans, extended education of girls has not been considered an urgent need.

As a result, the wives of the élite (unless they are trained nurses, teachers, or, rarely, women lawyers or doctors) have notably less social assurance than their husbands. They have, on the whole, less experience with speaking English or French and little or no acquaintance with Western-style housekeeping or etiquette, yet their husbands' position may involve living in a Western-type house and entertaining both European and African friends. Elite wives are often painfully embarrassed at the attentions of visitors, being uncertain of the *lingua franca* and all too aware of the lack of common background which would make small talk possible. A wife may, as a result, shrink from

participation in affairs even when she is hostess, except where she can stand at her husband's side, silent and subdued, while he handles whatever conversation comes their way. Elite men who are sophisticated in Western ways sometimes complain that there are too few potential wives available who can function successfully in the new urban society.

There is not much informal social contact between the new African leadership class and their European social equals, even where they live as neighbours in official government housing estates. The diffidence of the African wives, remaining "colonial" attitudes on the part of Europeans, and long traditional separation account in large part for the tendency to meet socially chiefly in formal situations. At the same time, increased and increasing contacts in working together, in professional consultations, or in acquaintances made at formal affairs are giving both an opportunity to see each other as people. Thus, in new nations as in areas approaching self-government, it is no longer unusual to see Africans and Europeans meeting on an equal footing in the dining rooms or bars of hotels or rest houses which only a few years ago barred non-Europeans, or chatting informally at a luncheon or dinner party given for a visiting celebrity. Small parties in African or European homes may include guests of both groups, and at official public affairs, in these increasingly liberal territories, guests intermingle as freely as anywhere.

The élite are not free of worries. Since most of them are self-made men, their prestige is unsupported by family influence or strong social organization; however, persons of similar rank and position are beginning to develop some sense of unity, and there is a tendency for relatives of persons in the new class to aspire to similar achievements. Since traditional folkways define clearly the status and responsibilities of the citizen, the fuzziness of new class expectations can be frustrating. There is no accepted protocol, no blue book of social usage. The élite African must feel his way.

Moreover, the African leader or potential leader among people who sometimes dream mistily of Pan-Africanism is plagued with ambivalence. He sees the need for unity; at the same time, ancient tribal rivalries divide even the smallest country. In truth, it is as mis-

leading to speak of "African" as if it symbolized one kind of being as it is to apply "European" to Americans, Swedes, Frenchmen, Irishmen, Germans, Italians and Israeli. Languages, religions, geographic boundaries divide even the *élite* of a single country or territory; in the city of Calabar alone, nine languages are spoken, and if one is to pay a courtesy call upon local rulers he must greet in turn at least the Ntoe, the Obong, and the Mura.

These divisions have inevitably slowed the process of amalgamating the *élite* into a truly unified and self-conscious class. Fortunately for unity, the *élite* are not conservative and have, so far, given evidence of a predisposition to cross traditional boundaries or at least explore the possibilities of doing so.

A subtler problem is involved in the relationships between blacks and whites as the former replace the latter in government and business positions of influence. The inevitability of the replacement of at least some whites by Africans has shaken the foundation of white supremacy and, in some places, crumbled them; some European colonial officials who found this challenge to their status unpalatable have departed, while others think of their tenure as temporary. This is particularly true of areas where there are no white settlers. The African newcomers to positions of responsibility are concerned that they frequently get little sympathetic assistance from those they are to replace; at the same time, they are (at one and the same time) distressed to lose able Europeans who feel that they no longer have a future in Africa, aware of the disturbance of vested interests involved, and contemptuous of the less competent (or even incompetent) Europeans, some of whom will remain in Africa as long as they can for want of another sinecure. Without regard to the competence of the one replaced, an African filling what was a "European" position expects roughly the same contractual arrangements — salary, housing, paid vacation — and resents unexplained differences. The new African nations will have heavy expenses for these emoluments until and unless the responsibility of government for housing its non-expatriate employees is forthrightly denied.

Meanwhile, housing (especially that provided by the government or foreign business firms) is one measure of new-class distinction.

Assignment to official quarters in a government residential area (once the "European reservation") amounts to physical separation from the huts of the poorer classes and surrounds the lucky families with landscaped lawns, spacious rooms and well-tended, tree-shaded streets.

Obviously, black Africa is so large and varied that this generalized picture has to be modified to fit each area. On the whole, the élite are more numerous and secure in West Africa, where nationalism and independence have won wider acceptance and there is no white settler problem, than in East Africa, where these matters are centers of major controversies. The traditional upper class of Ethiopia has not yet given way to the new class, but the latter is growing. In the Congo, the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, the few "new class" persons stand out boldly in the drive for greater African freedom. The handful of *evolués* in the Congo and limited number of "qualified voters" of the Federation are generally in this category. The *civilisado* in Portuguese Angola and Mozambique, and the better educated non-whites of the Union of South Africa are so hampered by legal restrictions that their development has been noticeably slower.

Above and beyond the differences, the similarities stand out. As governments provide more and better schools, as colonial policy becomes liberal, as political participation increases and interest in inter-racial cooperation grows, there comes to be a social climate in which an indigenous African may hold high church office, serve on the faculty of a university college, or, for that matter, have knighthood or similar honours conferred upon him. These things may be ends, but they are also means: the very fact that the best available surgeon or the local bishop or school principal is an African changes one's thinking and approach. "African" of the new class no longer means a human being whose ability to survive in the Twentieth Century without European help is doubtful; it comes to mean someone who is surviving and who, more often than not, has made the transition from age-old culture to today in one generation. He has conflicts and his problems; he must make his way without much family help or background; he must devise methods for handling political freedom of a kind not experienced before in his country's history.

But, somehow, when he speaks earnestly of his hopes, his fears, his frustrations, what one remembers is not just the problems, but the determination to solve them; not just the disunity of tribal groups, but the love of freedom among them all; not just the discouragement, but the hope.

Above all, the hope.

The People of Africa

by

ALICE AND STEWART SUTTON

A land is perhaps best understood in terms of its ordinary, simple inhabitants. Here is a lively account of some of the experiences of a Canadian family with people in Central, Eastern and Southern Africa.

When we think of Africa we think of Africans. Those who go to Africa to see or shoot big game might conceivably come home disappointed but those who go to meet and try to know its people cannot possibly find disappointment. Unhappily most people who visit Africa find or make little opportunity to meet Africans as people and as friends.

We went to Africa five years ago as a family of four, including a twelve year old daughter and a son of fifteen. Brazzaville, the capital of French Equatorial Africa, (now the Congo Republic) was to be our home for a year. Living in a French colony the children were enrolled in the local Lycée where they never got quite over their amazement at finding their fellow African students seriously engrossed in the study of French, English, Latin and Greek.

Given the opportunity to travel through parts of Central, Eastern and Southern Africa we soon learned that Africa is not only a vast continent but is in many respects a whole world set apart. Everywhere, however, we saw evidence that it was not for long to be set apart from the world with which we were more familiar. To speak of Africans is like speaking of Europeans; they are not one people, they are many peoples. We soon learned that the artificial political boundaries created by Europeans were seldom drawn in accordance with tribal groupings. In general, however, it was our experience that in addition to their colour, the Africans had one other attribute in common, their desire to be friendly with those who came to them as friends.

Shortly after we arrived in Africa we realized that we had come not a moment too soon to see the last of the old Africa before it is swept away by waves of emerging political consciousness and nationalism of which we saw evidence all about us. We made friends in Africa, and on the whole found our African friends and acquaintances to be a simple, dignified, warm-hearted and hospitable people. Among many rewarding experiences, we will never forget the day we took Daniele to his village. Daniele was our house boy, an orphan of fourteen who had not been back to his village since he was eleven. This visit was to be a tremendous event. It was close to the end of the dry season and we hoped that we would be spared the rains while we drove along the dusty sandy trails. We drove through savagely beautiful country, a succession of wild arid hills and lush valleys. The villages were usually located on the hill-tops and, as we passed one after another of these villages, Daniele always assuring us that his was the next, we wondered if we were lost forever in that incredible landscape. As we came closer to his village, Daniele was recognized by passers-by and great broad smiles and roars of welcome greeted him. Exclamations of astonishment at seeing an ordinary Chevrolet in this remote backwater, where only trucks and jeeps had been seen before, were brushed aside by Daniele. His faith in the success of our mission never faltered. At last he pointed to the next hill and vowed that the village perched on the top was his.

As we approached we found what looked to be a completely deserted collection of conical shaped mud huts with pointed thatched roofs, but by the time we had reached the centre of the agglomeration and had stopped in front of a hut, said to belong to his "petite mère", (who seems to be the younger sister of his dead mother) people began to appear from everywhere. Suddenly, we were surrounded by Africans, men and women and children, all with hands outstretched, each wanting to shake hands with each of us. And we did; with every single inhabitant of the village. The Chief, an old and venerable man, inadvertently shook hands; suddenly he remembered something and rushed off toward his hut, reappearing wearing a large and impressive medal, his badge of office; and thus equipped solemnly shook hands all over again, this time officially. One ancient crone

took my hands in both of hers and bowed gravely. All the others, when shaking hands, rested their right elbow in the palm of their left hand, a formal deliberate gesture indicating that the greeting is full and comes from the heart. Gay and excited chatter followed, of which we understood not a word, but later Daniele explained to us in French that everyone was commenting on his height, his development, his clothing, the state of his nutrition, and generally indulging in the sort of comments normally resorted to by Canadian aunts who only occasionally meet their nephews.

Our prayers that the rains might hold off were in vain. Great thunder clouds started to gather above the hills. We feared that we well might be mired in mud for days and had to cut our visit short. The mere fact of our appearance in this place was such a miracle that everyone understood that we must leave before the rains came, and we feared that we would never find our way out of that trackless region if we were once caught in a tropical cloud-burst. As we showed signs of departing, two women appeared each carrying a stalk of bananas, one green and one yellowing; another added a pineapple and Daniele chased and caught a chicken, tied its legs and thrust it cackling and protesting into the trunk of our car. Then came the crowning gift: the Chief disappeared into his hut again and reappeared bearing four warm, freshly-laid, white eggs, which he pressed into our hands, one for each of us. This was the gift of honour. Eggs are a very special gift in that part of Africa and it was left to the Chief to present them. We were frequently given eggs; sometimes they were sent by truck or messenger from villages far in the bush, one or two days' drive away. There were always four eggs, one for each of us. Each egg would be carefully wrapped in palm leaves, tied with grass, and the four would be woven into a basket made of reeds. As we departed every villager gathered round us and each shook hands again in farewell. We departed laden with gifts and with warm invitations to return. We were very moved and felt a genuine sense of being accepted, strangers as we were, in their remote world.

This was the first time but not the last when we found ourselves the only whites encircled by throngs of Africans. It occurred many times before we left the continent. Once we were invited to attend

a unique ceremony "la retraite du deuil" — the withdrawal from a period of mourning, which was traditional in our part, where mourning is taken very seriously. Those who can afford it wear black clothing when in mourning and those whose means do not extend to this attach a small piece of black cloth to their shirt with a paper clip. It appears that the length of the mourning period is determined in large part by one's financial ability to give a grand party for all one's friends, relatives and neighbours. These feasts often go on uninterruptedly for 36 to 48 hours. Great quantities of food and drink are provided. Guests are expected to make a contribution of money or in kind, and the mourner hopes not only to meet the expenses of the celebration but also to be able to outfit himself from the proceeds. However, he must have saved enough in the first instance to finance the party in case his guests fail to cover the cost.

It was dusk when we arrived. The celebration was held in the middle of Bacongo, a community of about 25,000 Africans. We drove through an area swarming with people, chickens, dogs and goats and our host met us at the gate of the compound and led us through the throngs of guests and celebrants. It soon became pitch dark, as it can be only in Africa. Little fires had been lighted here and there among the huts within the compound, and women were preparing food over these fires. The guests seemed to number about three hundred. We were taken to a quiet spot and offered the only chairs in evidence. The host's wife and children were brought forward and introduced. As they spoke no French our only form of communication could be smiles, bows and handshakes, while they spoke rapidly to us in Monakatuba. All that is really important on such an occasion can be so easily conveyed with smiles and handshakes that we felt no discomfort, and on the contrary, were made to feel completely welcome. We understood that we had been invited to drink palm wine but to our acute embarrassment, we were served a bottle of French champagne and a tin of English biscuits, an expensive concession to the white guests. After sipping our champagne and expressing our appreciation, we indicated some disappointment at not having shared in the consumption of the palm wine. This delicacy was of course immediately forthcoming in tiny glasses. Palm wine is bitter

and oily and should, in our opinion, be reserved for special ceremonial occasions.

We were taken off to see the vast stores of food and supplies which were to be consumed during the next 48 hours: whole sheep, manioc (casava), palm wine, vegetables, fruits and coconuts. By now the dancing had begun. We all relaxed, the other guests had become accustomed to our presence, even the children had stopped staring, and everyone set about their normal pursuit of dancing, talking, cooking and drinking. We wandered about, barely able to see in the darkness, and watched the dancing. Everyone was completely absorbed in the dance; wild, primitive and rhythmic, completely fascinating and at first appearance without design or pattern. But gradually, even to our relatively uninitiated eye, a definite form and sequence of movement emerged. The music was provided by tom-toms, rattles and a whining stringed instrument, accompanied by strange abrupt shouts and hand clapping from the people gathered around each little group of dancers. The onlookers seemed to be as much a part of the dance as the immediate participants themselves. Several different dances were going on simultaneously in the compound. One particularly extraordinary dance was accompanied by no music at all other than hand clapping and occasional hoarse shouts, but it was quite as rhythmic as the others. The time had come to leave; we were sure that despite the whole-hearted welcome we had received, the celebration would remain comparatively restrained until we had gone. By the light of a small oil lamp we threaded our way through the dancing crowds, led by our host and escorted by our other African friends who were present, and of course by the inevitable entourage of small children. We stopped here and there to watch another group of dancers, their stripped bodies dripping with sweat and gleaming in the darkness. The dancers were so completely absorbed that they seemed entirely unaware of our presence.

It was with profound regret that we left our home in Africa, and like everyone else who ever really lived in Africa, we cling to the belief that we will some day return.

As we made our way towards the Middle East we crossed Africa at the Equator and all along the belt of this continent we experienced

similar encounters of warmth and welcome and a genuine acceptance of ourselves and of our interest. Once on a rural road in Ruanda-Urundi we were truly embarrassed by our failure to make a friend. We saw a small boy at a distance and asked our companion to persuade the child to let us photograph him. After a long argument the boy submitted briefly to the ordeal. As soon as the camera clicked, he ran down the road like a hare and leapt off into the forest. We later learned that the child had expressed the fear that we might eat him.

One does not always win confidence nor a welcome quickly. We once accompanied a doctor on his rounds in a relatively isolated section of Uganda. By jeep we followed a barely perceptible track, passing partially hidden huts among great towering trees, so unlike the scrubbier bush we were accustomed to. Our friend's patient was a little girl who had injured her foot, how seriously the doctor did not know. By the time he had received the message he could not know whether the wound might have proved fatal or whether his patient might have completely recovered. We finally located the hut, and hesitated in the compound until the mother beckoned the doctor in. He was not sure that he would be invited in; he might have had to conduct the examination through the mother and an interpreter, had the family been in a suspicious frame of mind. He was trusted and their confidence in him was further increased when he withheld any criticism of the homely treatment which had already been provided. The girl had rather a badly injured foot which had been treated with a poultice of cow dung and other obscure ingredients. The mother gave us a hesitant smile from the door of her shelter and an old woman who was stirring a pot over a fire nearby politely ignored us. Had we turned up alone without the doctor we would have found the hut completely deserted with only the old woman stirring the pot. Everyone else would have disappeared into the forest.

On another occasion, we had an experience in which we felt deep sympathy with the little boy who thought we might eat him. This was on a visit to a small nomadic tribe in the central Sudan where we were ceremonially and warmly greeted by one of the most venerable looking men to be found anywhere. He was the chieftain and offered

us a beautifully painted pottery bowl of sour sheep's milk as a gesture of welcome. We were deeply moved despite the numerous flies which floated on the surface or rested on the rim. The feeling that we were about to be consumed by indescribably hostile amoeba must have been very much akin to the fears of our camera-shy young friend. We were saved both from offending our generous and dignified host, and losing our health, by the intervention of a Sudanese doctor, who had accompanied us, and who warned us not to drink and explained politely to our host that we came from a strange land where milk was not drunk and that it would make us ill.

Because any society is best understood by knowing its simple people we have spoken only of our more unsophisticated friends in Africa. But it has to be remembered that well over a 100 million black Africans live in Africa, that they are farmers, lawyers, teachers, politicians, artists, scientists, tradesmen and doctors. As everywhere else, there are the hungry in Africa and there are the well nourished; the leaders and the led; the ambitious and the content; the educated and the illiterate; the diseased and the healthy, but they are all there; and suddenly, or so it seems to the outside world, they have become part of our world. We believe that the people of Africa not only need us but want us; but we know that they want us only as friends and as equals. Contemporary Africa must develop and evolve in its own pattern just as we did in ours.

Possibly one of the most interesting discoveries one makes in Africa is that the average African who can read has a very fair knowledge of the white world outside, and understands us and our ways so much more fully than we understand him that it is really we who are the handicapped.

ABOVE THE SEAWAY

by

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

East of here, under the bridge,
on saint somebody's island,
I went with a friend to eat and drink.
It was July, the Juliet of months,
the jewel of seasons some years after Orwell,
before Romeo's voice had ever climbed
the galleries above these waters —
he was never so north of Italy.

The sun lay at ease, irreverent;
an envelope of light enclosed
the seaway walls, and secular
the sainted waters babbled blessings,
an airplane preyed in the sky
in search of recent continents:
(oh Montreal, oh godlessness!)
and playfully skywrote preferred slogans.

Everything shone so maiden and saintly,
the shady trees disarmed noon
and sexless children swarmed and buzzed
high in the busy hiving green,
and shapely the naked cries of birds
aroused the landscape, flushed and warm.

Solaced with sun I was drugged and spun
out of my housewifely web of humours,
my blood grew lackadaisy; culled
from sleep it sang of Greece, of Romeo,
made me purely sun and hap-
hazard island, purely cries.

I thought of nothing but how old
I was getting, how I still loved
to stretch in the sun and not to hear
the talk at lunch across a table;
I thought of time and passing time,
and of my true life still unwritten,
I thought of mother death, my sins;
and then of Juliet without her nurse
blazing in a far cold tomb.

THE IDIOT

by

ELIZABETH BREWSTER

The idiot with his slobbering mouth, half shoved,
Half led by his younger brother, slowly moved
Across my childhood's April. Stammering,
He handed me the violets of the spring,
And wished to please; but fright so sped my feet,
A timid child intolerant of the strange,
I dropped the flowers and ran, out of the range
Of slobber on petals blue and delicate.
Out of his range, in the white and wooden church,
I prayed, and felt my heart still work
Like churning butter. Why should an idiot
Be to the blossom like the blossom's rot?
My bowels turned that the ugly should be human,
That a boy should be like a white, unhealthy grub
Sliming the violets, yet be flesh and blood,
And born to be a man from flesh of woman.

ISOLATION

by

M. MORRIS

When the mists lift, across the valley you can see
Perugia from Assisi;
Even Paris-Moscow has the sound
Of a not impossible bound.
O but Winnipeg to anywhere! why
Does my heart cry
Out as if pained moments of silence
Were stretching infinitely in the distance?

Valete

by

RUDOLF HOSSE

PLATOR the veteran sat in the shade of a whitewashed wall, his hairy legs in their worn buskins stretched out in front of him and one ear cocked to the distant throbbing that told him the legionaries were still on the march. Their rhythmic footfalls resounded through the stillness of the morning as, four abreast, they smartly stepped from underneath the dusty tamarisks into the cobblestoned street that led down to the harbour. Their burnished helmets glinted under an already brassy sun which promised to singe the hair of a goat by midday.

Over the flatroofed houses that spread below him could be seen the masts of the ships that were to take them across the sea to Sicily and from there, perhaps, home to Italy. Of course, for most of them that was not really home. They had been recruited from all corners of the known world while they in turn had carried the Roman Eagles across the face of the earth for so long that now they were at home everywhere and belonged nowhere.

He reflectively fingered the rectangular bronze disk which dangled from his neck by a thin leather thong. Although he had not learned to read, he knew the inscription word for word. Thanakus, the scribe who kept the regimental records ever since they had liberated him in Alexandria, had carefully explained it to him, patiently pointing out the meaning of each engraved symbol and sentence. "To Plator the Centurion," it read, "for twice twelve years of service is awarded Roman citizenship for himself and his descendants." It went on to enumerate the titles of the proconsul who had thusly rewarded his soldiers, and the many campaigns he had fought and won. As this took up most of the space, it ended on the reverse by giving the bearer of the disk the right to sixteen heredia of land in Numantia, wherever that was.

He noticed that the sweaty leather strip that held it was getting thin where the metal rubbed against it. He promised himself to re-

place it as soon as he got aboard ship and slipped it carefully back under his breastplate.

His gaze swept the terraced vineyards that fringed the sleeping town, the arc of whitewashed houses which held the pebbly beach in their embrace, and the *mare nostrum* beyond, stretched still and flat into infinity.

Numidia had not been such a bad place at that, but too much of anything is enough, particularly if it is Africa. Perhaps it was time to leave. But why weren't they replaced? Of course, the 45th couldn't really be replaced. They were battle-scarred veterans, the best outfit in all of Africa. Well, anyway one of the best. Yet the fact remained that they were pulled out. True, Carthage had fallen many years ago and its plundered corpse been given into the keep of Massinissa, that crafty beggar of a king who ruled Numidia. As reward for his support in the seventeen years' war against Carthage. The Second Great War, the scribes, who couldn't lift a sword, called it. As if they'd ever needed him and his motheaten camel cavalry. The Roman phalanx was invincible. Everybody knew that.

But now the conquerors were looked upon as uninvited guests who long had overstayed their grudging welcome.

How many of his cohorts had hacked their way through the rocky defiles of Kasserine and across the burning wastes of Timgad never to return, while those who took their place had also grabbed the spoils.

There had been willing women, bursting wineskins, and rolling dice while plunder changed from sweaty fists to grasping fingers. Those were the days, but they were gone.

Now hard-eyed harlots only taunted and surly vintners tried their teeth on Caesar's coin before they parted with their watered wine. Yes, it was time to go

He rose, fastened the chinstrap of his helmet and tightened the buckle of the metal-studded belt that held the short sword. His mind still clung to the past.

He had come from Spalato in Dalmatia and, like all foreigners, had served in the Auxiliaries until the Second Punic War which so desperately depleted the Legions that they no longer could be brought

to even near strength and their ranks had to be opened to non-Romans. Men from Pannonia, Greece, Gaul, and even far-off Egypt, provided they had served Rome long and well, could join the once exclusive Legions and, like himself, rise from the ranks. All one had to do was fight valiantly and survive. Somehow he had managed to do both. And now he was tired and he looked forward to the sequestered life of a landed gentleman. Those twenty acres, ably handled, would take care of that. He also could choose a wife without anybody's say-so. Well, that would come later.

He squared his shoulders and stepped into the blistering sun. His raised arm signaled that the hour of embarkation was near. The men of the 45th Hundred reluctantly abandoned the shade cast by the houses on the left side of the street and, prodded by a short bugle blast, fell into their accustomed places. Plator stepped back while they marched past him, between two rows of silent, sunbaked houses that sloped down to the harbour. He knew them all by name. Some had been marching in those ranks with him before he was made centurion more than three years ago. Just look at Poneos over there, that raw-boned Celt in the last row. No, not that one. The one over on the left, with the limp. His toes have turned black and he's sure to lose them, perhaps the whole scabby leg; but would he agree to be carried on a litter? Not on your life! Not while those shifty-eyed Numidians watched from behind their shuttered doors and windows.

The dank smell of rotting fish and drying seaweed told them that they had reached the harbour. The harbour from which less than ten years ago Hamilkar's ships had sailed to challenge Rome. Now, its great seawall razed, it had become silted and too shallow for all but the smallest boats. To reach the Roman galleys the troops had to march over the only remaining stone quay which, like an accusing granite finger, pointed across the sea. At its tip the transports rose and fell with the slow, unhurried rhythm of the tide.

To gather all those men aboard had taken longer than anticipated and actual embarkation lagged behind intent. To make up for lost time the commander of the African Legion, the proconsul whom, behind his back, they called Gluteus Maximus, ordered two of the ships to be tied side by side, with a heavy wooden ramp bridging the gap

between the heaving hulls. Despite the need for haste, discipline was not relaxed. The legionaries, goaded into quickstep by the shrill bleating of Phrygian pipes, had to march from one deck to the other without breaking rank and those on either flank had to struggle to keep from tumbling off the edge.

Plator, one hand holding on to the scupper, stood on the bulging sill which girdled the widest part of the vessel about a foot above the waterline, and watched his men tramp across. The 45th, depleted like most hundredships in the African Legion, numbered only eighty-nine men, or twenty-two rows not counting the eagle bearer. Row after row tramped over the stout planks, their sandaled feet passing him at eye level.

Sixteen, seventeen . . . well, soon they would all be aboard. Eighteen, nineteen . . . only three rows more. Twenty, twenty-one . . . a shouted curse, a splash. Poneos, favouring his game leg, had lost his footing and was now struggling savagely to keep afloat. Plator flung himself onto the broad sill. His left hand clawed into the rough planks, while his right reached down to grab the foundering Celt whose wildly thrashing arms groped for support.

Suddenly the centurion felt as if his neck were cut. Before he realized what had happened he saw the leather thong clutched in Poneos' dripping hand. The shiny bronze disk, with a last dull gleam, as if to mock him, sank quickly out of sight.

"To Plator the Centurion for twice twelve years of service . . ."

Peter McArthur and the Agrarian Myth

by

F. W. WATT

From 1908 to 1923, in the pages of the Toronto "Globe", the farmer-philosopher of Ekfrid Township, Middlesex County, developed his vision of a "rural golden world" in comparison with which urban life was diabolical. To Peter McArthur, farming as a way of life was both "poetic" and "religious".

We are told that in the beginning man was placed in a garden
—on the land—but for his disobedience he was driven forth
by cherubim with a flaming sword.

The Affable Stranger

We must get back to the land.

In Pastures Green

The opening of the Canadian West at the turn of the century was of primary importance in political economy as an agricultural development. But its chief cultural significance lay in the secondary effects, the industrial and commercial boom and the shift of population into the urban centres which accompanied it, especially in Eastern Canada. By 1920 the movement had swung the nation's balance as a whole to urbanism. Wheat was proving to be the loneliest of kings. It was a large audience of displaced villagers and farmers and their sons which no doubt provided part of the stimulus to regionalism in Canadian literature during this period. D. C. Scott's village of Viger, W. H. Drummond's region of the *habitants*, and Stephen Leacock's little town of Mariposa each in widely differing ways exhibits a reaction against the encroachments of the swelling industrial and commercial cities, and each has its own nostalgic link with rural things past or passing. Perhaps much of the enthusiastic support of Peter McArthur during the years from 1908 to 1923 is to be traced to the same causes.

The pattern of Peter McArthur's own life helps to explain both the quality of his writing and the nature and attitudes of his readers. He was born in 1866 in the log farm house built by his pioneer father in Middlesex County, Ontario. There he grew up, educating himself

largely through his own industry in procuring and reading many of the classical works in literature, history and economics. A part of his education possibly just as important in his own eyes he referred to many years later, after he had returned to that farm: "I have the good fortune to be living on the farm on which I was born — the farm which my father cleared. Although I was born too late to take a hand in the clearing, I learned the history of every acre before an open fireplace many years ago." As a young man he attended the University of Toronto for a short period, and experimented with the rôles of teacher, professional humourist, and journalist. In the late 1880's, however, there was one obvious Mecca for a young Canadian with literary (or other) aspirations: in 1890 McArthur left Canada to join a set of Bohemian free-lance writers in New York, which included at one time or another such Canadians as Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, and Duncan McKellar. There he remained for the next eighteen years, except for a two-year attempt (1902-4) to duplicate in London, England his success in America. Back in New York in 1904, says his official biographer, W. A. Deacon, "he became a partner in the firm of McArthur and Ryder, commercial publishers, or advertising agency as we now would call it. His work for the firm included the writing of short stories winding up with some obvious advertisement for some product." One relic of this phase of McArthur's activity has been preserved. It is "A Chant of Mammonism", a poem celebrating life insurance, and published by the Ontario Equitable Life and Accident Insurance Co. Two excerpts from the poet's introduction will suggest the enthusiasm with which he threw himself, at this time in his career, into the life of modern commercial civilization:

Being convinced that the critic of the future will find the most important contributions to the literature of our time in the advertisements that announce and commend our commercial and industrial adventures, rather than in our best sellers and approved literary works, I have written what is frankly an advertisement. In doing this I have conformed to the lines of true literary evolution. Power is now centered in organized business and the highest literature at all times has been propaganda or advertising of power.

Referring more particularly to his "advertisement" McArthur goes on to argue:

In choosing Life Insurance as the theme of a chant I have chosen the most vital of modern enterprises. It is really the Democracy of finance and its operations will persist no matter what form our changing social organization may take. It is the farthest advance that has been made in the conduct of human affairs. It is the constructive part of Democracy, which enables the plain people to live in a state approaching Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. . . .

In 1908 at the age of forty-two McArthur abandoned these commercial and literary adventures in the biggest city in the New World to return, literally, to the "old Homestead" in Ekfrid Township, Middlesex County. There he remained until his death in 1923.

From 1908, much of McArthur's life was lived in full gaze of a large public, for his article or two each week in the *Toronto Globe* gave a continuous picture until his death of his experiences as a farmer-philosopher in Ekfrid Township. Though he had written articles and stories before in the United States, and had published by then *Lines* and *The Prodigal*, his two volumes of verse, he now became an institution in the lives of two large classes of people, the farmers, and those city-dwellers who had been, were descended from, or merely had occasional longings to be, farmers. For these people during a period of fifteen years, McArthur turned his literary talents consistently towards the fostering and sustaining of what Professor Hofstadter has called in the United States "the agrarian myth". "The agrarian myth," wrote Professor Hofstadter in the *Age of Reform* (1955), "represents a kind of homage that Americans paid to the fancied innocence of their origins." As to the truth of the myth, Professor Hofstadter argued, it actually served to hide the undeniable fact that "the characteristic product of American rural society was not a yeoman or a villager, but a harassed little country business man who worked very hard, moved all too often, gambled with his land, and made his way alone." This description has a good deal of relevance to the farming conditions of the Canadian prairies, though less to those in the more stable rural areas of Ontario and Quebec. But the main argument has a hard core of truth; and the mature labours of McArthur to refute it make the fact even more evident. Was it true that, irrevocably, "the cash crop converted the yeoman into the small entrepreneur"? This McArthur sought to deny; but commercialism was entering like the serpent into

McArthur's garden, and time was to show that all his efforts could not drive it out.

McArthur was of course not alone in siding with country against town in that scarcely original quarrel. In Robert Stead's verse, for example, the note of naïvely primitivist eulogy for the lonely life of the farmer is not uncommon. "The Prairie" puts the contrast in its most rudimentary form:

The City is all artificial,
 Its life is a fashion-made fraud,
 Its wisdom though learned and judicial,
 Is far from the wisdom of God. . . .
 The City is cramped and congested,
 The haunt and the covert of crime;
 The Prairie is broad, unmolested,
 It points to the high and sublime. . . .
 Then you to the City who want it,
 Go, grovel its gain-glutted streets,
 Be one of the ciphers that haunt it,
 Or sit in its opulent seats;
 But for me, where the Prairies are reaching
 As far as the vision can scan —
 Ah, that is the prayer and the preaching
 That goes to the heart of a man!

Stead was not unambitious when poeticising such a theme, and he was willing to goad his jogging Pegasus upward to the heights of what was no doubt for him a kind of mystical sublime, as for example, in such a poem as "The Homesteader":

Far away from the din of the city,
 I dwell on the prairie alone. . . .
 They say there is wealth in the doing,
 That royal and rich are the gains,
 But 'tisn't the wealth I am wooing
 So much as the life of the plains.
 For here in the latter-day morning,
 Where time to Eternity clings,
 Midwife to a Creed in the birthing,
 I behold the Beginning of Things.

The immodest claims of such poets as Robert Stead fostered the agrarian myth. But no one else with the talents and intelligence of McArthur

— if we except F. P. Grove, who denied such utilitarian motives — set himself the task of seriously defending it. And McArthur's aim was no less than to place that myth on an economic and philosophical basis and to spread its influence throughout the country.

Peter McArthur at no time ventured to describe himself as a model farmer, but farming to him meant something different from and greater than financial success. As well as being a solution to his personal problem of how and by what means to make his living, it was a way of life of intrinsic value unsurpassed in his eyes; it seemed to offer, more generally, a feasible way out of current political and economic difficulties in Canada; and at its most exalted and least tangible, it summoned him as a philosophical or religious vocation. For this reason McArthur's most simple descriptions of daily life on his farm were likely to be fraught with a complex purpose and meaning.

When he came back in 1908 to his father's homestead McArthur saw himself in certain respects as the prodigal son returning home. "Earthborn", a poem in the volume *The Prodigal* (1907) had earlier forecast this *persona*:

Hurled back, defeated, like a child I sought
The loving shelter of my native fields,
Where Fancy still her magic sceptre wields,
And still the miracles of youth are wrought.

The experience seemed to satisfy a central need arising from the fact of his simple origins, a need suggested more fully in the title poem of that volume:

Last night the boy came back to me again,
The laughing boy, all-credulous of good —
Long lost, far-wandered in the ways of men,
He came the lover and enthusiast . . .

The compulsion to "return" and its satisfaction was not a unique experience in McArthur's life, but a recurring one. In the highly coloured epilogue of *The Affable Stranger* written a dozen years later he succeeded in projecting into the landscape as he described it the emotions of his frequent experience of less momentous returns than the first:

After I had left the last great city and began to watch the trees whirling
past the car windows I had a sense of companionship never felt before.

They seemed so much alive and so serene and friendly. . . . The wild trees of the forest — all too scattered — were best. They had an air of independence and privacy, as if they might be the amused custodians of world-old secrets that they guarded even beyond the surprisal of those whom they had admitted to fellowship — after long probation. Even the orchards — reared in captivity — looked as if they were aware of their importance in the scheme of things and knew unfathomable mysteries. After weeks of talk about all manner of feverish and unimportant things, the smiling taciturnity of Nature was reassuring and healing. The clear air was laden with the balm of forgetfulness.

A man with such attitudes going back to the land could not help being outraged by the discovery that farming was daily becoming more like the commercial life of the cities; and McArthur was obliged to acknowledge that development: "The whole tendency of the time is to make the country more like the cities — to give the farm city advantages. . . . Every day the farms are becoming more like the cities. Farm children are given city educations and they develop city tastes. The world is mad on the building of cities." But McArthur set himself to oppose this tendency. "Farming," he wrote, in what may be described as his central affirmation, "is above all a home-building occupation — rather than a money-making business." The governing principle of his farm descriptions, after his rule as a humourist that they should entertain, was that they were to defend and to publicize this affirmation.

McArthur addressed himself first of all to the farmers of Ontario. For them the details of seeding and stock-raising, routine chores and ordinary daily happenings, the vicissitudes of weather and the local implications of public affairs and events, were all both familiar and continually interesting. It was with this sympathetic audience behind him that he launched his attacks on the injustices and abuses of the modern industrial civilization; "Big Business" he condemned on many levels. The "Manufacturers' Association" seemed more concerned with making profits than with producing well-made implements for the farmer. Trusts and mergers, transportation companies, "middlemen" of various kinds, had killed competition, instituted wasteful methods and monopoly prices, and virtually "strangled" the Laws of Supply and Demand. McArthur frequently and effectively caught the farmers' sense of a world in conspiracy against them. Picking up the perennial

cry that the farmer needed educating, for example, McArthur retorted with the suggestion that the farmers themselves might have something to teach the rest of society, especially the wealthy interests in the cities. He offered a picture of the consequences of his plan to "start night schools in Toronto and Montreal to educate a few plutocrats into right ways of thinking." Bill Simmons, from "lot 17, seventh concession of Alfalfa Township", would take elementary classes in economics:

"Now, my pretty ones," says Bill, "if a railroad is built under a public charter, with the assistance of the public treasury, and is then presented to the company that built it, to whom should that railroad belong?"

"To me," pipes Sir Philobeg, who is a High Financier and understands how to manipulate the market.

"Wrong. . . . It will belong to the people — at least sufficiently so to justify them in regulating its operations so that it will serve the best interests of the community. You may go to your seat, Sir Philobeg, and figure it out. . . ."

Then the grim instructor goes on:

"What is a Big Interest?"

"A corporation that contributes liberally to our campaign fund," says Senator Redneck, with a knowing smile.

"Wrong!" booms Simmons. "The biggest interest in this country is farming and after that comes labour — both engaged in producing the real wealth of the country. If any one is to get special privileges the farmers are the ones that should get them. You may go to your seat and figure it out. . . ."

Again Simmons:

"If a farmer builds a new bank, barn and silo, how much should he be fined in the shape of taxes for showing so much initiative?"

And so it would go through the whole educative evening.

However, while always prepared to carry on the farmer's battle against his supposed enemies, McArthur conceived his task as also that of speaking home-truths to the farmer, to try to arrest what he believed to be dangerous tendencies:

At the present time the farmers are the sole inheritors of the ideals of our fathers. But like the foolish men of the cities they are also organizing for profit. . . . Men no longer regard the place where they live as home. It is merely a speculation in real estate. They try to estimate everything in terms of dollars — and the money profits are so meagre that all who

are able are deserting the farms and going in the great jazz-time dollar dance of the cities.

McArthur also spoke to the farmer in a more intimate and personal way, endeavouring to demonstrate by a description of his own experiences the potentialities of farming as a way of life which the ordinary man might not have discovered. For this reason he recounted his realization that simply being close to the natural world did not necessarily mean appreciating its beauty: "Living more closely in touch with nature than any one else, they [the farmers] probably enjoy her beauty less than any one else. Even the city man who goes for an occasional stroll in the park enjoys nature more than they do." Another feature of farm life held a certain danger; farmers are tempted to use work as an opiate: ". . . They habitually stupefy themselves with work as with a powerful narcotic, and find it painful to have their minds awake." Similarly, by an apparently casual reference to the seasonal rituals and ceremonies of the ancient Greeks in a passage describing "the opening of an apple-pit in winter" on his Ontario farm, McArthur suggests a dimension of experience the prosaic and unimaginative farmer in the twentieth century misses. Here and elsewhere, McArthur was endeavouring to instruct others on the basis of the experiences of his own life on the farm: ". . . Some things that I did, while blundering along, serve to indicate what a purposeful and philosophical farmer might do towards rounding out his life and putting himself in accord with the great scheme of things." To "philosophical" he might have added "poetic" and "religious", for he spoke as though farming as a way of life were both poetry and religion to him:

It is possible for a man to put himself in every part of his farm, to make his farm a vital part of himself and to bring all into accord with the philosophy which underlies all Nature—the philosophy that forever allures and eludes the sages and the poets. Besides providing livelihood, farming offers possibilities of spiritual and mental culture beyond any other occupation.

The picture of McArthur entertaining his fellow farmers, fighting their battles, and endeavouring to enrich their lives, does not comprehend the whole of his activity. He was at the same time an enthusiastic

proselytizer. His *In Pastures Green* was dedicated to "all city men who are talking of going back to the land", and to them he wrote: "The farming of the future is going to be the best of the learned professions, and the only one in which a man of brains and character can find scope for his individuality and abilities. Farming is about the only man's job left. The city . . . is no longer the place for a man of wholesome ambition. The change is due to two things — machines and organization." Machines were anathema to him, and he rarely let pass an opportunity to contrast farm life with industrial urban life. His account of his visit to a shoe factory is typical: "I never was so near being an anarchist in my life as I was while the memory of that incident was fresh in my mind. The workers in that factory were not simply slaves to their employer, but to merciless machines. And that is only a sample of what you can find in any industry that has been perfected along modern lines. In the factories work has none of the charm it had for the old-time artisan who performed every operation himself." By contrast, the farmer's life was essentially unorganizable: ". . . You can't speed up the farm. It is timed to the sun and the seasons. Airships may pass over it at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour, but the thistle-downs that rise from my fields go at the rate of the prevailing wind, just as they rose from the Garden of Eden."

At the time of the first World War McArthur added what appeared to be a new argument to his defence of farming as against city life. War he had opposed — ". . . we should not think of fighting except in self-defence" — and now its economic consequences were disrupting the lives of thousands of city dwellers, bringing unemployment, suffering, and at the least, uncertain prospects for the future. The land offered peace and security for those who would go to it. "When I took stock today," he wrote in 1915, "I find that I have on hand enough produce to keep man and beast in perfect comfort for at least a year — until another harvest — and that is not a small matter at a time when our world is in ruins." This argument, however, was merely an intensification of McArthur's usual claim for the virtues of the land. "The people must get back on the land, must! must! must!" was the cry he had raised continuously since his own return.

The political and economic implications of the "back to the land" movement were treated in cavalier fashion by McArthur. "If the people of the cities turn towards the land," he asserted confidently, "where they can provide for themselves, it will not be long before as much justice as is humanly possible will be accorded to them. Land-hunger will force a solution of the land problem." Belatedly but understandably he drew upon the ideas of the outmoded land nationalization theorist, Henry George, who defended all the hallowed traditional conceptions of individualism and self-reliance while offering reformers, at the same time, a programme for attaining greater social justice. "The nationalization of land is immeasurably nearer than anyone supposes. . . . The work of education undertaken by Henry George and his disciples is now practically completed." More elaborate schemes of social planning than Henry George's ran counter to McArthur's vision of the life of the independent yeoman. In "Prince Kropotkin's Cow" theoretical proposals to socialize farm life are held up for mockery. The socialists were "impractical" and did not take into account in their schemes the "cussedness" of farmer, and also of farm-beast: "Their present plans not only assume that human nature can be changed by a revolution, but that cow nature can also be changed." Nevertheless, McArthur did not easily escape the predicament faced by all farmers in the twentieth century, caught between their traditional rugged individualism and the modern world of growing collectivism, particularly the collectivism of the world market. McArthur did not resolve a self-contradiction which was sometimes all too obvious. "At the present time," he argued on one occasion, "individual initiative, which is probably the greatest force for good in our civilization, is being numbed and stifled by the mad passion for organization"; and again, "organization is the curse of our time." But within the covers of the same book he allowed to stand the opposite assertion that "an egg circle, a beef-ring, a fruit-growers' association, a farmers' club, or a labor union will do as well as anything else. Organize for cooperation, and the baneful influences of both Capitalism and Partisan Politics will disappear."

Vacillation between individualistic and collectivist ideals has always plagued the thinking of the farmer, as the history of the Patrons

of Industry, the United Farmers' organizations, the Progressive Party, the Grange and other groups or movements of the same kind has shown. For McArthur there lay behind all such self-contradictions a strong faith that the land was capable of producing men who could as individuals meet the organized evils of society, in one way or another. McArthur's best known poem, "The Stone", is a parable directed against Big Business and urban vices, in which a man of the land is the unknown hero. The stone had long troubled travellers on a certain road in Ekfrid County, the poet tells us — "A stone in the middle of the road — Insolent as a bank, obstructive as a merger!" It easily becomes a symbol of familiar social evils tolerated only through indolence or indifference. "It had bumped us for three generations because we lacked public spirit," but finally a man came along and removed it without waiting for orders or for praise: "For it was no boulder, deep-rooted, needing dynamite, But just a little stone about the size of a milk pail." The unrestrained mock-heroic conclusion sounds more clearly than anywhere else the summons to a crusade against urban evils which McArthur believed the man of the land could and should carry out:

Tremble, ye Oppressors! Quake, ye Financial Pirates!
Your day is at hand, for there is a man loose in Canada!
A man to break through your illegal labyrinths,
A Theseus to cope with your corporate Minotaurs,
A Hercules to clean out your Augean stables of grafters,
A man who moves stones from the path of his fellows!
And makes smooth the way of the worker!
And such a man may move you! Tremble, I say!

The failure of McArthur to present an acceptable and consistent argument, while it casts grave doubts on the validity of the slogan "Back to the Land" as a political and economic panacea, is related more profoundly to the essential quality of his work. That quality, rarely as it emerges from the didacticism and journalistic dross, moves toward the poetic. Sir Philip Sidney would have recognized the endeavour to portray a rural golden world which by contrast reveals the real world as brazen. McArthur's allusions, both direct and indirect, to man's first idyllic home in Eden are countless, and they show the orientation of his experience. His own views of poetry, he liked to

suggest, were casual and Philistine: "Who knows but the poet is simply a leaky vessel spilling out in words the lyrical fire that was meant to warm his heart and keep his pulses attune for the struggle of life." But in practice he was continually attempting to find poetic expression for his insights. "The Home Dream" was perhaps one of the last of these attempts:

Forth from the loneliness of God,
Who uncompanied reigns,
There came a dream that they have missed
Who build Him lordly fanes.
He dreamed a garden where should dwell
His children innocent,
Where he might walk at eventide
And share in their content;
And they who in the ancient wood
The joy of building knew,
Without a thought but thoughts of home
Have made his dreams come true. . . .
The little dream of Peace and Love
Will conquer over all.
Empires may rise and pass away
And thrones to dust be hurled,
But until God recalls his Dream
Its light will light the world.

By the 1920's it was becoming impossible for anyone to see or imagine Eden in the Canadian rural scene. For most people, too, the commercial and industrial city could no longer be cast convincingly in the diabolical rôle. Whomever was its patron saint, urbanism was triumphing, and more sophisticated poetry, along with economics, politics and the social sciences, was coming to accept the city way of life as its datum. Not so Peter McArthur's poetry; understandably we find him writing from his garden homestead: "I wonder if poetry should be written at all. Perhaps it should be lived and enjoyed." His own was naïve and outmoded, incapable either of ignoring or of comprehending the characteristics of modern civilization, especially the factors which most directly affected the lives of the farmers and of the author himself. In face of a sense of growing alienation from the main movement of the age, he was inclined to fall back on a wistful mood

of idyllic reverie that was essentially both an abandoning of poetry and a refusal to deal with man in his fallen condition of industrial urbanism:

The wise people keep the poetry of life for their own use, knowing that all men have the same poetry in their souls if they will only relax themselves enough to enjoy it. In these beautiful spring days I feel sure that all my fellows of the world are moved with the same poetic urge that is filling me with its beauty. Why should I bother them with attempts to put in words what they already have in their hearts?

Patmos

by

JOHN ARTHOS

A NEW piece of canvas was stretched across poles to give a little shade to the tables of the café in Haghia Marina. I sat there for a few hours waiting for the boat that would be going to Patmos, looking at the water and watching the people come and go along the street and by the harbour.

I had landed on the island, Leros, when it was still dark. The steamer that brought me from the Peiraeus had blown its whistle, and from a place on the island where a single electric bulb was shining a rowboat came out and took off five of us. Sometimes in these islands the disembarkings at night are like great festivals; a hundred or two passengers are descending from the ship, others are climbing on, carrying bundles and children, brought from the shore by dozens of rowboats. From some of the boats men and boys are selling candy and fruit and wine, and the dark is filled with cries and confusion. On the shore and along the pier there are other hundreds waiting to welcome friends and observe the strangers, to see the bright lights of the ship and the activity. On the shore, too, at many of the larger islands, like Syros and Cos and Samos, there are lights everywhere, the cafés beside the waterfront are crowded, all the inhabitants seem to have come out for a celebration and a feast. There is a great welling up of life although all around there is the dark and stillness of an island in the Aegean at night.

But this unloading had almost nothing of such excitement. There was a soldier at the little pier under the electric light to help us out of the boat and to check our papers. Back from that there was a wide stony beach, and near a couple of large trees a small building, a café. There were two or three iron tables outside, and through the open door, far in the rear, I could see the light of a gas flame where the coffee was being made. An official or two and a waiter half asleep were the only persons there, the merest stirring in the dark and quietness.

I took a chair by the wall of the building, as sooner or later the others did, coffee arrived, and in a little while the five of us were alone again, the officials had vanished, and we sat to wait for the morning to come. But we were also in fact waiting for the world to come to us. I needed someone to help me arrange to get to Patmos. Another of the passengers, a man in his thirties, evidently dressed to make a good impression, wearing a neat hat and suit and black and white shoes, had lost hope of making a living for his family in Athens and had come here to see if he could start a café and a new life. And now, thinking this mere beach was all the island, and seeing that there was already in this stony land a poor bare café, he was struck with gloom. He told his story to the others who had come from the steamer and were sitting there in the dark, myself and a man and wife and their small boy. He kept his composure even as he defined and pictured his disaster, but after a while he left his suitcase standing there and walked off along the shore to think.

The little family were going inland to stay with the parents of one of them, and in about an hour a car with shaky headlights came down to the beach and took them away. I was left alone then except for the soldier sitting under the tree and the waiter inside preparing for whatever visitors the day would bring.

It was not long then before the sun came up. Light quite quickly filled the sky, but, strangely, for a while all seemed more desolate than it had at first. The light intensified the loneliness and bareness of the place and removed any hope that it might be beautiful. But I took heart when I learned that I could find a little boat — probably that same day — to take me to Patmos, although I would need to get to another part of the island, a harbour a few miles down the coast, in order to find it. In a couple of hours a man came down to the beach in an automobile to leave packages for a steamer to pick up on its next call, and he took me back with him to Haghia Marina. We drove inland, then along cliffs where the road was lined with great trees, and suddenly into a richer and kinder land.

The buildings in Haghia Marina bore none, or almost none of the marks of beauty, but all the same they had distinction and they curved gracefully around the harbour. The gold light and the move-

ment of the people in the vegetable market, the bunches of flowers beside the fruit and fish stands, the men and women and children on their errands, the young women in bright dresses — all were marvelously contenting. I could only think the rhythm and routine of life in the little port was rich and full, business and enjoyment subdued to the love of colour and quietness.

And as I sat at my table on the waterfront, shaded from the sun, the names I had just learned came to seem as if I had always known them — Leros, Haghia Marina, Patmos. But only a few hours ago Leros had seemed to me a hostile name, the bare sound of an island in a strange darkness, abandoned for all I knew, and like so much of the Greek land, barren, stony, poor, deserving to be abandoned. Haghia Marina — the Holy Shore — the Greek words had seemed the exotic expression of some half Christian, half pagan worship of the sea. And now, seeing its life and grace, I would not have been anywhere else.

And Patmos was still more beautiful, I suppose mostly because the circle of the harbour was greater and so more open to the sun. The piazza by the pier and the promenade are grand, and they give the voyager who lands there the sense of a great frequenting place, although now in these days there are few enough to cross the square — the mule drivers, the vegetable and fish hawkers, the few old men returned from America. Back from the waterfront there are several warehouses, buildings that tell of the tremendous trade flourishing at the beginning of the century, but now only a corner or two of their great space is being used, for oil shops and grocery stores, a smithy, and a ship chandler's.

The Italians in the years of their possession of the island had given the public buildings on the waterfront — the customs house, the post office — something of the style of Venice. They copied the colonnades and archways of the Ducal Palace in the desire to relate the new empire to an ancient glory. But in the poverty that now prevails the great style mocks itself, the piazza is empty, there are no crowds, there is no noise or display or music, and the all but deserted buildings only magnify the bare space, the opening upon the sea and the reflections of the water.

The village itself extends back from the harbour for the briefest distance before there are fields and groves of trees, and these reach back only a little farther before the island suddenly rises into a steep hill. At the top there is the monastery and the village that has grown up around it. From above, the lower town looks like the last row of benches before the stage of an amphitheater, which is the harbour itself and the low hill on the other side, a great circle of bright water and unhindered light.

I thought it more beautiful than Haghia Marina even though that little waterfront had the clear signs of the makings of a city and a civilization, full of life and pleasure and traffic and beauty, and here everything seemed insubstantial. By this bright water nothing seemed to possess its own existence, and only away from the light, in the streets of the old warehouses, or in the back squares where men mended fishing nets or were hanging the octopuses up to dry, did the town itself seem to have a town's life.

Because a monk was dying I was not permitted to stay at the monastery, and people in a near by house gave me a room. The monastery is a huge gray stone mass, walled like a fortress. Looking up from the harbour you see it as the crown to a small city of luminous white houses, the upper village, but as you get closer to the great gateway it becomes immediately a world apart. When you enter it, the small court-yard does not seem as quiet and still a place as in many monasteries, and being so small it seems cluttered. This is partly from the paving of rough cobble stone, the extension of the porch of the monastery church into the court, and the open stone stairways ascending out of it to the upper storeys. Everything leads you out of the court. And so, the first refuge is to the church itself, past its columns and frescoed walls into the customary magnificence of Greek churches — the gold everywhere, the paintings, the images of the saints, the candles, the eikons in silver frames, the great candelabras. And even when it is empty, or at the times when the monks are scrubbing the inlaid floors and the doors are open wide to let the air blow through, ceremony absent, all seems festivity and splendour.

The library is on an upper floor. You climb the stairs and pass through the balconies and corridors that wind inwards till you reach

it. Here there remains some of the work of the men who for hundreds of years had lived here to watch over the place of the Apocalypse, the cave where John saw his visions. Some of them studied philosophy, and they also made books. You may still see one made in the fourteenth century which has a beautiful representation of John himself at the time of the vision, in deep blues and reds and gold.

From the windows of the monastery's upper floors and from one or two little open squares in the village you can look down on to the sea and to many islands, violet-gray-white-brown rocks rising out of the water, sometimes merely bare stone, but sometimes you can see some green, which are trees and plants growing about a spring, or an olive grove by a dried-up torrent. You look down, too, to the lower village, the harbour, and the channel for the ships.

The quietness of the Aegean islands is one of their impressive qualities, the quietness of the air in such sunlight and where the growth is so scant; the stillness that is defined by the sounds one does hear, the sound of voices in narrow streets or from inside a room, a man making the noises that guide mules, the nasal chant from a church. In Patmos the quiet is strengthened by the shape of the hill enclosing the harbour, like a shallow bowl down to the very place where the channel leads into the open sea. For much of the day this is a lake of light in which sounds seem to be disembodied.

I started out for the cave in the afternoon. I met no one on the stony road leading down from the monastery, nor on the paths that left the road to descend more directly to the sea, and I had walked more than half-way down the hill before I found anyone of whom to ask my way, a man cutting dried thistles in a field. He told me I had gone past my mark, that the cave was within a school, and he pointed. I saw a rather large white building off the road with a few trees near it. I went there and found an open gate in a wall. I entered this and came into a kind of reception room. It was long and narrow and there was very little furniture in it. The walls were white-washed, and all was fresh and airy and shaded. There was no one there, indeed it hardly seemed lived in, and there was no sound from any other room. To try to find out something I looked at some pictures and inscriptions on the wall and learned only that a school had been

founded here in the eighteenth century. To the left I saw an open doorway leading to a small platform under the open sky and when I went there I discovered a stone stairway descending between glaring white walls. I started down and found a succession of stairs winding from one landing place to another. All was still, and there were only these successions of steps, themselves white-washed, bounded by white walls and the sky overhead, its blue intensified as I looked up to escape the glare. But at one turn room had been made for a flower pot, and in the midst of the whiteness I faced the bright vermilion of a hibiscus.

After still more steps I thought I heard a hum and soon I recognized it for chanting. It was not long then till I found myself at the end of the stairs in the little court and before the entrance to a small church.

I went inside. The priest was leading the Vespers, there were four or five attendants, and what at first I might have thought to be an aisle to the right of the altar I saw to be the cave itself, now contained within the church. It was formed of a great overhanging rock, resembling the kind of hollowed out place one often sees in cliffs along the sea where the waves have dug into the stone. This was big enough for a man to stand in, and it made a fair-sized room. From the top of the cave there extends a shelf that goes on to become the roof of the little church.

The cave faces the east, and before the building was there to contain it you would have looked from its shelter down to the sea, a half-mile below, seeing almost nothing of the land that intervenes, you would have looked across to the small hill on the other side of the harbour, and to the sky. The cave would have faced a scene that holds light more intensely than a desert.

In a corner of the wall of the cave just above the floor a hole had been cut out of the rock, and here John is said to have placed his head when he slept. It is circled by a halo of silver, and that afternoon there were a few petals of a white flower in the hollowed-out place.

One of the inscriptions in the vestibule of the church tells what happened.

I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, Saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last; and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia, unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea.

And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks;

And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire;

And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters.

And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp twoedged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.

And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last:

I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and death.

Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter;

The mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand, and the seven golden candle sticks.

The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches.

I did not know how long I would be staying at Patmos, it depended on when some caique or other would turn up on its way to Samos or Chios. And while for those several days I waited there were no clouds at all, nothing to make anyone on land think of a storm, the wind somehow rose and continued, stiff and even violent. It would have hindered any ship, and the caique I had finally resolved to wait for, the Haghios Georgios, was held up somewhere to the south. I was just as glad, seeing the roughness of the water and understanding how uncomfortable the voyage might be. And each after-

noon I took to going half-way down the hill for the Vespers service in the Cave of the Revelation. There was always a handful of persons there, the Priest (with whom I became friends and who seemed to me among the best and happiest of men), an old woman or so, a theological student in badly worn clothes, his hair already long and tied in a knot at the back. I came to look forward to the visit, and to take in a little more of the fact: a cave, an appended church about twenty feet long, a liturgy day-in and day-out, century after century; near by, the monastery, the prayers, the manuscripts, the cult of revelation. Here now, in the cave, in the twentieth century, the regularity of the event, the commonness of it, the simplicity, a few attendants, the Greek chanting — all this began to make the point for me of the sublime, the usual miracle. In the corner there was the place where John had laid his head, and the belief was as wonderful as the fact.

The centuries enriched but they also obscured what was going on in the church. The liturgy, the magnificence of gold and incense, the idea of the continuity of the priesthood was one thing, and there was also this — the illiterate old woman, half bent over; the student, thirty years old or so, impoverished, angry and narrow; the little girl from a near by house who had brought bread for the priest — figures out of the rocky fields and hills who to some other bare room would seem to have carried mainly superstition and poverty and cruelty. I, who came from another world, needed to take care that here I did not lose myself in the love of the past and identify its beauty and the beauty of the Aegean with the present. The splendour of the scene might have blinded me to what was superficial and ugly in the faces and clothes of the people beside me, but even while I made myself see this, the authority of the past, the majesty of the ceremony, the magnificence of the language and the movements of the ritual, the presence of people, any people, in a particular cave, was bound to enthrall me, and to subdue not only persons like myself, caught by surprise and wonder, but, I believed, the inhabitants of the island themselves, the men and women who had succeeded in surviving on this sun-glazed rock in a burning sea.

The Romans had used it as a prison island, and it was as a prisoner that John had come here. It was far from crowded, for the island

did not raise food to feed more than a few hundred. The worshippers I was seeing, as many others on the island, bore signs of penury not too different, I suppose, from those who had been imprisoned here. But in the church, in the participation in the Vespers, their poverty came to have for me the look of abnegation, and it was not their wretchedness that called out but their strength. The clearness of the skin, the firmness of the folded hands, the bones, belonged to those living on all but equal terms with the rocky fields and the sun, and their posture, even kneeling, showed no expectation that existence or reality would ever demand or receive less than they were equal to.

In the upper town there was a small café in a room built along the side of a steep place, and each afternoon I would stop here on my way to the cave, for tea or coffee. Its windows jutted out into the air, looking only onto the sea and sky. Each afternoon a few men came to the café to drink coffee and to play cards. For some of them, the work of the day, in the orchards or on the roads, was over, but mostly they were men who had no work. Older men, most of their time spent alone with their wives, in a village such as this lead a life of as little action as any monk. There is not much to do except to go to the café, now and then into the little square to talk to someone in the shops, now and then along the road to look over an orchard, noticing how it is being tended, or the way some vines are growing, or to watch the digging of a well. A suspended life, I thought of it, picking up the word, I suppose, from the little café itself and the look it has of being in the air, overhanging the cave within which the perpetual mystery goes on, and where once it was so extraordinarily peopled with gods and visions and splendour.

It was different from any other Greek café I ever visited. The energy of the talk, the intensity of the politics and the detachment of the passion characteristic of such places was transformed here into something almost relaxed. I remember one afternoon some young mule drivers fought bitterly over a card game. As the luck went one way then the other, the language roared out, the hands of the players beat on the tables, eyes flamed everywhere, and yet the quietness in the air still filled the little room, and the quarrelling players were, whether they knew it or not, under its spell.

Something like this goes on everywhere in Greece where men discuss anything. They always fight, the abuse is ferocious and yet contained, and there is almost never a question that a brawl will come out of it. Each one seems to feel the need of dignity even in the show of temper, and real fighting would come only when some intent to kill arose. This quarrelling is always controlled, I have come to think, by a respect for age, like children who carry on their conflicts conscious that they will hold back from the final outrage through fear and respect of the authority of the old ones, the father and mother and perhaps the grandparents. It seems to me that all Greeks, and especially the men, never lose the sense in their fiercest struggles that they must not finally offend their parents, and particularly the father. And not least for the fear of his wrath.

Even if in Athens, or in Haghia Marina, I had known nothing of the beauty of this place, and had only believed what somebody had told me, that Patmos was worth visiting, there was still the danger that having seen something of it now, staying here a few days, I should be reading all this into the scene, making of the life of the café, the men at the table quarrelling over the cards, the room filled with the light off the sea, making of all this what my keyed-up imagination would see anywhere now. But the spirit of the place was no creation of mine, any more than the dryads of Sicily or the nymphs of the Alpheus are the mere creation of poets.

But here there were no nymphs or dryads, and neither abandonment nor intoxication. And yet, some stillness in the air hovers over the quarrelling men, the moments of each day are full of it. The afternoon comes in its slow and splendid pace, there is tea or coffee in the café, the card games, the roaring words, and I don't quite know where it can come from except out of the quietness of this hill overlooking the sea and the island, nor how the words with which the Evangelist put down what he saw could have come out of anything but this stillness and brightness, how the visions could have come out of anything but this. It is foolish to believe that the world is not outside us, that it is not there to see and be seen, to be revealed.

Language and Culture

by

PATRICK DRYSDALE

To what extent are our ideas, attitudes and perceptions shaped by the vocabulary and syntax of our native tongue? Is our culture conditioned by or only reflected in the language we use? These are among the provocative questions discussed in this article.

Speech is the basic distinctive mark of the human race. It follows that an understanding of language can help towards an understanding of man. An understanding of a particular language can also help towards an understanding of the particular people who are its native speakers. This is the theory that is illustrated in the following pages. It is, in fact, a hypothesis, and likely to remain so for some time, since its assumptions about languages have not yet been made susceptible of linguistic analysis. Hypothetical though it is, this theory is worthy of consideration because the student of humanity can ill afford to ignore it, and because it may very well be valid.

In 1931 there appeared the first English edition of Salvador de Madariaga's *Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards*, which the author calls "An Essay in Comparative Psychology". In it the author sums up the distinguishing characteristics of these three peoples as *fair play*, *le droit*, and *el honor*, all of which are quite untranslatable. Putting it another way, he sees the Englishman as the man of action, which entails co-operation in order to get results from action; he sees the Frenchman as the man of thought, indulging in a continual process of objective reasoning in order to reach individual certainty; and he sees the Spaniard as the man of passion, doing nothing unless he can identify his whole self with his activity. Action, thought, passion — de Madariaga does not imply that a Frenchman never does anything, nor that an Englishman never thinks, nor that, as some might believe, the Englishman is incapable of passion. The author is speaking of tendencies, and, as he says, the business of a tendency is to tend.

De Madariaga sees these distinctive tendencies reflected throughout the history, the politics, the attitudes to life, and the language of these three nations. It is his firm belief that language reflects a people's attitude to life. There is more to be said about the difference between the English man of action and the French man of thought. For the moment, it is sufficient to instance the English love of vivid, concrete monosyllables, which are a logical outcome of the development of the language. Examples are: *smash, ooze, glide, squeak, slop, stop* — all of which give a sense of action in one form or another. Mention may also be made of our tendency to shorten long words into concrete-sounding minima: *pram, bus, bike, lab*, to name but a few. But de Madariaga goes further than this, for he says "A Grammar is a philosophy".

A similar view is taken in a recently published work called *Stylistique Comparée: Français et Anglais*, by J-P. Vinay and J. Darbelnet, of l'Université de Montréal. In seeking primarily new and more accurate methods of translation, the authors of this book lay the French and English languages side by side, indicating where they agree and where they disagree. In doing so they reveal a great deal of the two peoples' different outlooks on life. For example, they show that the sentence "He limped across the street" should be translated into French as "Il a traversé la rue en boitant." The English is more vivid, the verb emphasizing the manner of the action which got the man from one side of the street to the other; in French the important thing is that the man got across.

This book has an entirely new approach. It is systematic, but it is characterized by a depth of perspective that goes beyond analysis. Throughout, the authors show an awareness that they are dealing not only with different languages, but also with different peoples, and with the outward and visible signs of their different attitudes to life. They say that the French speaker isolates the essentials of an intellectual complex (objective reasoning), while the English speaker presents it in all its complexity (being more concerned with actions). Thus we say "Up in your room"; the French find redundancy in the word *up*, saying simply "Dans votre chambre". Similarly the French word *ici* translates English *out here, over here, up here, down here* (except in

certain cases where it is necessary to show a contrast). The authors' depth of perspective is further shown by their quotation from J. G. Weightman, in *English Language Lectures* (V. 3, 1950):

I often feel that anthropologists, by making a careful comparison between the languages of Dover and Calais, could long ago have discovered truths that they only brought to light recently by going all the way to the South Sea Islands.

Perhaps such truths — though many would disagree — are to be found in the works of Benjamin Lee Whorf, who was a considerable anthropologist as well as being a brilliant linguist. His theories of language were based on first-hand observations of various American Indian languages and their speakers. A man who mixed scientific objectivity with the dreaming of an idealist, his premature death in 1941 may well have delayed the progress of language study by at least twenty years. His published papers, under the title of *Language, Thought, and Reality*, remain as a challenge to such lesser minds as are left — often a confusing challenge, as shown by *Language in Culture*, the report of an interesting but inconclusive conference on Whorf's theories held in 1953, edited by Harry Hoijer.

The basis of Whorf's more advanced ideas is that differences in the grammatical structure of various languages reflect differences in the attitude to life of their speakers. This attitude to life he called the "thought-world" of a people, and he saw it as the essence of their whole culture. As Hoijer says, "In brief this 'thought world' is the microcosm that each man carries about within himself, by which he measures and understands what he can of the macrocosm." Whorf believed in fact that grammar shapes ideas. For example, he found it significant that a speaker of English says "The light flashed", whereas a speaker of Hopi, an Amerindian language of Arizona, says "Rehpi", a verb which has no subject, object, or any other modification. We may translate *rehpi* as "flashed" or "flash (occurred)". It is an honest report of a natural phenomenon, but in English narrative we cannot have a verb without a subject. We have to say *what* flashed and, in saying "The light flashed", we are merely begging the question. Similarly, in our tendency towards action, we say "I hold it". But other languages would not see *holding* as an action at all, presenting the

statement as an expression of relative positions as between me and the thing held. This may well be more scientifically accurate.

There is an obvious comparison between de Madariaga's statement, "A Grammar is a philosophy", and Whorf's "We dissect nature along lines laid down by our native languages". This means that whether we think of *holding* as an action or as a statement of relationships depends simply on the structure of our language. In the same way it is said that we see lines as *straight, crooked, curved, jagged*, etc. "because of the classificatory suggestiveness of the linguistic terms themselves" (Hoiyer). The two quotations just made may be compared with one from Sapir, one of Whorf's first masters: "Language is a guide to 'social reality'". The rest of this essay leads off from these three related propositions: "A Grammar is a philosophy", "We dissect nature along lines laid down by our native language", and "Language is a guide to 'social reality'".

The easiest way to approach these ideas is through differences of vocabulary, returning to grammatical structure when the relationship between language and culture is more clear. It is not sufficiently realized that a dictionary does far more than tell us how words are spelt and pronounced. Sometimes a dictionary, if it shows words in enough contexts, can actually tell us what words mean. But one may challenge any dictionary to cover all the meanings of the word *democracy* that exist in different peoples' minds. And what does the word *large* mean? We are now likely to find a brand of detergent packaged in sizes ranging from "large", to "family", to "giant", and possibly to "super-giant", "large" being the smallest. Inter-lingual dictionaries are more dangerous, as was shown by a recent letter to *The Times*:

You printed on August 5 an article on 'How Windsor Keeps Tidy,' mentioning in particular that dustbins in the town carry inscriptions in 15 different languages. Hungarian visitors to Windsor never fail to be amused by the Hungarian text, 'Tormelek, Hulladek, Ertelmetlenseg.' Translated back into English these words mean 'debris, refuse, nonsense'. Obviously somebody with no knowledge of Hungarian looked up the word 'rubbish' in some out-dated dictionary and took all three words he had found there. I think it would be rather a pity if the municipal authorities were to correct the error.

But a dictionary does tell us a great deal about the culture of a people, since its entries tell us the things that the speakers of its language can talk about. Thus a comparison between an Old English and a Middle English dictionary reveals ready information about the effects, direct and indirect, of the Norman invasion of 1066 on English culture. Most dictionaries, however, tell little of a people's attitude to the things they talk about, for the simple reason that a word, apart from its history, is a lifeless thing, devoid of most of its meaning until it is used in a sentence.

Few words, even etymologically related ones, mean quite the same things in different languages. For example, French *cloche* means bell, but it does not mean a telephone bell; nor can it evoke a picture of fire engines and conflagration, because fire engines in France don't have bells, though they do in England. On the other hand, the word *bell* does not evoke a hat; we have to borrow the French word *cloche* to describe a certain type of women's headgear. French *faubourg* means a suburb, but *fauburien* does not have the same range of meaning, or connotations, as "suburban", which we can best translate as *bourgeois*. In the nineteenth century Norwegian immigrants to the United States had no word in their own language for the American "barn". The Norwegian language distinguished between the place where horses were kept and the place where cows were kept, since they were different buildings. But the American barn is a shelter for horses, cows, grain, hay, and all manner of things that elsewhere (in England, Norway, and France, for example) require different homes. Not that there is any inherent relationship between a word and what it signifies; "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet". The word is in fact an arbitrary symbol. "Le mot n'a pas pour fonction de définir la chose, mais d'en évoquer l'image" (Vinay and Darbelnet). What is more, the words of different languages evoke different facets of the things or ideas to which they refer.

It is also known that social and linguistic classifications of the world around us often cut across the findings of science. For example, we call a tomato a vegetable because we use it as such, but it is really a fruit. The Chinese may not have this particular problem, but they have a related classification that is quite foreign to our ways of think-

ing. They have a word *gwo*, which means "fruit and/or nuts". We think of these two things as quite separate, because our language separates them. Nor do the sub-classifications of Chinese help us. They have a compound word, *schweigwo*, which means "moist or watery *gwo*". We can accept this as meaning fruit; but the contrasting compound, *gangwo* ("dry *gwo*"), includes dried fruit as well as nuts. Now we often eat dried fruit and nuts at the same time, but our language forces us to consider them as completely different things; the Chinese make no such distinction.

Regarding the linguistic classification of natural things, nothing is more instructive than to see how different languages divide the colour spectrum. Within a language some people (usually women) identify by name a wider variety of colour shades than others (usually men); other people are just colour-blind. This often complicates communication, but it hardly leads us to expect that other languages do not recognize the same set of primary colours that we do. The Welsh word *glas* denotes a range of colour covered by the two English words "blue" and "green"; Welsh *llwyd* includes the meanings of English "gray" and "brown". On the other hand, our "brown" can be expressed by seven different words in French: *roux*, *brun*, *bistre*, *bis*, *marron*, *jaune*, *gris*. As an extreme example of a different classification from our own, the total list of colour words in Navaho consists of the following: two words where English has only "black", one word for English "white", one word for English "red", and one word that includes the meanings of English "blue" and "green".

All this does not mean that speakers of other languages cannot distinguish the same range of colours (distinctions such as that between "light" and "dark" can always be made); it does mean that they classify colours in different sets from those distinguished by us. Language, in fact, makes its own classifications, and the speaker of Welsh or Navaho would not easily be convinced that blue and green were distinctive primary colours of light.

It does seem that, as far as vocabulary goes, a language not only reflects the "thought-world" of its speakers but also delimits it. It is now possible to see how this operates in the sphere of grammatical structure, and to commence by recalling de Madariaga's distinction between the English man of action and the French man of thought.

The Englishman is concerned with concrete things. By a process called syntactic derivation he can turn a vast number of nouns into verbs, making no basic change in the form of the words. He can say "He's going for a run" or "He can certainly run". The part of speech is identified by the modification of the word and the word order of the sentence; in the first example "run" is a noun, in the second it is a verb, but the word has exactly the same form in both cases. A few words that work in similar ways are "shop", "walk", "speed", "drive", "charge", "grease", "change". Most words of this type belong to the notorious list of English monosyllables; however, we can say "Are you going super-marketing tomorrow?" which shows that the process of syntactic derivation is very much alive. We do have a certain number of verbs, like "systematize" and "beautify", that are specially marked as such. There are two interesting points here: first, that most of the verb-forming terminations are borrowed from other languages; second, that most of these verbs deal with abstract or intellectual concepts.

French, on the other hand, always makes a formal distinction between noun and verb. We have "grease" and "change" — French has *graisse*, *graisser* and *change*, *changer*. A similar distinction existed in Old English, but it disappeared several centuries ago, together with grammatical gender and other inflectional redundancies. De Madariaga says "The tendency to action explains, no doubt, the admirable aptitude of the English language to turn everything into a verb".

It may also be his tendency to action that leads the Englishman to live in the present. We say "When he comes", but "he" is not coming now. The Frenchman is more literal and, using the future tense (which does not exist in the Germanic verb), says "Quand il viendra". The Spaniard is even less certain about the whole idea of coming and uses the subjunctive, "Cuando venga". English also, though it is by no means unique here, uses the present for a statement of general truth, as in "Ladies are beautiful" or "Trains run late in Ireland". With a more temporary meaning we use an expanded present: "Trains are running late in Ireland".

English expresses things in terms of action on road signs or other warnings to the public, using a verb where French uses a noun. Compare "Do not touch" with *Défense de toucher*. A recent Canadian

stamp carried a pretty picture of a girl in nurse's uniform and the following bilingual motto: "Health guards the Nation. La santé: force de la nation". The Englishman's sense of the concrete — the unanalysed complexity of things — is also reflected in his preference for the passive, where the Frenchman uses an active, and often an impersonal, construction:

You are wanted on the telephone.

He is not to be disturbed on any account.

It isn't done.

On vous demande au téléphone.

Il ne faut le déranger sous aucun prétexte.

Cela ne se fait pas.

Vinay and Darbelnet relate this distinction in usage to the English objectivity that describes a phenomenon without attributing a precise cause to it (or doing so only incidentally). They say that this may also be related to the English dislike of forming snap judgements or opinions. It also seems fair to say that the Frenchman — the man of thought — interprets as well as reports reality.

It is amazing that one can see such differences in two languages that are comparatively closely related, whose peoples have many cultural ties and belong to the same western European civilization. Differences in linguistic structure, reflecting differences in the thought-worlds of the speakers, are likely to be far more apparent when more widely separated languages and peoples are compared.

The Hopi language says *rehpi* where English says "The light flashed". Hopi, moreover, has no word for a single wave of the sea. The Hopi speaker sees a series of undulations, or a process of undulation, and expresses the idea, as one would expect, by a verb that has no subject. Nootka, a language spoken by Indians on Vancouver Island, has no distinction between noun and verb. As in many Amerindian languages, a Nootka sentence consists of one word, with a series of different affixes. Ideas, therefore, are expressed as series of relationships, each adding up to a synthetic whole. An example from the Apache language is the sentence word *to-no-ga*, which might be translated as "It is a dripping spring". *To-* means water (it can also mean whiteness); *-no-* expresses downward motion; *-ga* is the verb element, meaning "to be white". So we have "That which is white, being water, moving downward". The verb element does not express action but the distinctive quality of the substance signified.

Hoijer tells us that the Navaho language expresses everything in terms of man's proper relationship to Nature, which is the essential thing in the Navaho's existence. He finds the language to be in this a complete reflection of the philosophy of the people. He cites two words, *ninti*, which means "you have lain down", and *nisintli*, which means "you have laid (put) me down". But these translations are very oblique. The components of the first word may be analysed as "you (belong to, equal one of) a class of animate beings which has moved to rest". The second word is analysed as "you, as agent, have set a class of animate beings, to which I belong, in motion to a given point". It is sufficient to add that the Navaho's conception of life and the world must be completely different from our own. It must be emphasized that the sole evidence for this apparently obvious statement has been a glance at the grammatical structure of the Navaho's language.

It might be objected at this stage that culture is only reflected in language, that it is not conditioned by language. To prove this it would be necessary to have a great deal of historical knowledge that we do not possess and are not likely to discover. But even supposing that the objection is valid, it seems apparent that the structure of a language, reflecting the attitude to life of its speakers, prevents them from seeing the world from a different viewpoint. Inherited tradition and social habit, both passed on from generation to generation by language, use language to fix the thought-world of a culture. "We dissect nature along lines laid down by our native languages." If one accepts Whorf's hypothesis, one is bound to want to know something of its implications.

From his detailed study of the Hopi language, Whorf came to the conclusion that this tongue might be more suitable than, say, English for the exposition of the findings and ways of thought of contemporary physics. Two of his reasons were that Hopi expresses ideas in terms of relationships rather than isolated events, assuming a system of relativity, and that, as in *rehpi*, it can express events as causeless phenomena. The conclusion is a sweeping one, and Whorf did not live long enough to substantiate it. It was an imaginative leap of the intellect, but there may well be some truth in it. The Englishman, in his predilection for the passive, may not need to express the precise

cause of a phenomenon, but he finds it very hard to conceive of something happening without its either being done by someone or done to something. We have to say "The light flashed" or "The waves rolled". We are, for the most part, tied to the subject-predicate division of the sentence, common to Indo-European languages, which Aristotle assumed to be universal. Probably, for most of us at any rate, all our thinking is coloured by Aristotelian logic (whether we know it or not), which most of us accept as blindly as we accept Euclidean geometry. Yet the scientist knows that this is an act of faith. He does not say "A is true, therefore B is true": he says "If A is true, B must follow". Then he finds out if B does follow. His work is a continual testing of hypotheses, which are good for just as long as they work. "The light flashed" may be valid as a hypothesis, but the statement depends more on the structure of our language than on scientific observation. We, like Aristotle, are tied to the actor-action construction. If knowledge has limits, they may well be linguistic ones.

The subject-predicate construction can make it difficult for an English speaker to conceive of a state in which electrons move continually about each other without someone or something moving them. To understand such concepts we have to learn another language, called mathematics, which many of us find difficult because it expresses ideas in terms of relationships rather than actions. However, we would not be any better off if we all learnt Hopi and expanded its vocabulary to deal with the problems of our own civilization, unless, of course, we also learned to think like a Hopi Indian, adopting his thought-world. It is doubtful if anyone has yet made a profit and loss estimate for such an undertaking. Yet this, to a lesser degree, is the sort of thing all bilinguals do. An Englishman who is truly bilingual will, if his other language is French, not only look like a Frenchman when speaking it; he will also think and feel like a Frenchman.

There are, then, certain differences of usage and structure between English and French, which parallel certain differences in the tendencies, or attitudes to life, of the two peoples. Moreover, these distinctions get submerged and overshadowed by the differences between Indo-European and non-Indo-European languages, which also parallel differences in the thought-worlds of the respective peoples.

With this in mind, it is worth taking one more example of English concreteness. We have a word *sky*. In our system of subject and predicate it functions as a noun, so that it can do things and have things done to it. We can say "The sky is getting dark" or "The plane shot through the sky"; we can even say "The sky is heavy"; and, naturally, we can turn the word into a verb: "The player skied his first ball". We therefore treat the sky as a thing, because the word for it functions like other words for things. Eventually the sky becomes so concrete that Oscar Wilde can write:

That little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky.

These lines make memorable poetry, but they reveal a curious way of treating the sky, which is infinite. This narrowing and delimiting of physical space is a natural result of the way in which our language works.

It is not enough to know a language, even one's own; one should also understand it. This entails understanding the way in which the speakers of the given language think, a fact which can give us a clue in the search for the understandings that we so much desire in the sphere of international politics; it can also help us to know ourselves. Finally, one cannot escape the conclusion that a greater understanding of our universe may well depend on an awareness of quite different views of it from those of Western civilization — views which are imposed by and reflected in the structures of very different languages.

Faith

by

H. N. CLAUSS

DARK in the valley lay close along the ground and reached hungrily up the slope of the hill. The people crouched on the hillside, together in a sense, yet far enough apart so that none encroached on the individuality of the others. Soon the Elder would approach to lead them through the Routine and then to take the Book from its place within the cairn of stones for the Reading.

Dag pulled his fur robe closer, regarding the world with a somber melancholy. The dull brown and grey of late Fall suited his mood, and his feeling was typical of the others around him. Soon Winter would be on them and their suffering would increase. The old would die, the young fall weak and sick, and prime men such as he would ache and tremble, the cold bitter tears starting from their eyes. But this was as it must be, of course.

For the world was no place for levity. It was a harsh world, a world of disease and death, of pain and hunger, of biting cold and suffocating heat. Violence walked beside them all, and sudden death was the only mitigation of lonely suffering.

His wife, Freya, stirred in her cocoon of robes, and the movement left a gap through which the child peeked. His wide eyes sparkled and blinked in the sudden light and he gazed around fascinated. One of the crouching men near his father suddenly began to cough, deep racking coughs that tore through the body and grated the soul another step along toward release. The child turned away.

A vagrant finger of breeze touched a leaf and gave it life as the boy watched. The crisp brown shard rose in the air, dipping and bowing, slipping toward the dead earth, then catching itself and soaring higher. Round and round it whirled, higher and higher.

Then of a sudden, the leaf began to fall, plummeting earthward until it seemed it must surely die again. The child held his breath. Suddenly, miraculously almost, the breeze spread beneath the leaf and saved it from the ground. The boy smiled in relief—

Dag's hard hand caught the child unaware, smashing brutally against his face and the innocent trace of smile.

"It's not good to smile," Dag said, frowning.

The child licked his lips, and ducked back inside the covers before his hand snaked up to rub his stinging cheek. His father was right, of course. He had forgotten for a moment, but he would take care he didn't smile again. There was no place for smiles in this world.

The Elder approached the group, pausing for a moment to regard them, his eyes sad, his mouth drawn down. For just a moment, the old man's thoughts touched on the mystery which surrounded the Routine. From whence cometh our guide, he wondered. He had spent his life in meditation, day after day of sifting through all the set words and phrases, hour on hour of seeking to lift the veil, to see back—if only vaguely—to the Beginning. But there was no way it could be done. All that was left was the Book, the Routine, the world which was small comfort to anyone, and the faith that someday there would come to them the Answer that had been granted once before so long ago.

He shrugged, and began the Routine.

His two hands came up, making circles around his eyes, and he turned slowly, gazing over the full arc of the barren landscape. Once, twice, three times, he shuffled through the Turning. Then slowly he dropped his hands.

"All clear," he intoned, in a dull monotone.

"All clear," came the response from the dozen or so gathered around him.

Then the Elder held up his hands before himself, palms out, fingers bent, and first with one and then with the other, he twirled his fingers in the air in a vague twisting motion that had no meaning for him, yet which over all the span of years still retained the grim picture of turning dials.

"Ready," he said quietly.

"Ready," the group answered, even to the smallest child.

His hands came up again, making the same circles over his eyes, and he turned once around, quickly. Then his hands stretched out in the empty air and twirled several times more.

"Now," he said, and even the familiarity of daily repetition over uncounted years failed to forestall the catch of emotion that tightened his throat and shivered through his spine. This was the start of the most sacred portion of the Routine.

"Now," the congregation whispered, held motionless by the tension of the moment and the emotion spreading out from the old man.

"Count down," the Elder said, his trained voice firm in spite of his feelings. He could let himself go now to the tug of excitement that pulled at him, secure in the thought that the Routine would carry him through.

"Count down," the group said softly, their sad, quiet eyes now locked intently on the Elder. This was the end of the responsorial. Their part was finished. Now they could only wait, enduring hopefully, their trust reposing in the wisdom of the Elder. Perhaps today, after all the faithful years, the Elder would perform the Routine exactly correct, and their prayers would be answered.

"Ten," said the Elder. Was that the proper inflection? he wondered as he spoke. If it were right, and all the others, then perhaps today . . . ?

"Nine," said the Elder. Year after year, he had performed the Routine, always varying it slightly, always hoping the one right way would be found.

"Eight." When he was much younger, when he had first been taken into the mystery and indoctrinated with the lore, he had been full of hope. It was wrong of him, he knew, and he worked harshly to tear the hope and pride from his mind. But it had not left him easily, for his faith was strong, and he believed with all his being that someday the Routine would be answered.

"Seven." His faith had never wavered through the years. Each time he went through the fateful words, there was the tightening around his heart which sang the sweet word of hope. But the constant frustration had taken its toll, had weighed his hope with the pervading melancholy, had taught him the truth of sadness.

"Six." And yet he persevered. Once, these very words he now spoke had been answered. Perfect faith would be rewarded again. Perhaps not in his lifetime—but someday. In the Beginning, the

Routine had been answered. And not just once, but many times, or so the legend went. Of course, the Cynics held that people in those days were more holy and more worthy to be answered, but — someday.

"Five." In his long meditations, alone and in the Conference of Elders, he had pondered much and deeply. Certain parts of the Routine, in fact, were held up to extended criticism, and there was even a considerable body of apocryphal doctrine, which he had so far shunned completely. Still, he had grown old, and he was humbly positive he had tried every variation in the canon of which he could conceive, so that perhaps there might be some truth to the claim that the Routine itself was of doubtful authenticity.

"Four." But he had given his life to it. If he were wrong, then his soul was damned, and the souls of all those gathered around him who had put their trust in him. For them, as for him, there would be no answer, ever.

"Three," the Elder said, and shook his head ever so slightly, shaking away the doubt and fear. If the Routine meant anything at all, then the thoughts that went with it were as important as the form itself. But he was old, and despite his best efforts, his mind rambled. When he was younger, his thoughts had been pure, his mind as blank as a crystal at times, as full of glory and jubilation at others, that he had not failed because of what he thought. And now, he was old, he could be forgiven what it was no longer within his power to control.

"Two." Perhaps this time Perhaps his faith would be answered

"One."

He stood and waited. He had no idea how long it took for the Answer. He didn't even have an inkling as to what form the Answer would take, except he felt inside himself that after such a long wait, it must approach the cataclysmic.

The moments passed. There had been an Elder at one of the Conferences who had made an impassioned plea in behalf of greater flexibility in the time interval between the words of the Count Down. He had been impressed enough to attempt certain minor variations

himself from time to time. But when the man had gone on to propose a systematic variation utilizing all the Elders and all the Congregations, in an effort to prove once and for all the proper interval He had cast his vote in opposition with the other Elders. Still, perhaps there was some truth in this matter of intervals

The people around him were stirring restively. He shook himself and looked sadly around. Their faith, of course, was less than his, and so they would not wait as long. But they had sensed what he was still reluctant to accept even after all these years—there would be no answer this time, either.

The Elder sighed and turned away. Well, perhaps tomorrow. He must think more about this question of the proper interval.

Dag shifted slightly. It was impolite to show any great sign of unrest during the Routine, and so he watched himself carefully. All the same, it was nearly full night now and he had far to go before Freya and he reached their hut. And Freya would be tired and want him to carry the child

This business of the Routine was somehow ridiculous, in spite of Freya's insisting on faithful attendance. He had been coming for years, and nothing had ever come of it. He had never heard of one instance when anything came from it. It went against the grain to even hope that anything ever would come of it, for wasn't it taught that life was harsh? Besides, if something came without suffering, what good would it be anyhow?

Freya, in her weak woman's way, would say that sitting still for an hour during the Routine, day after day, in all kinds of weather, that was suffering indeed. But compared to the miseries of life, it wasn't really suffering. Perhaps if they were all to strip naked and crouch in the mountain stream for the hour, they could be said to suffer. But this was more annoyance than suffering, so nothing could be expected from it.

The Elder came back from the cairn with the Book. It was almost full dark now, but the old man would need no light to read by. Long ago he had committed the Book to memory. He crouched down now in the loose circle of his group, and opened the worn, heavy volume. He would pick a short section, for he sensed they were anxious to

leave, now that they knew there would be no Answer tonight.

"This is the Book," the Elder began. "It comes from the Beginning, and will go on beyond the Answer. Repeat after me: Li-Bra-Ry-Of."

"Li-Bra-Ry-Of," the group echoed.

"Con-Gress-Cat-A-Log," the Elder said quietly, the familiar syllables a comfort somehow after the disappointment of the Routine.

"Con-Gress-Cat-A-Log," the people answered.

"Rowla-To-Russi," the Elder intoned. There was indeed a return to the strong and certain in the syllables.

"Rowla-To-Russi," the group said, and settled down as comfortable as possible to listen as the old man recited from the Book.

The dark had come out from the valley, and lay upon the land. It was cold, and would be colder.

Review Article

Poetry Chronicle:

Giants, Beasts, and Men
In Recent Canadian Poetry

by

E. W. MANDEL

FROM Edmonton (by way of Vancouver) Wilfred Watson has just now told us that "It is excusable in a Canadian to believe that the great beast-poetry/ Slouches toward Toronto to be born." From Winnipeg (by way of Chicago) we hear James Reaney announcing (and he leaps over to Vancouver to repeat the good news) that he has discovered giants and angels in our imaginative and natural landscape. And from Montreal there comes the plaintive voice of Louis Dudek stubbornly insisting "I am still my own delicious self . . . intelligent, imaginative man" (though I think he understands himself in these lines to be an apple). Is this what Canadian poetry then tells us in 1960? That there are beasts in Edmonton, giants in Winnipeg, and men (or apples) in Montreal? I suspect that rather than a matter of geography this is a matter of poetic theory and that our three poets are working hard to show us the theoretical shape of recent Canadian poetry, its potential as well as its accomplishment. Usually dismissed as a symptom of the attrition of creative power (not to say lunatic propaganda for new poetic ideologies), this sort of theorizing is, in fact, evidence of intense creative activity. It is a sign that a given poetry is sufficiently vital to force the poets to reconsider their most

The Ledge. Violet Anderson. Toronto: Emblem Books. Pp. 14. 50c. *The Wandering World.* Ronald Bates. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 60. \$2.75. *The Timeless Forest.* Sylvia Barnard. McGill Poetry Series. Toronto: Contact Press. Pp. 45. \$1.50. *Descent from Eden.* Fred Cogswell. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. 38. \$2.50. *A Lattice for Momos.* R. G. Everson. Contact Press. Pp. 58. \$2.00. *The Quality of Halves.* Marya Fiamengo. North Burnaby, B.C.: Klanak Press. Pp. 41. *The Deficit Made Flesh.* John Glassco. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. Pp. 64. \$3.50. *Hyphens.* James Russell Grant. London: Putnam & Co. Pp. 32. *The Cruising Auk.* George Johnston. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. 72. \$2.50. *A Red Carpet for the Sun.* Irving Layton. McClelland and Stewart. Pp. 210. Cloth \$2.50. Paper \$1.90. *24 Poems.* Goodridge MacDonald. Contact Press. Pp. 31. *Sonata for Frog and Man.* Peter Miller. Contact Press. Pp. 82. \$2.00. *The Crafts So Longe to Lerne.* Alfred Purdy. Ryerson Poetry Chap Book No. 186. Pp. 23. \$1.00. *Moon Lake and Other Poems.* R. E. Rashley. Ryerson Poetry Chap Book No. 187. Pp. 10. \$1.00. *In Star and Stalk.* Dorothy Roberts. Emblem Books. Pp. 12. 50c. *Asylum Poems and Others.* Heather Spears. Emblem Books. Pp. 11. 50c. *The Season's Lovers.* Miriam Waddington. Ryerson Press. Pp. 56. \$2.50. *The Wayward Queen.* George Walton. Contact Press. Pp. 64. \$1.50.

fundamental notions of poetic purpose and method. Really, the lunatic question is the one that seems most practical and business-like, "Never mind the theory, what does this poem *do* to me?" Whatever else it does, theorizing (like Watson's "Manifesto for Beast Poetry", Reaney's "The Canadian Imagination", and Dudek's "Functional Poetry: a Proposal" as well as his "The Transition in Canadian Poetry") tells us that something very unusual is happening at the moment in Canadian poetry.

Of course, there are other signs. Volume of activity is one. I have before me for review eighteen books of poetry representing mainly the work of 1959 with some hold-overs from the year or two before. Public interest is, I suppose, another sign. One wonders whether many poets have caught the Canadian imagination in quite the same vivid way that Irving Layton has. Nor should we forget our poker-faced patrons, The Canada Council and The Canada Foundation, who distribute their corporate largesse so inscrutably and so discreetly that neither poetry nor industry need be embarrassed by the fact that they are now business partners. But, as Matthew Arnold, using Wordsworth's words, remarked about a similar nineteenth century phenomenon, "Turn we from these bold bad men, the haunters of Social Science Congresses" to breathe the more exhilarating air of theory. I come back to, as it seems to me, the real test of poetic vitality, the manifesto.

The constructive effort of our three poets is humanistic. That is to say, each is concerned with bringing poetry into a meaningful relation with what he conceives to be distinctively human. There is nothing new in this effort, except its absorption in Canadian poetry and the intensity with which it is felt, an intensity which tells us that the problem is realized in terms very like Camus' in his discussion of the absurd: the confrontation of an irrational world and a "wild longing for clarity whose call echoes in the human heart". For Watson and Reaney, what is distinctively human is imagination (Mr. Watson, of course, will be horrified to discover himself, even in theory, in the company of James Reaney and consequently Northrop Frye, but there seems no other way to read his ironic Whitmanesque plea for a beastly poetry); for Dudek, to be human is to be conscious of oneself in an essentially indifferent universe. On this difference, two distinct poetries are built. The one, Reaney's, is frankly mythopoeic; the other, Dudek's, advocates a stoic clear-sightedness in the face of brute fact. The virtues that Reaney sees in poetry are the virtues of artifice: a conscious and deliberate turning away from experience to myth as the content and ultimate concern of poetry and the detailed, precise mythologizing of the poet. Louis Dudek's point of disagreement, simple and striking enough to warrant our attention, is metaphysical: "This project . . . demands a new metaphysic, something that no poet has yet provided . . . The best is confusion and pseudo-metaphysics . . ." Since he feels that to be human is not to be a god (or a beast), but a man, he argues that the trouble with visionary poetry is that it is not *true*, not true to human experience, not true to human under-

standing or reason. It is a "triumphant chorus that never becomes quite real"; it is "forced, inflated, synthetic enthusiasm". To clear the air of the psychological lies, the descriptive monstrosities, and the social inanities of visionary poetry, he calls for a return to a poetry possessing the virtues of "straight language and relevance to our real concerns", poetry "as relevant and immediate as prose matter", with the virtues of good prose: intellectual firmness, sensuous accuracy, emotional honesty; above all, "poetry of our own time, free of illusion, of self-deception".

One wonders whether these are the only alternatives. Irving Layton, for example, who used to be mistaken for a beast-poet, finds neither alternative acceptable, and it follows that despite his exuberance and joy, his theme is tragic, "this singular business of human evil; the tension between Hebrew and pagan, between the ideal and the real. The disorder and glory of passion". In his preface to his award-winning collection of poetry, *A Red Carpet for the Sun*, he tells us that he has "not wished to escape into the unreal domain of the nightingale nor to flee, as the more cowardly do, from imagination to fact". He cannot swallow the aesthete's dogma that "life is the raw material for art", for "though art transcends pain and tragedy, it does not negate them"; in the end art "crumbles and falls back into life as the waterlily's brightness crumbles into the pondscum that surrounds it". Consequently, his work stands (and I take this to be the sign of its vitality and accomplishment) squarely in the centre of present theory. In its massive vigour and burly force it is a poetic rock against which vision founders, but in its articulate grace and its eloquence it also shatters fact. It is, in other words, defined by a series of tensions expressing themselves not only in Layton's imagery, which is both sensual and visionary, but in his diction, which is both colloquial and exalted, in his rhythms, both brutally rough and gracefully alert, and in his lyric forms, sprawling and muscular. Even single phrases are electric with this energy: "bluedyed baubles which hang/amorously from sad and arid bantam trees"; "the sun's golden scarabs on the surface . . . aimless, nameless, scintillant"; "mansoul, Privity of evil, world's wrong, dung"; "jumbled loins in amorous sweat"; "memory, detritus of appetite"; "his active pellmell feet/scatter promises, elations"; "ruined corpses of corpulent singers". But these, exciting as they are, do not exist for their own sake as technical tensions defining an abstract design. They are also the tensions of Irving Layton's humanity, his existence as a human being in a given society at a given time. If the images of that existence can be assimilated to mythical patterns of sacrificial gods, drowned heroes, bestial or monstrous or pathetic beings and fiery cities, no one surely will ever mistake the myth for the reality. If in these poems fact is often transformed by vision, it is also true that vision crumbles back into fact. Beside "Whatever Else Poetry is Freedom", or "Esthetique", we have to place "God, When You Speak", "The Poet Entertains Several Ladies", "Love is an Irrefutable Fire", and "My Flesh Comfortless". If statues "stand their weight of stone upon the moment", they

also "let all be unpinned again". If the lightning flash should happen to show forth "the universal lover", it might also light up "Whirlwind's tongue, desolation's lung". Perhaps the most brilliant thing in a book so continuously exciting and disturbing as *A Red Carpet for the Sun* is that this ambiguity of art and life threads through the whole pattern, tracing out equally tense social, psychological, moral, and religious ambiguities. Irving Layton's "effort to achieve a definition of independence", but not of disaffiliation, thus involves us, whether or not we want to be involved, in a redefinition of our social ideals, our morality, and our religion, as well as our art.

The disordered complexity of Layton's position thus stands as a criticism of an oversimplification of both experience and poetry. I think it is clear that both creative and imitative theory must confront Layton, and I doubt that either will easily account for or explain him. For this very reason it is important to see Layton's effort at definition as traditional. The tension between imagination, fact, and convention, interpreted as a three-way conflict of poetry, nature, and society, seems to be a perennial one. Certainly it has dominated English poetry from the mid-eighteenth century until today, and certainly more than one attempt to resolve it (one thinks of Pre-Raphaelite poetry and the aesthetic movement of the 1890's) has failed. Nor is the mythmaking solution necessarily valid: the ghosts of several eighteenth century Spenserians surely have at least this much to say to us. My gods, beasts, and men now defined, I can turn to the remaining poets to see where their particular humanity lies, whether in a myth of divinity or in imitative and dramatic naturalism.

What are the means by which myth-making poetry achieves vitality and intensity? One of the most obvious is the paradoxical reversal by which an abstract design is made to look or feel like actual experience, and experience itself is made shadowy and unreal. At first, this sounds like a contradiction to the general rule that since mythic poetry depends for its effect on coherence of pattern and a general, rather than a particular, relationship to experience, its usual appearance is stylized and formal. But the contradiction is only on the surface. Marya Fiamengo, for example, in *The Quality of Halves*, a beautiful first volume (beautiful in format as well as in its poetry), clothes stiff and formal figures in the vesture of humanity raised to a royal stature. "We are not cold who live by myths", she tells us in "Epithalamium". "Palpable we breathe our breath of mist" and "our shadows are the chandeliers", a living light. They are also like nebulae and votary people, "the royalty of night". The general point is that words trick us into saying that myth is artificial, but it is experience which is artificial (a shabby republicanism, "a citizenry of small change") and myth which is truly human, rich, regal, courtly, and radiant. Miss Fiamengo plays this trick well. She takes natural experiences and stiffens them into immobility: "the pulseless tree", "the voiceless bird asleep/in her mute perishability", women who "stand beyond the bruise of volition"; and

she takes the apparently formless experiences of art — the “liquid whorl of lostness”, the “quality of halves” — and makes out of the swirl of mist and marsh permanent, living forms: Byzantium; the “green-gone-golden city, Sarajevo” with its “large-eyed icon yearning for its saint”; peacocks with their “raucous funnelled cry . . . of talk”; “some Chinese in a heron-haunted print”. Given the brilliant contrast, she can speak confidently of myth as “the substance of the insubstantial breath” and convince us of her humanity as a myth-maker in “Wide Angel of Regret”, “Ship on a Serpent Sea” and “Poem for Sarajevo”.

It is then the sensuous validity of Miss Fiamengo's language which gives vitality to her design, though no one will mistake the experience recorded for a simply natural experience. We find a different emphasis in the volumes of Ronald Bates and James Russell Grant, though both combine in the same degree as Miss Fiamengo the abstract or stylized and the concrete. Here the poet uses a sort of narrative monologue form to give to myth the immediacy of experience. Ronald Bates divides his book, *The Wandering World*, into Histories, Myths, Interiors, Landscapes, and Constructions, a division which suggests a movement from the primitive to the modern, but since his last poem is his title poem, he also suggests that the journey is timeless. We “come at last upon that point/Where all roads meet, all currents cross” and we end where we began. This explains the method of poems like “Reports from Ultima Thule”, “Prelude”, “Overheard in the Garden”, “Dedalus”, and “Orpheus and Odysseus”. For Bates, myth is the structure of experience and his favourite images (given the major image of a journey) are of structures, cities, cliffs, statues, and machines. It is here that we feel the formal stiffness of myth in his work and that quality carries over into (or is carried by) the measured, serious rhythms, the grave humour and especially the austere and cunning characters (I think of Tennyson's Ulysses) of *The Wandering World*. But Bates, especially in “The Unimaginable Zoo”, “Ornithomachy”, and “I Skjaergaarden III”, manages to be at once stern and passionate, no easy matter in poetry. James Russell Grant, whose *Hyphens* comes to us from England (though I understand he is in some curious sense Canadian), is a much more violent poet than Bates, but he belongs here because of his mythical landscapes (like Bates' rugged and northern) and because of his myth-making monologues. “Clan Soul” is the journey of “the tired and timid fragments of a man” through his “foster-skull” from the Baltic to Scotland and Normandy, by way of Sicily, Italy, and sundry myths and histories. In the end, Grant's violence becomes a fusing force: his ship is the tree where he began in a stone sea and “a sloping Christ on the cross-beams”. A fierce little love lyric called “Olga”, in which the lover is mist, fingers, and teeth, and the loved one is tiger, grape, and mother, tells us that “love is a lost identity”, and Grant, like his young man in a telephone booth, seems to be trying to reach “the impossible landscape/Where each face was a totem pole”.

This brings me to the final and most problematical feature of myth-making poetry, the radical, containing or identifying metaphor. In its extreme form this is the figure of a god who contains everything and when it appears the poetry becomes very diagrammatic indeed, as in Sylvia Barnard's *The Timeless Forest*. But there are less extreme forms, and we have versions of these in Fred Cogswell's *Descent from Eden* and (improbable as it seems) in George Johnston's *The Cruising Auk*. It is only fair to say that the last two books are well-grounded in particular experience, but for all that, the intent of each is visionary. Cogswell's poems provide an account of a fall from paradise, an examination of the paradoxes of the fallen world, and an equally paradoxical return to vision. In his title poem he describes an imaginative fall in ironic evolutionary images as a fall from ape-like innocence in a tree to a murderous ape-like (or fish-like) existence on the ground (or in the sea). He then explores the consequences of the fall in a series of ironic "folk-tales" in sonnets, epigrams, satires, and lyrics, and in the final poem takes up the tree again, now seen as a redeeming cross. Recurrent seasonal and metamorphosis images (fish, ape, water) intensify the theme and relate the paradisaical state preceding the fall to the redeemed state which recovers it. In its forms the book equates a literary progression (from ballads and fantasies through sonnets and epigrams to modern metaphysical lyrics) with the imaginative one, which would suggest that the fall took place sometime shortly before Wyatt and Surrey. This outline does not do justice to Cogswell's wry humour (especially as it reflects on the puritanical excesses of Maritime Canada), to his ironic sense of the intermingling of evil and innocence, or to his flair for fantasy. But it points to the rationale of his book, and it raises the question of its success and the more general question of the validity of the whole method.

Is the ironic containing image or radical metaphor itself a guarantee of poetic success? Is the energy of myth contained simply in its design, pattern, or organization? How is the artificiality of myth, in its most abstract form, to be distinguished from mere artifice? I expect, for example, that many readers of Sylvia Barnard's *The Timeless Forest* (the fourth in the McGill Poetry Series and Miss Barnard's first volume) would speak of the literary inspiration of her work as artificial and would not be impressed by her sombre accounts of what happened to Persephone's daughter, Saint John, and Sir Thomas More. Some of her poems ("The Seer", for example,) are little more than footnotes to a symbolic reading of literary history, and Miss Barnard also writes commentaries on her own symbols, explaining that the monsters, white princesses, saints, and rabbits who chase each other through the forest are really mental beings or states of mind.

George Johnston seems to answer our questions with a wry, compassionate, and hopeless smile. "The whole thing is incongruous anyway — but true you know," he seems to say. And so his pool of vision becomes a puddle in the

city; his Noah's ark, a cruising auk; his gods and goddesses, the Mr. Murples and Mrs. Beleeks. Some will be aghast to discover Johnston's wonderful and important book buried in this thicket of critical jargon about myth and will protest that his humanism consists simply in his good-humoured tolerance of foible, his unabashed stare at mortality, his affection for dogs. Granted, but in the third part of his book we do find Mr. Johnston up to his neck in the pond (which turns out to be the world after all), and there is a fish-eater in one poem whom I, for one, will put alongside Miss MacPherson's much-touted fisherman any day of the week. Besides, Johnston knows all about the paradox of inside-outness or upside-downness, and he can, with the flick of a metaphor, transform a skating rink into a captive sky, the sea into a lecherous god, and the world into a cruising auk. Should we ask for more or is there a moral here about gods and metaphors?

With Johnston we are about to take leave of myth in poetry, and I pause only to note that, whatever its dangers, it clearly has a powerful liberalizing effect on poets' imaginations. It frees them from endless, meaningless repetitions of sense-experience and lets them walk the perilous and heady air of the mountains Ronald Bates describes (he has been there), "At the very edge of time,/Where the cage is practically nonexistent". Some, in that climb, seem lost to us forever, but some come back to earth bearing news of eternity.

Most of the remaining works are by poets who seem perfectly aware that there is such a thing as mythology but who, for one reason or another, continue to take their chances with experience, handling it as best they can. In contrast to the prophet who seeks to contain experience by swallowing it, we meet here the tolerant spirit who chooses to bear its weight. An obvious test of vitality and intensity then seems to be the extent to which the full weight of experience can be accepted rather than the degree to which art, having swallowed experience, assimilates it to human shape. In other words we speak of experience sharply observed, or dramatically created, or wittily confronted in all its contradictions, one of which (but only *one*) is the contradiction between sense and spirit.

Miriam Waddington, it seems to me, stands at some sort of crossroads. One feels in her third volume of poetry, *The Season's Lovers*, a strong pull toward allegory, objects and events constantly suggesting states of mind. Mrs. Waddington does project, in the four sections of her book, an over-reaching organization which is apparently intended to unify her various moods and observations in imagery of the city as a waking desert and prison and in imagery of the life-giving sleep of love, and it may very well be that her disparate glimpses of "dryness which no sense can irrigate" and "a single leavened hour" will one day coalesce into a vision of hell and paradise. But in the meantime, though she writes a number of fancy love lyrics in one section of her book, she remains a much better urban than pastoral poet. The strain of her attempt

to absorb biblical images within her essentially urban eye shows in the syntax of these lyrics. At home, however, in courtrooms, jails, and on Dorchester Street, or with alcoholics, drug-addicts, and prisoners, she becomes coherent and passionate, as in the water imagery of "To Be a Healer", the lake imagery of her address to Ericson, the alcoholic, or the stunning conclusion to that expert reading of the deeper depravity of one kind of sexual thirst, horrifying in its ambiguities, "My Lesson in Jail". *The Season's Lovers* is a book full of promises of more good things to come, but one hopes that if Mrs. Waddington does risk the awesome slopes of abstraction, she will not lose sight of her city. No one else knows it as she does or tolerates it so completely.

Like *The Season's Lovers*, John Glassco's fine volume, *The Deficit Made Flesh*, is a tolerant one. But where *The Season's Lovers* encompasses and bears the contradictions of city and personality, *The Deficit Made Flesh* carries pity for the wasted farm. It begins with a poem about a farm, "The Rural Mail", in which Glassco accepts, in all his contradictions, "man on man's estate of nature". Essentially a rural poet, Glassco sees in decaying farms decaying nature ("the world's fields and fences"), but despite its symbolic overtones and its implicit criticism of materialistic values, his poetry is concerned with coming to terms with experience: "The grandiose design/Must marry the ragged matter". Hence his images of nature are strong and clear: "valley of slash and beaver-meadow/The stone-pocked fields and bog-born stunted alders", and even in his conservative meditations we feel the fierce, physical grip of language. We hear "the pittance jabber", "the answering choral snore", and we see "the pastiche horror", "garbled pillar and spire". Is the "elm's inverted Gothic" a "real" tree or an upside-down church? Whichever it is, in the end it will be "neatly felled", but *until then*, Mr. Glassco, like Browning, concludes that trees, birds, and love tell us amid "cant and blasphemy and dirt" that "All is not lost". He sees and therefore tolerates "the eternal deficit made flesh", "a damned soul in a dump-side shack".

Both Mrs. Waddington and Mr. Glassco combine metaphysical and romantic imagery, the conceit and the impressionistic image in which a landscape is equated with a state of mind, and in both there is a pull toward allegory. We find a harder kind of imagery in R. G. Everson's *A Lattice for Momos* and Peter Miller's *Sonata for Frog and Man*, both, incidentally, attractively designed books. Harder, clearer, and sharper, and therefore less tolerant imagery. The effort is to reproduce the experience of mind (lucid, uncompromising intelligence) in contact with objects or events, and the technique is related to the imagists in their later developments (William Carlos Williams and Ezra Pound). We have juxtapositions, syntactical leaps, abrupt quotations and, as a kind of overlay, in both books a rather more elegant diction than we normally expect to find in imagist poetry. The method and intent are clear enough in poems like Everson's "La Prairie Hunger Strike", "Old Snapshot", and "A Dash

of Bitters", or Miller's "Tree Girl" and "Dovecote". Miller, the more surprising of the two, has another vein which verges on the fantastic and allegorical and leads him to seek humiliation amid gaiety and oddity. A third poet here, George Walton, uses a less elaborate wit than either Everson or Miller to contain and express the humiliations of experience, from weak bladders to prohibition, from scolding bitches and dull preachers to duller psychiatrists and critics. In *The Wayward Queen* we meet one of a disappearing breed, the unprofessional, occasional poet, intelligent, learned, unpretentious, graceful, and almost always satisfying. Poetry is as natural to him as his diagnostic eye. In fact, with his oft-quoted lyric "For My Children" we reach what seems to be an extreme limit of the natural, all that it can do. One step more and the marvellous prairie children become those unmissed marvels whom they have replaced: unicorn, phoenix, and mermaiden.

Among the remaining poets, all represented by chapbooks, several should be mentioned — to do them less than justice. One remembers the desolate eloquence of the title poem in R. E. Rashley's *Moon Lake*, the allegorical stars and stones in Dorothy Roberts' *In Star and Stalk*, more stony allegorizing in Violet Anderson's *The Ledge*, and stone, wall, or structure made bedlam's shape in Heather Spears' *Asylum Poems*. Goodridge MacDonald in *24 Poems* seems always about to escape some kind of prison, but the shackles are strong, though richly-coloured. At the end I come to Alfred Purdy's explosive *The Crafts Longe to Lerne*. Like Jackson Pollock's paintings, Purdy's poetry streams into existence (you can see the poet riding a bicycle over the sand and oil of his words), and the impression is that we are watching the poem take shape on the page at the moment of writing. Anything but frenzy, this is a sophisticated method taken over from Browning and Pound, an extraordinarily accurate embodiment of Purdy's master theme: creation's eternal immediacy. This is a good place to end because Purdy is clearly another beginning for Canadian poetry. And at the end he raises again, in his passion for existence, the question which I am certain will perplex any reader of recent Canadian poetry. Which is more truly human: the acceptance and toleration of existence implied by imitative theory or the humiliating admission, demanded by mythopoeic theory, that in our natural state we are no more than beasts?

Review Article

A New Deal in Central Africa*

by

R. L. WATTS

IN VIEW of the controversy surrounding the pending Monckton Commission Report and the significant decisions that will have to be made at the Constitutional Review Conference later this year, this new book by a group of seven experts on Central Africa is published at a most opportune time indeed. The book has grown out of a private week-end conference of academics, missionaries, churchmen, journalists and others, held in Oxford in April 1959 to consider the situation in Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The book is no mere disjointed collection of papers, however. Besides being brought up to date, the papers have been selected, revised and fitted together to form a unified coherent argument. But while the book thus presents a definite point of view, its case is based on scholarly and careful research. The contributors are three political scientists, Colin Leys, Cranford Pratt and Bernard Chidzero; an economist, William Barber; a social anthropologist, William Watson; a social worker, Guy Clutton-Brock; and a former Provincial Commissioner, T.S.L. Fox-Pitt.

The case which these authors present is epitomised by the frontispiece: the photograph of a burnt African village. The essential argument of the book is that although many liberals had hoped that a federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland might make a genuine racial partnership possible, the African distrust of federation as an instrument for the extension of settler domination has proved closer to the mark. In practice federation, in the form adopted in 1953, has exacerbated rather than improved race relations in Central Africa. The authors conclude, therefore, that if federation is to continue fundamental constitutional changes giving the Africans 'a new deal' are necessary.

In the first two parts of the book valuable background information on the forces that produced the federation has been assembled: Colin Leys outlines clearly the history of the Rhodesian demand for amalgamation and the issues involved in the conferences and the negotiations which led to federation in 1953, while Cranford Pratt discusses British policy and opinion at that time.

* *A New Deal in Central Africa*. Colin Leys and Cranford Pratt, editors. London: William Heinemann Ltd. 1960. Pp. xiv, 226. 21 shillings. (F. A. Praeger Inc., New York, are taking part of this edition for sale in the U.S.A. and Canada, price at present unfixed).

The next three parts are concerned with a critical analysis of the economic, political and social effects of the federal structure between 1953 and 1959. Since an assumption, usually uncritical, of the economic benefits that would follow has so often been advanced as a justification for federation, William Barber has undertaken careful analysis of the economic effects of territorial integration in Central Africa. He is considerably more sceptical about the economic value of federation than the Jack Report (1959), the only other real study of this question that has been made. Barber concedes that the federal economy has unquestionably expanded at a remarkable rate in recent years, but argues that this can be explained largely by the action of the normal economic forces operating before 1953 rather than by the political and economic restructuring of these territories. Indeed in spite of the tentative nature of many of the arguments he advances, he finishes with the conclusive declaration that the political and economic integration of these territories has had 'a negligible effect' upon their economic performance. As to the distribution of public expenditure, Barber suggests that although Nyasaland has benefited from the redistribution of public resources, the volume of this redistribution has been too small to make an impact on its economy. Moreover, he gives evidence that the interests of the Rhodesian settlers have been dominant in the priorities of federal expenditure and planning.

In examining political developments, Colin Leys suggests that although there have been some superficial relaxations in the colour bar, the fundamental trend of politics in Central Africa since 1953 has been a built-in pressure, due to the settler dominated electorate, towards strengthening European supremacy, as indicated by the destruction of safeguards for the African and the growth of police powers. The concessions that have been made by the settlers are aimed, it would appear, at favouring an emergent African 'buffer middle class' who might then support the Europeans in opposing more fundamental concessions. Leys points out devastatingly the futility of this policy. The size of a new African middle class with equal rights, to be acceptable to the Europeans, would have to be kept smaller than the European population, while to resolve the tensions caused by discrimination, this buffer class would need to form a considerable proportion of the African population. Since the settler population is such a tiny proportion of the total population, the difficulty of meeting these two conditions at the same time is obvious. A further weakness of the settler policy is made apparent by William Watson's illuminating consideration of the social impact of federation on the Africans. He suggests that the unity of African rural and urban social experience is much closer than is usually supposed. He argues that it is out of the interdependence of the 'town' and 'reserve' African life that the genuinely united African opposition to federation, reported by the Devlin Commission last year, has grown. Guy Clutton-Brock adds the observation that this unity was further cemented in the jails which served as

'summer schools' for African nationalism, as a result of the 1959 emergency. For the settlers on the other hand, the emergency, he declares, pointed to the tragic dilemma of their policies: "Too civilised for domination, not civilised enough for true 'partnership'."

The final two parts of the book and the appendix look to the future. The ideal of 'partnership', enshrined in the preamble of the constitution, has inspired many of the statesmen and the liberally-minded in Britain to support the establishment and the maintenance of the present federal structure, and therefore Bernard Chidzero's analysis of the ambiguity to which the term 'partnership' is open is extremely valuable. 'Partnership' as an ideal has meant distinctly different things to the settlers and to the Africans: the settlers think of it as co-operation between the two communities, remaining distinct, with the leadership being provided by the 'senior partner'; the Africans understand it as the egalitarian co-operation of equal individuals, rather than communities, in a society governed by majority consent. It could be argued that the very ambiguity of this term, leaving it open to such differing interpretations, has itself been a major cause in the growing distrust evident on both sides. Of the two interpretations, only that based on individual equality and majority consent can, Chidzero argues, provide the basis for a lasting solution. Here we come face to face with the basic premises upon which the general argument of the book as a whole is based: the belief that in the interests of good government as well as in terms of human rights, the only possible solution ultimately is government based on majority consent. Since the settler population is too small to make permanent control possible, it is argued that the long-run interests of the European settler minority and those of the African majority "are really identical when it comes to arresting the present racial antagonism and reversing the headlong plunge into authoritarianism which is the result of it". It is this premise, shared by all the authors, which explains why throughout the book it seems to be continually assumed that the attempts of European settlers to seize power must always be opposed and that African demands must be met as soon as possible.

It is on the basis of these foundations that Leys, Pratt and Chidzero together go on to consider some of the alternatives that might be adopted at the 1960 Constitutional Review Conference and to suggest what they consider to be the essentials of 'a new deal'. Their conclusion is less radical and clear-cut than that presented at the conference from which the book has grown. At that time the authors had recommended unequivocally that, in view of the failure of the experiment in partnership and the rapidly deteriorating racial relations in Central Africa, the only solution was the immediate break-up of the federation, followed by advances in the protectorates towards African self-government. The solution they would now prefer is an extensive modification of the federal structure, before any grant of further independence, to make

it acceptable to the African population. The necessary conditions they suggest are: an initial minimum of African parity in the federal electorate (in order to make the government more responsive to African interests), territorial representation in the central government in terms of total populations rather than settler populations (reducing Southern Rhodesian dominance in federal politics), a constitutional amendment process permanently requiring territorial ratification, a removal of the racial basis in the division of powers over some subjects, a greater decentralization in the division of legislative powers, a common citizenship with freedom of movement for all persons within the federation, and minority safeguards through a Bill of Rights. The solution suggested at least has the merit over the earlier one of recognizing the distinction, so often overlooked by the critics of federation in Central Africa, between the general principle of federation and the form of federation. It is not federation itself so much as the particular form adopted in Central Africa making the central government, with its concentration of powers, an instrument of settler domination, which has been at the root of African distrust and hostility to it. The authors appear to lack confidence in the practicality of their recommended solution, however, for, faced with the almost certain refusal of Sir Roy Welensky and the settler leaders to accept such radical modifications in the federal structure, the writers indicate that they might be willing to argue for the withdrawal of the protectorates from the federation after all. Indeed, for those who would argue about the difficulty of 'unscrambling the federation', an appendix by T.S.L. Fox-Pitt is included to show that this would not be as difficult as is sometimes imagined.

To those who wonder whether an uncompromising stand by Britain might lead the settlers to resort to their own 'Boston Tea-Party', the answer offered by the authors seems optimistic. They rest their case on the claim that the use by the settlers of the federal army to resist the break-up of the federation would represent an "unconstitutional act of aggression" and that therefore the powerful forces of opinion in the United Nations and the Commonwealth would make such a course "unthinkable" for the Federal Government. One would like to believe this were true, but the limited effect of such opinion in the past and recent experience of the lack of concern by the British electorate over such issues as the Devlin Report might lead the settlers to a different assessment. Indeed, it is the fear of a lack of British determination to stand by her responsibilities to the Africans which leads the authors to close with the exhortation for Britain to stand firmly by them in her own 'Little Rock'. Perhaps the greatest weakness of this call for an uncompromising stand lies in the tendency to overlook the importance of reconciling the settlers to the necessary 'new deal' — an imposed 'new deal', however righteous, may, as experience in the southern United States suggests, achieve very little or even be self-defeating.

THE NEW BOOKS

Africa

FIVE ELECTIONS IN AFRICA: A GROUP OF ELECTORAL STUDIES. Edited by W. J. M. Mackenzie and Kenneth Robinson. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1960. Pp. xi + 496. \$8.25.

Democracy, in the sense that rulers are to some extent chosen by and responsible to the people, is not new to Africa, but Western-style mass elections are a completely alien import. Nevertheless, they are now an accepted ritual, at least in the final stages of colonialism. Both the retreating Europeans and the advancing Africans insist on elections as an essential prerequisite of democratic government as well as a test, or demonstration, of nationalist pretensions.

Five Elections in Africa is a pioneer attempt to apply the techniques developed by British psephologists in studies of British and other European general elections to elections in under-developed countries. Each of the authors looks at his subject from the standpoint of "direct experience of British elections". This comparative approach creates certain difficulties, but in general it illuminates much more than it obscures. The analysis of the course and conduct of the elections is necessarily less detailed than in the Nuffield College series, but much more attention is paid to the political and constitutional background. Professor Robinson's survey of the political history of Senegal is particularly noteworthy and is, in fact, the best — almost the only — concise account available in English.

The choice of the Western and Eastern Regions of Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Senegal and Kenya for study was largely dictated by time and the availability of qualified observers. The election in Western Nigeria took place in May 1956 and the others in the spring of 1957. Although not chosen as "typical" examples of African elections in general, they do illustrate a considerable variety of forms and conditions. For instance, Eastern Nigeria had multi-member constituencies, Senegal used the French list

system, and Kenya experimented with weighted voting. The Kenya election was confined to Africans, the Europeans and Asians there having voted earlier on separate electoral rolls.

In the final chapter, Professor Mackenzie undertakes to assess the success of efforts to transplant the forms and spirit of Western electoral systems to an African environment. "The export of elections", he suggests, "has not failed yet". "Sceptics about mass democracy in semi-literate countries" who "expected the system to break down as a result of low polls, spoilt papers, and open violence and corruption" have been proven wrong. Nevertheless, his optimism is tempered by the realization that the real test is yet to come — after independence. In each of the case studies, ultimate responsibility for the conduct of the elections was in the hands of European expatriates rather than the Africans themselves. Moreover, the extent to which voting patterns followed tribal lines, while not surprising, must occasion some concern.

It is to be hoped that this first serious academic study of elections in Africa will not be the last.

DOUGLAS G. ANGLIN

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

CHILDREN OF THEIR FATHERS. By Margaret Read. London: Methuen and Co. Ltd. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1959. Pp. 176. \$3.75.

AFRICA: ITS PEOPLES AND THEIR CULTURE HISTORY. By George Peter Murdock. Toronto: McGraw-Hill of Canada Ltd. Pp. xiii + 456, plus tribal map. \$11.75.

Although Africa itself is a land of contrasts, it is interesting that African social anthropology has for the most part borne a characteristic stamp. The published literature focuses attention on problems of description, interpretation, and generalization arising out of the social organization of

African peoples. In these two books under review, we have attempts to diverge, slightly in one case and widely in the other, from the more usual kind of anthropological monograph.

In *Children of their Fathers*, Margaret Read gives a detailed description of the manner in which the Ngoni of Nyasaland educate their children to become members of traditional Ngoni society. Unlike many 'growing up' studies done in other parts of the world, but like much of the African anthropological literature, the author places her major emphasis on the goals of child training. Thus we are not given very much insight into how Ngoni children react as individuals to their training. Instead Read sees childhood as a recruitment system for the adult social organization. The Ngoni conceive of child training as an education in proper honour and respect. The child must learn to recognize that a particular person or office is to be respected; that all behaviour to seniors must indicate respect in language, posture, and action. This educational system is geared into a traditional social structure which places much emphasis on military organization and hierarchical status arrangements between persons.

Although the past tense is used throughout much of the book, it is disconcerting to find that the author does not tie in traditional child training with contemporary conditions. It is well known, although Read never mentions it, that the Ngoni are among the first to have found work on the Rhodesian copper belt, and because of their greater degree of western education, they have obtained many of the available white collar jobs. As a person who has been connected with education and anthropology for many years, Read is in a peculiarly fortunate position to comment on the forces both traditional and modern which have brought about this Ngoni emigration to the copper belt. Instead she has chosen to give us a picture of a working, balanced system — Ngoni adult values and society, and how this system recruits its new members. One can only wonder if this equilibrium is present simply in the author's method of description, or actually existed at one time for the people themselves.

As a contribution to both African studies, and to anthropology in general, Professor

Murdock's book, *Africa: Its Peoples and Their Culture History*, is a work of major significance. The author uses six separate methods of ethnological reconstruction and covers approximately 7000 years of history for the continent as a whole.

A few of Murdock's findings may indicate the breadth and depth of his research. We are told that agriculture was independently developed on the upper Niger in the fourth millennium B.C., and that the sudanic states arose there between 2000 and 1000 B.C. The trans-Saharan trade is said to have begun in the second millennium B.C., much earlier than has previously been supposed, and Madagascar is said to have been populated before the Indonesian-speaking peoples (from Borneo) arrived by way of East Africa. In a surprisingly high number of areas, Murdock gives data to indicate that matriliney has preceded the contemporary patrilineal institutions in the social organization. These are only a few of the many new pathways that the author establishes. What may seem to the uninitiated as a mere compilation of contemporary knowledge, is to the specialist a literal mine of new ideas and fresh hypotheses about African pre-history.

Africanists can and will criticize this book on particular points in their own areas of specialization. However it must be realized that except for some rather poorly constructed attempts by Kulturkreis scholars, this is the first time a "generalizing" anthropologist has given us a complete coverage of the ethnohistory of Africa. As Murdock admits, it is a base line. If we disagree with this or that point, then it is our job to clear up the errors and make each area and its history known more precisely. In other words, this book is in the final analysis a pioneer attempt. We are indebted to its author for having given us enough insights and hypotheses to keep historically-minded anthropologists, interested in Africa, busy for the next decade.

RONALD COHEN

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

AFRICAN NATIONALISM. By Ndabani Sithole. Capetown, London, New York: Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. 174. \$2.75.

Sithole is a Southern Rhodesian born in a "mud and pole hut with bits of old skins for a mattress, a reed mat for a bed, a goat's skin for a blanket and a folded buckskin for a pillow". He was educated in a mission school under the direction of the Reverend Garfield Todd — now leader of the Central African Party of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland — a party dedicated to the principle of partnership between black and white Africans.

This book was published in 1959. When it was written the white Africans in Southern Rhodesia probably felt fairly secure in the belief that African nationalism was a remote danger. In South Africa apartheid seemed to have subdued most of the blacks; the economic paternalism of the Belgian Congo seemed to preclude the possibility of any political development there, and Kenya was comparatively quiet.

In an incredibly short time the situation has changed drastically. The Congo and Tanganyika are moving towards independence; Nyasaland has staged protests against federation; and South Africa is the scene of protests against the pass laws.

African Nationalism is on the march! How does it look to an educated African who has grown up in a moderately paternalistic colony? One example is very striking. I suppose that most of us would feel that Dr. Albert Schweitzer is a person who has given a lifetime of devotion to the Africans and might be assumed to have some understanding of their modes of thought and feeling. With regard to the Africans Schweitzer says, "I am your brother, it is true, but your elder brother." This is *not* the type of partnership that Sithole envisages. It is based, he says, on a misconception of the Africans' potential and of the structure of their indigenous society.

African nationalism then is a statement of the dignity of man. The myth of the white gods, even of white supremacy is cracking. World War II hastened the process. The white gods used their magic weapons of destruction to kill each other.

Why? So that Hitler could not impose an unwelcome rule on the world. If Africans were to face death to protect the white man's political independence will they not face death in defence of their own? It seems that they will.

MARY WINSPEAR

MONTREAL

Canada and Canadians

A CANADIAN NATION. By Lorne Pierce. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1960. Pp. 42. \$2.00.

In his latest publication — and last as Editor of the Ryerson Press — Dr. Pierce returns to a theme which has guided him throughout nearly forty years as a dynamic Canadian publisher: Canada's identity and destiny. He has written and spoken on this theme before, wisely and wittily, but never perhaps with more assurance than in the five chapters of this slim volume, based on lectures which he gave in 1957 at the Mount Allison University Summer Institute.

Here he speaks out plainly on those elements in our national life which divide, and those which unite us. He seeks no tepid uniformity, nor does he deplore the raucous voices of adolescent ribaldry and disrespect. What holds us back, indeed, is prudishness, "the vanity of conspicuous conformity or pretentious respectability".

Historically the seeming unity of French-Canada has combined many disparate elements — "right, left, clerical, anti-clerical, royalist and republican, rebel and loyalist", but out of this has been forged a rich and varied life, "a commanding conviction of their own worth and their rightful destiny". It is Dr. Pierce's conviction that we can accomplish this on the national scale by bringing together our élite in a *bonne entente* which can "jointly offer leadership to our fast growing polyglot population".

There are many signs that such leadership is emerging in the arts and letters.

These Dr. Pierce sets forth suggestively and persuasively to show how far we have outgrown the stump fence and the horse-and-buggy days. In brief, his prescription is not to ape, not to envy, not to distrust, but to accept our birthright, pull together and be ourselves.

H. P. GUNDY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

OUR LIVING TRADITION. Robert L. McDougall (ed.). Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. xv + 288. \$6.50.

The editor of this welcome second instalment of *Our Living Tradition* remarks on "the whole difficult question of tradition in Canada—difficult because to this day the country remains uncertain of the uses of its past. . . ." How does one "use" the past? The expression seems to betray a slight embarrassment, an embarrassment which emerges again in Dr. McDougall's full and sympathetic but occasionally rather anxiously analytical essay on Haliburton. The past, as it gains meaning becomes a tradition to be loved; that is, not an object of boasting or always of admiration, but something to contemplate, to cherish or perhaps to redeem.

This is what the contributors to this work do in their different ways. They encounter eminent Canadians and the things they have stood for with a not uncritical affection. They revive and restore and cherish; they may also see some need in the tradition confided to us, of a work of redemption.

George Brown is revived by Professor Careless. He comes to life and very happily, not as the inspired prophet or the malicious disturber of the peace, but as the great modern newspaper man and amateur farmer who turned the Clear Grits into Victorian Liberals and who thought that unity could be based on honesty and frankness, a Non-Conformist, but not unamiable and not destructive. Professor Farr revives another of this species, rare in Canadian life, John S. Ewart who used his clear and cutting

mind on imperial sentimentality so effectively that no one dreamed that this organ of rationality could harbour the unavowed sentimentality of nationalism. It is odd that in commenting on the occasionally limited vision of this remarkable man, Dr. Farr does not recall his own statement: "Mr. Ewart's ample library contained no work of poetry or fiction. Novel reading will never produce mental improvement. It is too easy and too obvious." An eminent Victorian, Mr. Ewart was for a time not amused by what he regarded as the imperialist antics of Sir Robert Borden, praised by Dean J. A. Gibson for "administrative vigour", "common sense", and "standing firm". These qualities are in the Canadian tradition, and in the end Mr. Ewart professed himself satisfied with the result.

A Non-Conformist in a different vein of tradition was Louis-Joseph Papineau. M. Bruchési says, with some regret, that posterity has condemned him as a rebel. Surely this brilliant charming patriot who, in exasperating circumstances, led his rather pathetic followers to the edge of rebellion and then slipped off to a comfortable exile while they faced the danger of the gallows or the convict station, would have fitted more neatly into an heroic tradition if he had been a little more of a rebel? But perhaps that is our tradition. Since 1760 it has been hard for any of us to achieve the grand manner.

Professor Tassie gives a charming account of a contemporary of Papineau, the delightful and improbable (but genuine) Philippe Aubert de Gaspé who at the age of seventy-seven produced his and French-speaking Canada's first real novel. The essay is a notable contribution to writings in English which convey the authentic flavour of the patriarchal days of French Canada.

The three essays on Canadian poets offer rather different views of Canadian poetic tradition. A. J. M. Smith offers a critical appreciation of Duncan Campbell Scott (as a poet, not as a Canadian poet). The function of poetry is human life itself and without it no people has a living tradition. James G. Reaney presents the work of Isabella Valancy Crawford as one who is a precursor of Pratt in helping to create a symbolism for the New World. She has "helped plant the Bible" "in our heathen

New World" (but, to be pedantic, Professor Reaney should not talk about "the author of the Bible", unless he is prepared to press for a very literal interpretation of divine inspiration). Earle Birney, on the other hand, resents any attempt to fit E. J. Pratt into modern symbolism. He belongs to the great tradition of heroic verse narrative, and, eschewing the religion of negation exhibits a "naïve contentment with a positive religion of man". And yet Barker Fairley, taking a sideswipe at Canadian poets in the course of dealing faithfully with Canadian artists—"the inveterate national bias away from mankind"—remarks that "E. J. Pratt, for all his warmth can't let himself go with mankind the way he can with a whale or a locomotive". This and other very quotable remarks occur in an essay which, in spite of a brief appreciation of F. H. Varley's early work, is chiefly a moving protest against the inhumanity, or non-humanity of Canadian painting, starting in landscape and ending—nowhere. Mr. Fairley is one who believes our tradition needs a redeeming love.

Guy Sylvestre and Robin Harris present two great and solid founders of tradition, François-Xavier Garneau, the father of Canadian history, and Egerton Ryerson, who created a system of public education not for Ontario alone but for all English-speaking Canada. As Mr. Harris rightly remarks he has been neglected by those who should know better. M. Sylvestre's essay on Garneau is tantalizing. We need to know more of the historian who (without benefit of a Ph.D.) created two traditions, the "école patriotique de Québec" and the solid and serious school of historical writing in Canada.

The editor and the Institute of Canadian Studies must be congratulated on this very lively and informative volume. Those Canadian readers, if any, who are still guilty of our much-publicized vice of self-depreciation will be surprised to discover that Canadians are not dull; nor are Canadian writers.

HILDA NEATBY

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

A PROPHET IN POLITICS: A Biography of J. S. Woodsworth. By Kenneth McNaught. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. vi + 339. \$5.95.

This book is a tribute to the Canadian socialist pioneer in more ways than one. It is the third book-length biography of a Canadian who "never held public political office". Something about his personality and character has evoked a body of biographical writing far more extensive than has been built up so far concerning three of Canada's recent prime ministers.

It does not in any way supplant or reduce the value of the affectionate and discerning life written by Woodsworth's daughter, Grace MacInnis, *A Man to Remember*.

The first half of this book covers the 48 years of Woodsworth's life culminating in his election as I.L.P. candidate for one of the Winnipeg ridings; the second half is devoted to his parliamentary career, which lasted exactly two decades. The personal story, up to 1922, is an absorbing one inherently, and Professor McNaught further enriches our understanding of Woodsworth's personality and our admiration for his life of dedicated service. I found his treatment of Woodsworth's part in the Winnipeg Strike of 1919 most illuminating.

With Woodsworth's arrival at Ottawa for the session of 1922, the task of the historian at once becomes far more complex and baffling. It is difficult to recount the story of a parliamentary personality without sketching in the main parliamentary events of the years he spent in the House of Commons. Professor McNaught cannot escape the task, either, of writing a short history of the background and origins of the CCF party. Having spent the critical decade 1929-39 on Parliament Hill myself, and having been a close personal friend of J. S. Woodsworth during that period, I at once recognize the difficulty of the task and the biographer's manifold but not always triumphant efforts to digest and organize the staggering masses of data available. I think he deals in a cavalier fashion at times with the personalities and principles of the two older parties. It is not necessary to denigrate Woodsworth's contemporaries in order to emphasize Woodsworth's stature. But Canadians owe Professor McNaught a

surge of gratitude for the portrait he has drawn, and the patient research which has brought together so much valuable material on the life and times of J. S. Woodsworth, in this very readable book.

WILFRID EGGLESTON

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

THE ST. LAWRENCE. By William Toye. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. 296. \$4.50.

This book is a pleasure to read. Writing in a sparkling, snappy style William Toye retells classic Canadian tales of the Saint Lawrence. Wolfe captures Quebec, Adam Dollard and his men fight seven hundred Iroquois and Madeleine tricks the Indians into believing that her fortress home is heavily guarded. These well-told tales are supplemented by descriptive passages in which contemporary writers vividly depict the life of their times. Any Canadian will enjoy this book, whether he is reading about these crucial events for the first time, or reading about them again in this concisely, beautifully written version. The style is spare without the constant reminding that each event is a turning point in history, the sort of verbosity which so often makes this type of book boring. When William Toye recounts history you don't need to be reminded of the importance of each event.

The design of the book must be mentioned since the author is a book designer by profession. It begins with a novel animated map thirteen pages long. The drawings which occur from time to time are full of atmosphere in spite of, or because of, pine trees drawn with a match-stick and a ruler.

It should be pointed out that this book does little to interpret or explain the history of Canada. There is little theorizing about the interplay of economic or political forces. It is just a book of excellent story-telling and description, which is quite enough reason to recommend it highly.

DONALD Q. INNIS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

THE ARTHUR PAPERS: Being the Canadian papers mainly confidential, private, and demi-official of Sir George Arthur, K.H.C., last Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. Edited by Charles R. Sanderson, Vol. III, April 1840 — June 1850 and Index. Toronto: Toronto Public Libraries and University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. 603. \$10.00.

The third and final volume of *The Arthur Papers* makes available at long last almost the entire corpus of Canadian papers left by the last Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. A small supplementary group of papers is deposited in Queen's University Library archives. The task of editing for publication the papers in the Toronto Public Library was undertaken in 1943 by the Chief Librarian, the late Dr. C. R. Sanderson. Before his death in 1956 he had brought out three parts and had done most of the work on the papers that remained, but had not written the Introduction which was to have been a vindication of Sir George Arthur's Canadian career. His assistant, Miss Edith Firth, has seen Parts IV and V through the press and has furnished an introduction (published with Part IV, 1957) which includes a brief assessment of Arthur extracted from Dr. Sanderson's University of Toronto M.A. thesis.

Unfortunately for his reputation, Sir George is remembered chiefly for having refused clemency to Lount and Mathews, condemned to death for their part in the Mackenzie uprising. Their conviction antedated his arrival on the scene, and in reviewing the evidence he could find no justification for altering the verdict. Although both men were Methodists, the *Christian Guardian* upheld the decision of the Lieutenant-Governor. Any doubt about Sir George's humane outlook, his personal integrity and fairness of mind must be dispelled by a reading of his papers.

He had a quick and sure grasp of the troubled political situation which he inherited, and by steering a middle course gained public support in re-establishing law and order. The principle of "responsible government" in a colonial administration he could not comprehend, but by force of his own honesty and ability he won the common confidence of men who had little else in common.

The Home Government treated him shabbily, first by failing to define his position vis à vis Lord Durham, and then without clarification appointing Sydenham to reverse policies which, under instruction, he had struggled to maintain. Privately Arthur complained of the anomalous position in which he had been placed, but from a sense of public duty he loyally carried out Sydenham's wishes and helped pave the way for the new régime.

If his judgment of measures was sometimes at fault, he was ever a shrewd judge of men. His comments to Sydenham are often pungent, always revealing. "I never converse with Buchanan without something oozing out that creates a misgiving in my mind". "Forsyth is a respectable person but obstinate and not overtalented". Of Sir Allan Macnab he wrote: "Depend upon it, the utmost circumspection is necessary in dealing with him". Although he could not understand Baldwin, he preferred him to some of the more rabid Tories. "McIntosh, I hear, is likely to run the Solicitor General very hard even if he does not beat him. In this Contest I must say I wish Mr. Baldwin success. McIntosh will be a terrible plague to you."

Much of the correspondence in Volume III deals with an aftermath of the *Caroline* affair—the trial of Alexander McLeod in the United States on a charge of piracy. This incident, now forgotten, was a *cause célèbre* at the time and even imperilled Canadian-American relations. The thoroughness with which Arthur gathered evidence in support of McLeod, briefed the attorneys, and kept both Sydenham and the Colonial Office informed of the latest developments is but one example of his unremitting energy. Nor did he lose interest in the Canadian political scene after his departure (delayed at Sydenham's request until after the union of the two provinces). From England, and later from Bombay, he kept up a lively correspondence with former Canadian friends, and went to some pains to correct irresponsible press statements of Sir Francis Bond Head.

Publication of the Arthur Papers will serve to rehabilitate the last Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada as an efficient administrator, conservative by nature but neither rigid nor over-bearing, loyal to a

vacillating Home Government and faithful in supporting a younger, more volatile Governor-General whose ideas and methods ran counter to his own. "Your administration in Upper Canada", wrote Lord John Russell, "will long be remembered to your advantage." But Canadians have short memories, and few will have either the time or inclination to read these collected papers.

The volume under review is a credit to the University of Toronto Press, and the two earlier volumes are now available for the first time in hard covers. The manner in which the whole work has been issued is curious to say the least. The "parts" in which it originally appeared are purely artificial divisions corresponding with no obvious stages in the chronology. Not until Part IV was published in 1957 were title pages supplied for the first two volumes along with a Preface and Introduction. Disarming directions on the versos of the title pages read: "Pages i-xvi have been issued in 1957 in order to be bound with Parts I and II published in 1943 and 1947 respectively"; and for Volume II "Pages i-viii [in point of fact these pages are unnumbered] have been issued in 1957 in order to be bound with Parts III and IV published in 1949 and 1957 respectively." Two years later the fifth part (now identified only as Volume III) has appeared, including an index to the entire work. There may be some obscure logic in this baffling method of publication, but it seems oddly ironical that it originated with a Chief Librarian to the bewilderment of library cataloguing departments—unless they waited sixteen years for the title pages, preliminaries and five parts to be finally reshuffled into three normal volumes!

H. P. GUNDY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Economic Studies

THE CANADIAN ECONOMY: PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT. By Richard E. Caves and Richard H. Holton. *Harvard Economic Studies, Volume CXII.* Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Co. Ltd. 1959. Pp. xxii + 676. \$10.00.

It is an unusual coincidence, to say the least, to find a volume like this appearing so soon after the final report of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects. And the coincidence is an unfortunate one, for if the Gordon Report, with its numerous staff studies, had not been published earlier, the impact of this book would have been much greater. Professors Caves and Holton must surely feel that their thunder has been stolen yet this cannot come as a surprise to them, for they were fully aware, while writing this book, that the Gordon Report was in preparation. Indeed, we are told, they availed themselves of the opportunity to talk over their problems with the economists working for the Gordon Commission; and the preliminary (but not the final) report of the Commission is cited as a reference in this work, along with a number of the submissions.

The Canadian Economy is the product of a research project undertaken at Harvard University for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. With the exception of MacFarlane and Black's booklet on the future of Canadian agriculture, it is the only product of the research to appear in print so far. One gathers however, that other reports were made directly to the C.P.R., and it is possible that the position recently taken by the Company with reference to freight rate adjustments may reflect the recommendations of these reports. This, however, is speculation. What is clear is that the economic forecasts contained in this published volume were made independently of the work of the Gordon Commission staff; that the analysis also was independently conceived; and that any correspondence in the conclusions arrived at reflects the fact that both teams of research workers used much the same data and processed the data by much the same methods. There are differ-

ences in detail, but in general the two sets of forecasts tend to support each other.

The C.P.R. forecasts, if we may so refer to them, are for the year 1970, while the target date for the Gordon Commission estimates was 1980. If intermediate figures for 1970 are taken from the Gordon Commission estimates, they are in most cases slightly higher than the C.P.R. estimates. Caves and Holton, for example, forecast Canada's population in 1970 at between 20,190,000 and 21,515,000; the Gordon Commission's forecasts are between 21,160,000 and 22,130,000. The annual increase in output per man-year outside agriculture is estimated at between 2.0 per cent (as a "best guess") and 2.5 per cent (as the "maximum sustainable") for the next decade; the parallel figures in the Gordon Report are 2.5 and 3.25 per cent. Gross national product in 1970 is expected to be between \$44 billion and \$52 billion (in 1955 dollars); the Gordon Commission estimate for the same year is \$50 billion.

Are there then no significant differences between these two ambitious adventures in forecasting? In terms of the statistical results, the answer must be: very little. If, as the Preface states, the C.P.R. subsidized this project in the hope of obtaining guidance for its investment decisions, it is hard to see why the Gordon Commission's results would not have served the purpose as effectively.

There are, however, interesting differences in method and in approach. Caves and Holton, for example, make explicit use of input-output analysis as a check on the internal consistency of their forecasts; in the Gordon Commission's work this was left implicit. Then again—and to the present reviewer the point is important—they take great pains to base their view of the future on an explicit interpretation of Canada's past. Essentially this interpretation is not novel: it is a carefully-stated version of the staples theory which, however unusual it may seem in the United States, is the bread-and-butter of Canadian economic historians. Caves and Holton, however, take the trouble to spell out its implications in considerable detail, to demonstrate its consistency with short-run processes of adjustment in the Canadian economy, and to integrate it with a variety of short-run

econometric models; for this exercise in the "new economic history" they deserve high commendation. Those Canadian economists who purport to believe that the staples approach is irrelevant to everything that has happened since 1821 would be well advised to reconsider their position. Caves and Holton clearly hold that Canada's development will continue to depend on export staples for a long time to come.

Lastly, there is a subtle difference in emphasis. Caves and Holton are not Canadians; despite their wide familiarity with the Canadian economy, they regard its problems from the outside. Those who found in the Gordon Report a certain element of nationalism, a recurrent concern with the problems of foreign ownership and control, will look in vain for any echo of these themes in this volume. It is an omission easy to forgive. Less easily condoned are the book's prolixity and its occasionally too conversational style.

HUGH G. J. AITKEN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
RIVERSIDE

THE FAILURE OF THE "NEW ECONOMICS": AN ANALYSIS OF THE KEYNESIAN FALLACIES. By Henry Hazlitt. Princeton and Toronto: D. Van Nostrand. 1959. Pp. 450. \$8.75.

This is a surprising book. It is surprising that it appears at this time. There are few economists today who deny that Keynes made many mistakes. There are few who read his book and almost none who teach employment theory strictly as Keynes organized it. After a long period of digestion, the worthwhile portions of the startling notions of the 1930's have been assimilated and incorporated. In spite of its title this book is not at all concerned with the "new economics" but concentrates entirely on a refutation of the original work by Keynes. This is the sort of book one can easily imagine having been written fifteen years ago when the vortex of the controversy was still over *The General Theory* itself.

The economic analysis in this book is uneven. Hazlitt has stated precisely the

issue that separated Keynes from the traditional theorists. This is the idea that the economy may be in equilibrium while unemployment exists. Hazlitt prefers to call this a "frozen" state of affairs caused by government supported unions. Mr. Hazlitt insists that there "should" be wage and price flexibility downward. There is no admission of the general usefulness of the aggregate expenditure analysis and the rationale which Keynes gave to this.

Hazlitt — and he is not alone in this — makes the mistake of assuming Keynesian analysis leads to only one sort of programme. He accuses Keynes of condoning strong unions, encouraging government spending and deficits and urging an inefficient distribution of income. This is certainly not what the Keynesian system prescribes for the inflationary conditions of the 1950's. This is the redeeming feature of Keynes' work.

Mr. Hazlitt is so intent on refutation that he follows Keynes into every argument and definition. The book is longer and even more discursive than the *General Theory*. Although it is easier to read than Keynes' book it has all the organizational shortcomings and in addition is repetitious. As each section is taken up the reader is assured that it will be fallacious, preposterous, absurd, inconsistent or invalid. One gets the impression that the manuscript was dictated and printed without critical editing. The attitude of severe sustained criticism is distasteful. Particularly lacking is any attempt to place Keynes' work in perspective or explain the wide adoption of the general analytical framework.

GEORGE POST

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

American Politics

THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET. By Richard F. Fenno Jr. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. xii + 327. \$7.25.

This is the first analytical study of the American cabinet to appear and a very competent, stimulating, and informative

work it is. It treats the cabinet as a distinct institution, its relationships with the President, and then its position in the whole political situation. It covers the period from Wilson to Eisenhower, relying on general description and analysis supported by short case studies for elucidation. The text-book picture of the cabinet as the creature and reflection of the President is confirmed, although the details of Professor Fenno's study do not support some of the common generalizations. One is surprised to find the Cabinet of the United States functioning with no record kept of its discussions, no minutes, and, until the advent of Eisenhower, no agenda. The trivial, *ad hoc* and inconclusive quality of discussions has kept the cabinet meeting a relatively unimportant event, and therefore has made the cabinet as a corporate entity surprisingly ineffective. The members are concerned about their relations with the President and line up after meetings to speak privately to him, while they keep their contacts with their colleagues to a discreet minimum. Each cultivates his own garden and resents interference from other members. The result is a policy in each department that bears the imprint of a strong President or else, when the President is weak, one directed by the secretary in question with little relationship to other departments. Wilson is the prototype of the former and Harding of the latter.

The discussion of the Eisenhower period is especially interesting. Eisenhower has tended to have problems thoroughly studied before coming before him and the cabinet. This has meant that much of the policy-making function has been delegated to committees with the President accepting or (rarely) rejecting a course of action once worked out. For the President, the one-page memorandum and the briefing have replaced the study of state papers and lengthy discussion of issues. Individual members of "the team" have been able to play quarterback all too often when their departments were concerned.

Eisenhower's military background has led him to introduce some useful reforms. He was the first to appoint a Secretary to the Cabinet who prepares and circulates the agenda, and follows up decisions once made to be certain that they are carried

out. Pre-meeting preparation usually assures that decisions will be reached in the meeting, especially relating to domestic issues. A by-product of these new procedures is more inter-departmental cooperation and a decline in back-biting, although there must be a loss of spontaneity and creativity in the meeting.

There is an excellent use of cases and examples that add depth to the treatment. F.D.R.'s use of Jesse Jones to gain the goodwill of Congress and the business community, Wilson's retention of Bryon as Secretary of State when he was ineffective as a device of retaining political support, and Harding's pathetic involvement with his wire-pulling and inept Attorney-General Daugherty, are enlightening vignettes that illustrate the varying relationships between President and cabinet members.

Professor Fenno has written a valuable study of American politics. He sticks perhaps too closely to his last in that he presents little or nothing about the intimate "kitchen cabinets" that have played a part in decision-making and we hear little about the National Security Council as a dominant adviser to the President.

HUGH G. THORBURN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Memoirs

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO 1875-1957: *A Memoir by Harvey Eagleson. Privately Printed. Pasadena, California. 1960. Pp. 41.*

The subject of this brief memoir was well known to successive generations of students and scholars at Queen's, Harvard and California Institute of Technology. He was known as a fine teacher. His lectures were crisp and clear, his knowledge was wide and sound and his thinking was disciplined by shrewd practical judgment. He was particularly distinguished in his genuine concern for his students and in his interest in their careers.

He was, however, more than a fine teacher. He was a sound productive scholar

whose work in municipal government and the government of the United States became standard, at least for his generation. Though a scholar, he was no recluse and participated over most of his life in the affairs of business and government where his knowledge and good judgment made him a valued adviser.

My personal acquaintance with W. B. Munro was confined to the short years when I was a graduate student at Harvard. I shared in the kindness he showed to all Canadian students and in his special interest in Queen's graduates. His advice was both relevant and objective. I recall his frank suggestion that I should not take his course in municipal government since he had recently completed a book on the subject which left him nothing new to say to his students.

My knowledge of him as a student at Queen's came from Adam Shortt under whom he studied and who loved to talk of him as one of his most distinguished graduates.

W. B. Munro came to Queen's in 1892 fresh from the hands of that redoubtable dominie, P. C. McGregor of Almonte, who scanned his classes for the pupils who might go to university, saw that they were prepared and, if necessary, himself took them to the university to see that they were properly enrolled. Sir Edward Peacock had come to Queen's two years earlier from the same school. Munro took his M.A. in history and political science and an LL.B.

Even at that early age, he was an unusually thorough and systematic student and Shortt recalled with evident pleasure his prodigious feats of industry and memory. He told me once of being called late at night by a judge who was reading papers for the LL.B. His lordship reported in a shocked voice that one of the students had clearly had access to unauthorized papers, having filled his examination book with exact references and long quotations from leading judgments. When Shortt asked who the student was, the judge replied that his name was W. B. Munro. Adam Shortt roared with laughter and told the judge to go to bed with an easy mind for this was for Munro just a normal feat of accurate memory.

Not only did Adam Shortt recall W. B. Munro with warmth and pleasure but Munro retained a lively admiration for Adam Shortt. Years ago when I wrote a brief memoir of Adam Shortt, Professor Munro supplied me with some paragraphs of recollections of Shortt as a teacher.

"He was my first teacher of Political Science and I still regard him as my best. . . . Several things were impressed on my mind by this stimulating teacher . . . One was that though facts were awkward things, we have to live with them . . . Hence it is desirable to get them and get them accurately. Second, I was greatly impressed by his insistence on accurate terminology . . . His fairness and impartiality were likewise impressive . . . Finally there was his abounding practical sense."

Whether these were the most important things in Shortt's teaching, they were the most important for Munro.

He went from Queen's to Edinburgh and thence to Harvard where he obtained his Ph.D. on a thesis on the seigniorial system in Canada. After a short period at Williams College, he returned to Harvard as instructor and remained there for twenty-five years. When A. Lawrence Lowell became President, he succeeded as the senior in the Department of Government and took over the blue-ribbon assignment of lecturing in Government 1, the great freshman class.

In 1929 he moved to California where he had been spending half years for some time and became associated with the California Institute of Technology where he later was the Edward S. Harkness Professor of History and Government. With R. A. Milliken and others, he was one of the dominant forces in shaping the development of the Institute.

He will be remembered by later generations at Queen's for his return to the University in 1936 to attend the 40th reunion of his class. His address on 'Youth and the New Era', which was published in the Queen's Review, was a notable statement of his creed of education and scholarship.

It is a pleasure to see a memoir of this distinguished graduate of Queen's so well produced and put together with such evident admiration and affection. The editor is to be congratulated on the degree to

which he has been able to record the main facts of W. B. Munro's life yet leave the reader to form his own impression of the man and his mind from his writings and speeches.

W. A. MACKINTOSH

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

THE MEMOIRS OF THE RT. HON. SIR ANTHONY EDEN, K.G., P.C., M.C.: FULL CIRCLE. London: Cassell and Co. Ltd. Toronto: British Book Service Ltd. 1960. Pp. viii + 619. \$7.50.

Retired from office by sickness, Anthony Eden has spent his time profitably by preparing his memoirs. But a desire to justify his part in the dramatic Suez crisis which coincided with the end of his long career has led him to deal with the more recent history first. A later volume will deal with the part he played in the events leading up to the Second World War.

Sir Anthony has called his book *Full Circle* because of his belief that the Suez problem was the culmination of a long struggle to defend democracy against dictatorship in the modern world. He hints that this might be our last chance. He compares Nasser with Hitler, a comparison which surely flatters the Egyptian, if indeed capacity for evil is a matter for flattery. He also points out the similarity and differences between the South-East Asia problem, where Dulles trod to the brink of war, and the Suez crisis. In the former, Eden restrained Dulles on the grounds that a third World War might result. In the latter, Eden gave the orders to shoot in the belief that force would bring a quick victory, only to find himself thwarted by Dulles. In both cases Dulles is the villain of the piece; and the case against him is very convincing. But this is not to say that Eden's plausible argument is always sound and complete. And the evils which he dreaded, and which led him to take drastic action, have not yet appeared to prove his case.

Full Circle is special pleading. Sir Anthony's case is that the Suez events must

only be judged in the light of Nasser's career and writings and against a backdrop showing the danger of appeasement. But his repeated appeals to the reader and the statesman to consider the events that had led up to Nasser's denunciation of international agreements go on to select only such incidents in the past as justify his case. Thus, for example, he has no sympathy for the Arab grievance against the erection of the state of Israel. He does not see it as an important cause of Egyptian and Arab nationalism and obstinacy.

In another connection, writing about the movement of populations, Sir Anthony says that he was led by memory of Fiji to oppose the Colonial Office's scheme to find homes for Chinese refugees overcrowding Hong Kong by their resettlement in North Borneo and Sarawak. He recalled that the happy Fijians, once contented that they had voluntarily surrendered their sovereignty to Britain, had been swamped by Indian immigration. "I admit the overcrowding in Hong Kong, and the scanty population in the other territories, but we were responsible for their future and we should not make it Chinese." But it is a nice conscience that can leave Hong Kong to stew in its own juices. And if Arabs could be disturbed by Jewish immigration, why should the aborigines of North Borneo not be upset by Chinese?

Despite the special pleading, this is a most valuable book. The British practice of seating public archives for half a century makes much more valuable the memoirs of her public men whose public documents are, apparently, exempt from ordinary rules. We must be thankful that some people are above the law. This book is full of documents, the raw material of history.

RICHARD A. PRESTON

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

WAR MEMOIRS. UNITY. 1942-1944. By General de Gaulle. London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1959. Pp. 340. \$6.00.

This is the second volume of General de Gaulle's *War Memoirs* and it starts at

a moment when "during the third spring of the War came the climax in our fortune. The die was cast, the scales began to tip the other way." We read of de Gaulle's attempts to impose himself upon the British and the Americans as the only representative of France, of the political events in Syria and Madagascar, of the Anglo-American landings in North Africa and the final emergence of de Gaulle as the leader of the French throughout the world and the liberator of his country: "Between the North Sea and the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic to the Rhine, the nation was to be liberated from the enemy, the nation that for fifteen hundred years no holocaust, not even this last, had been able to strip of her sovereignty nor strike down as she raised her last weapons. We returned to France bearing independence, Empire and a sword."

As we read these memoirs we realise that de Gaulle knows no doubt. He is certain of the righteousness of his cause, is certain that he is right, that he alone is right and that he holds the destiny of France in his hands. He saw himself with his allies as "a poor man among the rich" but, writing of events in 1942, he adds that "the extreme scantiness of French strength proved again that the authority of France had other foundations than that of force alone." Nowhere does de Gaulle plead his cause, nor the cause of France. He believes in himself and in France. Rarely, perhaps never, does he bestow praise, rarely does he show gratitude to his allies, except in small matters. Never is there a trace of humour, rarely of good humour: "Once asked by Mr. Eden 'Do you know that you have caused us more difficulties than all our European allies put together?' 'I don't doubt it,' I replied, smiling in my turn, 'France is a great power'."

General de Gaulle is not afraid of the grand manner, but he indulges in rhetoric without becoming grandiloquent. Caesar and Corneille formed his literary style and this style is very well rendered by the translator, Richard Howard. De Gaulle not only makes history but can write it. Unbending, uncompromising de Gaulle has always been and these memoirs show him as he sees

himself and are of great value for understanding the present situation in France.

W. H. EVANS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Biographer and Biography

ADVENTURES OF A BIOGRAPHER.
By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Toronto:
Little, Brown & Company. 1959. Pp. xi +
235. \$4.50.

The biographer who relates her adventures here has written five biographies: Tchaikowsky, Anton and Nicholas Rubenstein, Justice Holmes, John Adams, and Sir Edward Coke. The latter three almost form a trilogy, tied together by the theme of Anglo-American legal and constitutional ideas, and in them at least both the art of telling and the scholarship are distinguished. In this collection of essays, she tells of the places she searched for facts and atmosphere and of the people she met, those who hindered as well as those who helped by challenge or encouragement. Writing biography, she says, 'is exciting business, and the story of the struggles, joys and despairs on the way bear her out.

She had troubles and pleasures with Emily, the zealous young Communist guide supplied her by Intourist in 1937 as she sought facts and atmosphere on the Rubenstein in Moscow and Leningrad. She drew both suspicion and confidence as she talked with the elderly ladies of Beacon Street about the Boston of the Holmes family. In Washington, she met the "magnificent old men", Justices Hughes and Brandeis; and Justice Frankfurter, not so old, but her most magnificent challenger. (He tried to dissuade her from the biography of Justice Holmes but later took special pains to acknowledge his mistake from the public platform.) In facing the formidable historical research needed on John Adams she consorted with professional historians, even attending the annual meeting of the American Historical Association. She found them, too, suspicious of biographers on grounds

that had not occurred to Soviet officials or the old ladies of Beacon Street.

Her travail of spirit among the professors is the most revealing part of the book. She was impressed by their erudition and dismayed by their shop-talk. She was repelled by their preoccupation with scholarly apparatus, attracted and uplifted by the integrity that helped to make them that way. To her, as a biographer, both style and a point of view were vital. To many of them, the first was a matter of tricks, the second bias, and both fatal. "There they sat, trying to get the heat out of history, and here I sat, trying to get it in." The report of her struggle to get integrity and passion to cohabit not only tells us much about her own distinction but also why some histories are dull. In particular, it makes fascinating the account of her delving in the legal and constitutional history of medieval England and of the effort to recreate the life and passion of Elizabethan London, out of which came the masterly study of Sir Edward Coke.

It would be misleading, however, to suggest that Mrs. Bowen is self-consciously concerned to tell us how she perfected her art. These essays are reminiscences covering more than twenty years and conveying simply her love of books and libraries, her fondness for librarians despite their crotchets, and her affection for scholars despite the condescension, here and there, of history professors and Cambridge dons. Her pleasure is highly infectious.

J. A. CORRY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

THE ART OF LIVING: FOUR EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MINDS. By F. L. Lucas. London: Cassell. Toronto: British Book Service Limited. 1959. Pp. xvi + 285. \$5.50.

NEW LIGHT ON DR. JOHNSON: ESSAYS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS 250th BIRTHDAY. Ed. Frederick W. Hilles. New Haven: Yale University Press. Toronto: Burns and MacEachern. 1959. Pp. xii + 348. \$7.50.

"It is my experience," writes Mr. Lucas, concluding this his second book on some

eighteenth-century people, "that there are plenty of occasions in life when it is by no means an idle question . . . to ask 'What would Johnson or Hume have thought? What would Franklin or Montesquieu have done?'" Accordingly he has had a look at a quartet of minds (Hume, Horace Walpole, Burke, and Franklin) for the purpose of finding out what they may have to say relevant to our situation today. Old fashioned though it may seem, his quest for good sense and advice on the art of living would have been understood and approved in the eighteenth century, when literature bore a closer relationship to life than it does now, and this gives us confidence in him as a guide. No doubt certain areas of the sensibility of that period are closed to him through his preference for "the strength of firm-based prose" over its poetry, but he does not misrepresent, as others have done, the nature of the reason that was cultivated in the age of "prose and reason". He understands that it was not, as Wordsworth and Arnold thought, a sort of second-rate substitute for the real thing—a cold, negative, uncreative good sense—but a healthy intellectual tradition, able to teach us many useful lessons.

Hume and Franklin are undoubtedly his heroes. "I like and admire Hume," he says; "and believe that many of the troubles of mankind would long have vanished, were half of them half as kindly and as wise as he." Above all, Hume was the great sceptic. "Had men taken him to heart," Mr. Lucas continues, "there would have been no French Terror, no Paris Commune, no Marxism and no Nazism, no World Wars." Lest this ideal, in spite of its obvious attractions, seem too negative, he calls in from the New World the figure of Franklin to supply what perhaps Hume lacked, a dose of cheerfulness, while bringing the same kindly scepticism and wise tolerance to bear on the practical problems of a young, expanding nation. For Burke and Walpole Mr. Lucas's admiration is more qualified. Through the quicksands of Burke's thought he picks his way with difficulty, at some cost in wordiness and repetitiousness, and comes up with a view of Burke not markedly different in the end from the traditional one. Nevertheless Burke serves his purpose: "Burke at his best stood, on the one hand, for principle

against the Machiavellians; on the other, for practical good sense against the fanatical doctrinaires." Walpole he sees as a shining example of simple sincerity and courage in being his own gay self. And so the picture is filled out. The eighteenth-century, according to Mr. Lucas, established a tradition of intellectual honesty, and of sincerity and simplicity towards others, and it brought about a growing recognition of the importance of personal liberty and tolerance that inaugurated a wide-spread improvement in civilized behaviour.

The atmosphere of Mr. Lucas's beautiful and pensive Cambridge breathes throughout this engaging book. He writes like an eighteenth-century gentleman of letters, chatting informally with his readers, yet with a genuine sense of style and with the resources of wide reading and sound scholarship. His is a cloistered mind in the best sense of that word — sheltered from many of the trivialities and most of the hubbub of the world while keenly alive to its deepest needs and direst tragedies. He has turned to the eighteenth century as the best means of refreshing his sense of the values of civilization in a world warped by cruelty, anger, and fear.

It is impossible in a short review to say anything very useful about Professor Hilles's *New Light on Dr. Johnson*, a kind of festschrift, excellent though it is, consisting of twenty entirely independent essays written at intervals over the last twenty years by twenty different scholars. The list of contributors is an honour roll of modern Johnsonians. The light they throw, not all of it exactly new, falls on major aspects of his personality and works. (Incidentally Mr. Lucas will be interested in the evidence produced for a meeting between Johnson and Franklin, even though no record of their conversation has survived.) Some of the essays had been published before, in learned journals or elsewhere, and are now made more readily accessible; others are here published for the first time. All will be of great use to Johnsonian scholars and critics. Unlike Mr. Lucas, however, Professor Hilles's writers do not look into Johnson for guidance in living in the modern world. Instead they are busy relating him to his own time, and to the past. They belong to an academic coterie well insulated from

the whips and scorns of contemporary life; they possess a great deal of knowledge about a great many things, especially modern and ancient literature; and they verify their references with impeccable accuracy. They are more concerned with what he actually did say about — for example — religious verse, or what he called his other cat, than about what he might have said about fallout or the welfare state. An exact knowledge of what Johnson did and said is, of course, the only basis for speculations on what he might have said had he been alive today, and so one must be eternally grateful for the immense amount of new and accurate information the modern Johnsonians have published. They have set an extraordinarily high standard of scholarship, and they have established the reputation of English studies as an exact discipline. This volume, along with other studies by the same authors, must be the starting point for any critic setting out to relate Johnson to our times.

CLARENCE TRACY

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

Literary Studies

THE DEAN AND THE ANARCHIST. By James A. Preu. Tallahassee: Florida State University Studies. 1959. Pp. 124. \$3.00.

The Dean and the Anarchist is a study of links between Jonathan Swift and William Godwin. Dr. Preu has hit on the fact that none of the rather numerous recent Godwin scholars has explored the possibility that the Dean may have greatly influenced the Anarchist, and he has made the most — and perhaps more than the most — of this field for the foraging critic.

The real evidence on which he bases his contentions is slight. Godwin makes ten references to Swift in *Political Justice*. His diary records that while he was writing that book he read *Gulliver's Travels*, though the entries suggest no special relevance of

Swift's book to the work Godwin had in hand. Finally, after remarking that "when Godwin uses Swift's wording, as well as his ideas, Swift's influence becomes a virtual certainty," Dr. Preu produces, to my count, precisely two pairs of passages in which the closeness of the Godwinian to the Swiftian text suggests a borrowing, and of these, the use of the phrase "the thing that is not" looks like the kind of literary allusion that slips easily from the pen of a bookish writer like Godwin.

With such scanty facts, Dr. Preu bases his argument mostly on similarities of approach, and his book consists largely of paired passages where the two writers' treatments of specific questions run close together. The rashness of the conclusions he reaches by this means can be seen in his dogmatic and totally unsupported assertion that Godwin "found" in *Gulliver's Travels* two of his basic assumptions: "that reason and truth, if adequately communicated, will always prevail" and "that virtue is founded upon reason". Such ideas, of course, went with the period, and to suggest that Godwin "found" them in Swift is manifestly absurd.

That Swift was one among many writers who helped to form Godwin's personal climate of opinion is certain; that he fathered Godwin's anarchism in the fourth book of *Gulliver's Travels* remains, despite Dr. Preu's efforts, unproved.

GEORGE WOODCOCK

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE BROKEN COMPASS. A STUDY OF THE MAJOR COMEDIES OF BEN JONSON. By Edward B. Partridge. London: Chatto and Windus. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Company. 1958. Pp. 254. \$5.75.

"The reputation of Jonson has been of the most deadly kind that can be compelled against the memory of a great poet. To be universally accepted; to be damned by the praise that quenches all desire to read the book . . . this is the most perfect conspiracy of approval." Though much critical work has been performed on Jonson in the years since T. S. Eliot set down this small

lament his words are still essentially true. Is there today in the criticism of English literature any other author of Jonson's stature, whose greatness is so generally acknowledged, but whose work is met with such widespread indifference? In *The Broken Compass* Edward Partridge has attempted to describe Jonson's "unique vision of life", and in so doing he has defined for us, at least in part, the nature of the human loss which is entailed in our rejection of Jonson.

Professor Partridge's approach to the plays is through the patterns of imagery and metaphor which each comedy presents, patterns which reveal the implicit significance of the action and which give to the action strength and cumulative intensity. His argument rests upon an extremely solid foundation — Jonson's extraordinary sensitivity to the decorous in language, style, and metaphor. In the five central chapters of *The Broken Compass* Partridge traces the organic connection between metaphoric language and the fables of *Volpone*, *The Alchemist*, *The Silent Woman*, and three late plays. In these comedies, he argues, Jonson is concerned with creating a "transchanged world", a world in which the commonly accepted moral and ethical values of a wholesome society are inverted and in this "transchanged" form become the professed values of the play. Imagery is one basic means by which this inversion or perversion is effected. For example, in *Volpone* the Christian order becomes literally a religion of gold; knowledge of the classics, which ought to inform and guide the intellectual life, becomes an instrument of betrayal and seduction; men become animals in all but shape and employ themselves in gross acts of feeding upon one another. *The Alchemist* is similarly concerned with depicting men as greater and lesser carnivores. The image patterns of the earlier play are continued in the later, but the metaphors drawn from alchemy apply the processes of transmutation to man himself. Man can be alchemized — sublimed, exalted, wrought to spirit, fixed in a state of grace. "The alchemist becomes a parody of the Creator . . . and the alchemic terms only a parody of the Word."

Jonson's imagery, Partridge asserts, is "centripetal"; the "massive harmony" of the great plays is achieved by directing

action and verbal detail inwards towards a conceptual core and unifying them within a common point of view and a common emotion. The "transchanged worlds" of the comedies provide us with an ironic perspective upon our own world of men and manners. Thus Jonson belongs with Swift and Baudelaire, "writers who celebrate their allegiance to an ideal world by creating the perversions of the ideal" and who imply beauty and proportion in their presentations of the ugly and the distorted.

The Broken Compass is a major study of Jonson's work; it should prove of interest not only to Jonsonians but also to anyone curious about the ways in which metaphor can function in drama. But the book does not quite fulfil the promise of its title and so fails to become the book on Jonson which is needed today, one which carries on from the point at which John Palmer in his now classic study left off. At its best, the study of a poet's imagery can make us newly aware of the nature and scope of his creative power. Partridge's study, excellent though it is, remains a partial and incomplete one. His procedure is rather dogged, and his microscopic inspection of the imagery leads him at times to confuse the primary and secondary meanings of a passage, even occasionally — as in his analysis of Mosca's soliloquy in the third act of *Volpone* — to contradict his author. And stress upon the verbal effects of the plays sometimes leads him into carelessness on other aspects of Jonson's art — there is no excuse today for repeating the glib old nostrum that Jonson's characters are caricatures.

When Mooncalf brings a chair to Ursula, the monstrous pig-woman of *Bartholomew Fair*, she rebukes him: "Come, Sir, . . . did not I bid you should get this chayre let out o' the sides, for me, that my hips might play? you'll neuer thinke of any thing, till your dame be rumpgall'd. . . ." The chair which Professor Partridge has brought to Jonson is indeed a finely wrought one, but too small for Ben's large hips.

JOHN S. BAXTER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

THE QUEST FOR PERMANENCE: THE SYMBOLISM OF WORDSWORTH, SHELLEY AND KEATS. By David Perkins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. viii + 305. \$7.25.

There have been so many studies in poetic symbolism during the past three or four decades that the symbol-seekers themselves are beginning to appear a little suspicious of their methods. In this interesting study of Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, David Perkins hints at some such misgiving, while acknowledging a certain debt to his predecessors in the crowded field of *Starlit Domes and Well-Wrought Urns*. He admits, for instance, that Keats's symbols are accidental, rather than essential, to his poetry, and that the X-ray technique of contemporary criticism does not find in Shelley what it is best equipped to disclose.

Mr. Perkins threads his own critical findings on the thesis that the Romantic poets shared an intense desire for a "different" and stable reality that would fill the vacuum caused by their own lack of religious faith. He argues that theirs is a quest for permanence, and that each one of them makes poetry out of this quest in his individual way. This is why Wordsworth so often uses the symbol of the Wanderer, and why so many of his images seek to contrast the immutability of nature with the impermanence of man. It explains, too, Shelley's obsessive preoccupation with the notion of flux and transformation in the natural world, and his very sparing use of images of repose and solidity. Finally, this quest for permanence reveals itself in the poetry of Keats where, in contrast to the quick impressionism of Shelley, we find a "leisurely fingering of detail", reflecting his willing involvement in immediate, concrete experience, and his endeavour to "reconcile the desire for a full and lasting intensity with the inevitable fact of decay".

Unlike some of the other workers in the symbol mines, Mr. Perkins does not merely sink the shaft of his thesis and hope for riches to pour in. He examines every find with scrupulous care, and readily acknowledges defeat from time to time. Of Wordsworth's autobiographical poetry, he observes that there are many passages in

which a muffling subjectivism renders the symbols obscure. At the heart of his criticism of Shelley, too, there is a sense of being cheated: after the long, indiscriminate catalogues of metaphors, exclamations and other rhetorical bric-à-brac, he complains, neither the poet nor the reader is capable of focussing on the actualities of human nature.

With Keats, says Mr. Perkins, the difficulty is precisely the reverse of this. Because the language of Keats's poetry is concrete rather than abstract, "one does not find in him a clear-cut or obvious moral interpretation which can be pinned down in the language of abstraction". Nevertheless it is in Keats that Mr. Perkins finds the strongest support for his central argument; for Keats, like Shakespeare, kept his mind open to all the fluid variety of human feeling, and "tended to resolve the large, unanswerable perplexities that afflict us all by constructing myths of process", such as that of human life as "a vale of Soul-making" in the *Letters*, and of "the cosmos progressively evolving forms more complex, aware, and beautiful in *Hyperion*". He notes that no one complex of desire is isolated or compartmentalized in the poetry of Keats, but that all experiences, pleasurable and painful alike, form part of that "steady commitment to process" which enable him to enter into his "peculiarly passive and serene acceptance of death".

Much of *The Quest for Permanence* is a conscientious documentation of these arguments by means of textual commentary, some of which is heavy-handed and banal, as in the attempted explication of the great passages of *Adonais*. Aware, perhaps, that he is working in the dwindling shadows of the New Criticism, Mr. Perkins appears a little fearful of exploiting the resources of biography. This leads him to ignore or minimize the importance of human influences (such as those of Godwin on Wordsworth, Peacock on Shelley, and a whole group of friends on Keats) that both helped and hindered the poets in their lifelong quest.

JAMES GRAY

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

TOLSTOY. By Theodore Redpath. London: Bowes & Bowes. Toronto: British Book Service. 1960. Pp. 126. \$1.15.

This volume belongs to a series called "Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought". It is another of the astonishingly popular small handbooks which attempt to convey in capsule form some idea of the dimension and meaning of great writers. It is a product of what one might call the *Reader's Digest* complex in the Western world.

What one asks of these capsules is that they provide the highest possible quantity of objective fact about a given author in the clearest and most accessible manner. A reader must be convinced that the inevitable condensation and selection are at least tactful.

By these standards Mr. Redpath's book is acceptable, and his "Selected Bibliography" and note on Soviet scholarly work on Tolstoy are excellent. Unfortunately, he goes out of his way to antagonize the reader. Instead of presenting his material in the conventional order (life, works, ideas), he reverses it. Chapter One becomes not just an exposition of Tolstoy's religious, social and aesthetic beliefs but an unwarranted polemic against them. On pp. 20-21 one finds such smug phrases as: "Some of us may find it exceedingly hard to believe in such doctrines . . . Some of us cannot make such an admission . . . He (Tolstoy) is a far cry from the opinion of our sensible Christian philosopher, Bishop Butler. . . ." Indeed, by opposing his high Tory realism to what he takes to be Tolstoy's perverse and exaggerated Christian logic, Mr. Redpath makes one wonder why he bothers with the Russian giant at all. Against Tolstoy's pacifism, he speaks of "fair and uncynical use of armed forces for defence in just wars;" against Tolstoy's peasant simplicity, he speaks of "respect for the refinements of true culture and civilization." (p. 32; my italics)

But once one passes to the chapters on Tolstoy's works and life, the book is generally helpful and efficient. I find only one blatant error, viz. a claim that Tolstoy, throughout the three phases of his productive life, "never conjures with metaphor . . ." (p. 87). To believe this, one would have to forget the famous figures in *War*

and Peace of the bees, the ants and the ram, to name only three.

Except for the initial polemic tone, Mr. Redpath's *Tolstoy* is a worthwhile capsule, and one would hope that readers will be sufficiently stimulated by it to avail themselves of the bibliography and proceed to more substantial works.

DAVID H. STEWART

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

DICKENS ON EDUCATION. By John Manning. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. 251. \$5.50.

As a graduate student at Queen's University, John Manning wrote a thesis on this subject as part of his work leading to the degree of Master of Arts, and he has from time to time published detailed studies of some special phase. This book gives a comprehensive, critical, and interesting treatment of what Dickens wrote and said about the education of boys and girls, as well as a careful discussion of Parliamentary debate and action as shown in Government documents. Dr. Manning's gleaming sense of humour has not been dulled by his pedagogical training, and he is peculiarly fitted to give a clear account of what was done and left undone during the nineteenth century towards educating English boys and girls, and a vivid description of what Dickens did to open the eyes of his readers and hearers.

Dr. Manning handles his complicated subject systematically; his Introduction gives the historical and social background; then he goes on to describe Dickens's own education, the various attempts made by interested persons and organizations to educate children of the working classes and others, and the views on education which may be seen in Dickens's speeches, printed articles, and private letters. He skilfully demolishes such unwary statements as the assertion made by Mr. James L. Hughes, who had introduced the kindergarten into Ontario schools, that Dickens "had long been a close student of Froebel's philosophy". He notices approvingly that

David Stow, who opened an infant school in Glasgow as early as 1826, tried to train the teachers "so that they would study not only the subjects they were to teach but also the pupils". It is noteworthy, if irrelevant, that in Scotland the parish schools trained all boys, and the ablest were fitted to enter a university.

Dr. Manning's whole treatment is constructive. Readily admitting that Dickens does not present any definition of sound teaching, still less any national system of free, compulsory education, and that many of his sketches are caricatures, he points out his able, voluntary, and eager work as investigator and almoner for Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and he stresses Dickens's great and unique service to uneducated and badly treated children; his memory and his imagination showed him what a child can suffer, and his genius created vivid dramatic scenes, made shining and memorable by his irresistible sense of humour, which kept tenderness from becoming sentimentality. Dr. Manning not only chuckles over those scenes; he analyzes their lasting effect.

WILHELMINA GORDON

KINGSTON

Fiction

WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY. By Edward McCourt. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1959. Pp. 222. \$3.50.

IAN OF RED RIVER. By Ragnhildur Guttormsson. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1959. Pp. 129. \$3.25.

Here are two novels with young people for their study. The one is an historical romance of the Canadian West written for children; the other, although set in the Canadian West, speaks to the adult of the romantic and heroic wherever they exist.

Mrs. Guttormsson, whose quiet enthusiasm for the romance of Canadian history makes for a warm and unpretentious book, invites her young reader to become an early Selkirk Settler and travel to a new

world of Indians and blizzards, Nor'-Westers and forts. Good teacher that she is, she manages to say something of courage and loyalty; but not before she wins over her young friend by giving him his own horse, a rifle, and a pal. The attractive simplicity of this little book grows out of Mrs. Guttormsson's faith in her material to make its own way, without embellishment or manipulation.

McCourt's new and impressive novel is the story of a boy whose "walk through the valley" is the record of his growth to maturity: in Wordsworthian fashion, he relinquishes his child's world of delightful sensation and extravagant fancy for a man's vision of life as lived in the valley of the shadow of death—by a humanity enduringly heroic.

The portrait is utterly convincing. Michael Troy, a Prairie farm boy, is first depicted as a romantic child with a "look of dreams" about him. As he roams the plains and hills around his home, he is Robin Hood, Caesar, Wild Bill Hickok—above all, hunter of the great stag that rules a nearby valley as king. With an increased range of experience, however, he learns of loneliness and evil, pain and fear, and sexual love. Henceforth the petal of the rose will no longer sting. With loss of innocence go the dreams by which the innocent live. The description of this troubled stage in Michael's development is perhaps the finest thing in the book. At times the child still, at other times a disillusioned and rootless soul, always the adolescent searching for manhood, he is during this period "more like a man/Flying from something that he dreads, than one/Who sought the thing he loved".

The conflict here recorded turns on the resolution that has to be made between the vulnerable, escapist romanticism given him by his dreamer of a father, who finds it "a great trouble, sometimes, to be a man," and the experience of reality, actually evil reality, which threatens to take from him his faith in his father and thus destroy completely in him the imaginative and poetic. The great deer he stalks can never again be for him the embodiment of a figure out of Irish myth; the question remains whether it will henceforth be merely a wild beast to be hunted and killed. His

conflict is resolved and the book brought to a powerful close when his apparently weak father struggles free of the latent corruption at the heart of the romantic and demonstrates to Michael through an act of self-sacrifice that life can be genuinely heroic. The stag now appears to him as a vision of the "great and strange and enduring". Henceforth the power is in him to defy the worst that life can do.

Everything in the book is data respecting Michael's development. The mother and father are so characterized as to define clearly certain given elements in his nature; other characters serve to externalize what is happening within him. Such specific episodes as his venture into the valley reminiscent of primeval swamps, and the wonderfully described ride through the badlands while he still doubts his father—these grow into powerful symbols of his experiences. Only with respect to the story itself does McCourt not quite succeed in holding the reader's interest with both hands. There are whiskey runners and young lovers; but on the whole it is the second reading, when one is caught up in the subtle delineation of Michael's ordeal, rather than the first, when the story seems dominant—and insufficient—that reveals the true worth of this novel. One hopes it will be given the second reading it deserves.

R. G. BALDWIN

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

History of Ideas

THE DEATH OF ADAM: EVOLUTION AND ITS IMPACT ON WESTERN THOUGHT. John C. Greene. Ames, Iowa: The Iowa State University Press. Toronto: Thomas Allen, Ltd. 1959. Pp. 388. \$5.40.

The flood of books about evolution which poured into the market during the centenary of the *Origin of Species* contained more than a few volumes which were hastily put together to capitalize on the occasion. The present book, however, does not belong to this class. Both its contents and its format show that it is intended to be

something more than a vehicle for bringing in quick returns. Professor Greene, writing as a historian, has produced a scholarly description of the rise of evolutionary conceptions of nature in the interval between John Ray and Charles Darwin. The Iowa State University Press has made the book a handsome example of the publisher's art. The result is a welcome addition to the literature on the history of science.

The story Professor Greene relates is by no means unfamiliar. Yet we can easily forget what a remarkable story it is unless we keep the details fresh in our minds. The world of Newton's *Principia Mathematica* and Ray's *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation* (1691) was fundamentally a static world. Its material structure, its living inhabitants and its governing laws had all been specially created and were insusceptible to any development. During the next two centuries this conception of the world underwent a radical transformation. Beginning with certain tentative suggestions of Whiston, Buffon and Wright about how the solar system might have developed, the notion of a "universal natural history of the heavens" emerged in the work of Kant and Laplace. Parallel with this trend was one which led to the establishing of historical geology and paleontology as a consequence of the labours of Hutton, Smith, Buffon, Cuvier, *et al.* Then came attempts to decipher "the natural history of man". The foundations of anthropology were laid by Tyson, Lord Monboddo and Blumenbach. The cumulative effect of all this was "the death of Adam", and the destruction of the static creationism of the 17th century. The way was opened for a comprehensive theory of biological evolution which received its canonical formulation in 1859. Yet Darwin did not come at the end of a smooth, linear movement of thought. Between him and John Ray there was a tortuous historical path with many red herrings drawn across it. Professor Greene conducts his readers along the path and offers various comments *en route*.

Not all of these comments will compel assent. Thus, it is surely incorrect to say that "the idea of evolution got its first foothold not in the field of natural history, where both organic form and physical

environment appeared immutable, but in the study of man in his most mutable aspect, his mind and culture" (p. 211). This seems to me at best a half-truth. It is also incorrect to speak of Darwin as "a prisoner in the rigidly deterministic system he had discerned in all the operations of nature, organic as well as inorganic" (p. 307). For in the *Origin of Species* Darwin explicitly states that he does not accept "the existence of any law of necessary development". And in *The Descent of Man* he clearly espouses an indeterministic position with regard to human action. Neither Darwin nor Huxley can properly be regarded as rigid determinists.

I have noticed just one slip. On p. 260 (and also in the index) "Samuel Blyth" should be "Edward Blyth".

T. A. GOUDGE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

CULTURE AND SOCIETY, 1780-1950.
By Raymond Williams. London: Chatto and Windus. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin. 1958.
Pp. xx + 363. \$6.75.

This book is an ambitious attempt to define the relationship of the terms in its title. In his introduction Mr. Williams shows that *culture* and four other key words *industry*, *democracy*, *class*, and *art*—acquired their present meanings after 1780; the idea of culture in its general modern use, he asserts, came into English thinking in the period of the Industrial Revolution. If we object that the meaning if not the name was familiar to Pope and his contemporaries, Mr. Williams will reply that the idea of a separate body of moral and intellectual activities was present beforehand, but only at this time was it linked to a sense of "a whole way of life, material, intellectual, and spiritual".

It was Coleridge, Mr. Williams says, who first attempted to define the social conditions of man's perfection: "What in the eighteenth century had been an ideal of personality—personal qualification for participation in polite society—had now, in the face of radical change, to be redefined, as a con-

dition on which society as a whole depended." Like Burke, Coleridge considered that man's promptings to perfection came from within, but in the face of the disintegrating processes of industrialism he could not trust, as Burke could earlier, that the traditional organization of society would satisfy them. Hence he proposed the endowment of a special class, a "clerisy". But Mr. Williams does not like élites; for this and for every other suggestion that culture should be regarded as the concern of a special group—Caryle's heroes, Arnold's "remnant", Ruskin's third estate, Eliot's upper class—he has no use whatsoever. His own view is that culture should be democratic, that a majority culture is not necessarily low, and that the working class has more to offer to the pursuit of perfection than most writers on culture have thought.

Mr. Williams is usually reasonable, discerning, and fair; but he has the polemical intention of showing that certain cultural prescriptions have been unsatisfactory and that certain others are desirable. As he continues his survey into the twentieth century, it becomes apparent that he regards William Morris as the pivotal figure in the main tradition: both Morris and Mr. Williams think in terms of privilege and oppression, the expansion of culture through increased opportunities for the working class, and possibly even some kind of proletarian upheaval. Mr. Williams describes R. H. Tawney as the last voice in a tradition which has sought to humanize the modern system of society on its own best terms. He views D. H. Lawrence as an exile who tragically refused to recognize the existence of a working-class culture and consequently never returned to the home he had lost. He sees in Orwell the paradox of the exile, who is convinced that the means of remedy for inhuman conditions are social but cannot ultimately believe in any social guarantee. He sees Eliot, though he acknowledges his service in checking the complacencies of both liberalism and conservatism, as advocating a stratified society based on merit which is as objectionable as a stratified society based on money or on birth. And, though he is severe with some of its practitioners, he is remarkably deferential to Marxist criticism; he talks of Marx's

"brilliant revaluation" of the idea of culture and looks to Marxism as a source of continuing and worthwhile cultural stimulus.

Mr. Williams concludes his book with what Angus Wilson has called the best-reasoned plea he has read for the necessity of a common culture, understood as a total, integrated way of living, in an egalitarian form. Most readers are likely to judge this book, however, as an extremely valuable exposition of the important discussions of culture in the period covered and a not quite so valuable exposition of the author's own thought. His preconceptions can lead him to make astonishing statements: he writes, "The confutation of Burke on the French Revolution is now a one-finger exercise in politics and history". It is strange also to see someone living in a twentieth-century welfare state referring to the "triumphant liberalism of contemporary society". These are indications of his standpoint; disagreements with him are bound to be on fundamental questions. "The forces which have changed and are still changing our world are indeed industry and democracy," he writes. It is an assertion for which he does not really provide proof. He neglects such arguments as that of John U. Nef, in *The Cultural Foundations of Industrial Civilization*, to the effect that the changes which have taken place were not forced on men's minds by changes in the external mechanism of industrial production, but were the creation of human minds absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge. Mr. Williams is confident that the material mode of existence determines the intellectual, that social existence determines consciousness, and that culture in the sense of a high standard of intellectual and artistic activity will expand with the removal of obstacles imposed on the labouring class by the privileged few. He hates terms like *mass media* and *mass communications*, which call up before his eyes a picture of a small, brave band defying standards against a mob. But these are useful terms: be they millionaires or mill-hands, the people who respond supinely to the blandishments of the advertising men have to be called something, and there is no reason to invent a new word when the old one has such general acceptance. All discussions of mass culture are not linked, as Mr.

Williams supposes, with questions of snobbery and privilege; and the problem of the defense of standards is a genuine one. Finally, it is somewhat dismaying to see how much Mr. Williams is a prey of class consciousness and of stock notions about democracy and the working class. Especially in his discussion of the kind of equality which democracy implies, he is not looking at what democracy has historically come to mean, and is guilty of the rigid, abstract reasoning he deplors. Yet, if we must quarrel with him on a number of basic issues, there is no question that he has written a most interesting and valuable book.

D. J. DOOLEY

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

Wandering Scholars

A DEFENCE OF FREE LEARNING. By Lord Beveridge. London: Oxford University Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. 146. \$2.75.

This book outlines the work of the Academic Assistance Council from its beginnings in 1933 and of the Society for Protection of Science and Learning which took over from the Council in 1938. Lord Beveridge was concerned in the first, and has been President of the second since 1944. From various headquarters between Burlington Arcade and a special room in the Bodleian at Oxford, he has maintained for over 25 years the records of "wandering scholars"; and his restrained and yet penetrating account has been published to mark 25 years of academic assistance, as a reply to political tyranny, in the defence of free learning. It is to "the wandering Scholars whose Triumphant Courage in Adversity it describes" that this book is dedicated.

The most striking feature of this record of voluntary assistance in Britain is the individual character which it assumed for some 2,600 university teachers and research workers, nearly all of them refugees. Of the 561 who received direct financial assist-

ance and who responded to a circular enquiry at the end of 1958, by far the largest number (364) had come originally from Germany. It was in Germany, from 1933 onwards, that tyranny directed against university figures became most odious and most pressing. In addition, 95 came originally from Austria, and 102 from other European countries (Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Italy and Poland accounting for 84). The migration of this original group of 561, 25 years after the original "wanderings" began, is in itself a dramatic demonstration of what Beveridge calls the "Folly of Tyrants". Forty-five had returned to Germany, and 17 to Austria; other European countries had absorbed 56, among which Israel, with 16, was the most striking. None of this group had returned to Hungary or Poland, nor indeed to Spain or the U.S.S.R., whence a few had come. Nations of the Commonwealth had become home to 31, and Central and South America to 13, widely dispersed; 174 had remained in the United Kingdom, and 225 had crossed the Atlantic to the United States (where, it must be stated, the opportunities for academic and research occupations were likely to be more numerous).

The wandering, of course, is only part of the story. Some 30 of the academic refugees volunteered for active service during the war; two died on active service. Over 60 were engaged in wartime research the nature of which could be disclosed; an undetermined number worked on projects necessarily secret. Over the 25-year period, 32 Fellows of the Royal Society had been elected from the group of refugee scholars; 17 had become Fellows of the British Academy, and four had been winners of the Nobel Prize. The enrichment of scholarship and research in all of the receiving countries (including Canada) has by any standard been very marked.

Canadian readers may be interested (though they may not be flattered) by two accounts here published from journals kept by internee-scholars transported to Canada in 1940. To a degree they were the victims of haste and improvisation; their comments relate to stupidity rather than privation, though the prodigality and quality of Canadian food seems to have impressed them and their fellows.

At the end, Lord Beveridge points a moral as to the relative importance of money and of ideas. Though the Society was never well off, its President says it was never prevented by lack of funds from doing anything essential. Yet (he adds) "with all this accomplished and with Hitler dead, the need for organized defence of free learning remains, and defence is in some ways more difficult than before. Post-war tyrants, as savage as the old ones, have become more efficient as jailers; they make it harder for their victims to escape. Protection of Science and Learning is as necessary today as it was twenty-five years ago. At any moment it may need money once more".

This is a sober and yet a heart-warming account of compassion, realism, and resourcefulness.

JAMES A. GIBSON

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

Moslems in the U.S.S.R.

PAN-TURKISM AND ISLAM IN RUSSIA
by Serge A. Zenkovsky. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited. 1960. Pp. x + 345. \$8.75.

Professor Zenkovsky has studied the process in and the effects of modern revolution upon one group of the Moslem peoples in order that a better knowledge and understanding of the present state of the Moslem peoples as a whole may be attained. The group that Dr. Zenkovsky has put under his microscope comprises the Turkic national groups in Russia, since they are not only the largest family of nationalities in the Soviet Union (after the Slavs themselves) but form a substantial part of the Islamic world and, as such, have frequently been used as a "show window of Russia's policies in Asia".

The end of the Civil War and the stabilization of the Soviet régime in Russia closed an important epoch in the history of Russia's Turkic peoples. Five Turkish Soviet Republics and two "people's dem-

ocracies" had come into being, and the Soviets might consider that the national aspirations of the Turks of Russia had been satisfied. Yet true Turkic national feeling could only be frustrated by the final status of these Republics, since they came under the strict control of the Soviet State and the Communist Party, into an era of totalitarian control of their lives and, so far as this is possible, of their minds. Of even greater significance was the drastic decline of Islamic influences, for after 1920 secularization became a compulsory and permanent feature of the central government's programme, a pressure aggravated by the precarious situation to which Kemal Atatürk had reduced Islam in Turkey itself. Although Professor Zenkovsky finds that "the efforts of Russia's Turkic peoples to maintain their own identity were in many instances conditioned less by national ideals than by their common attachment to the religion and culture of Islam," yet he also thinks that the decrease in Islamic spiritual ascendancy was not necessarily followed by a weakening of Turkic national feeling. In fact, this decrease may even have strengthened it, since pan-Turkism had tended to be obscured by pan-Islamism. But it was a strong Moslem, as opposed to Turkic national, feeling that inspired early Turkic congresses and political parties in Russia; the feeling that a revived and united Islam, not the nation, was the most suitable basis for political action. The term 'Turkic' began to replace 'Moslem' only so late as 1919. Before that, pan-Turkic ideals were too vague, the whole conception of a Turkic nationalism, as opposed to a cosmopolitan Islam, was too weak to make pan-Turkism truly effective and attractive, and a host of diversities and uncertainties enfeebled the possibility of effective overall political action on nationalistic lines. (For example, how were Moslems to be reconciled to Communism? "The principal message of Islam is the existence of God: true communists deny the existence of God.") So when the 1917 Revolution came, the Russian Turkic peoples were in a state of transition, their ideology was in flux, and their leadership in process of formation. They were consequently prevented from playing a really decisive rôle in the shaping of their own destinies and they certainly failed to achieve real national independence.

The book is a detailed account of the personalities and events that guided the development of nationalist ideas among the Moslem peoples of Russia in the years up to 1920. The general reader, who will be daunted by some 250 pages of minutiae with copious footnotes—one has the impression that very little escaped the net Professor Zenkovsky cast into an ocean of source material—will find a summing-up in the chapter "Conclusion". The rest is for the serious student. There is an adequate index, good maps though they might show more of the places mentioned in the text, and all the "footnotes" are irritatingly placed after the last chapter.

C. D. QUILLIAM

KINGSTON

The Ancient World

FROM THE GRACCHI TO NERO. By H. H. Scullard. London: Methuen. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1959. Pp. xi + 450. 4 maps. \$5.00.

The centuries from the Gracchi to Nero must be numbered among the two or three most important periods in the ancient world, not only for their intrinsic interest, but also because of their formative influence on the later Roman Empire and western civilization in general. In the past few years there have been many works written on special topics or on outstanding individuals of the period, but no general survey has been undertaken. Accordingly, though the author is modest about the scope and originality of this work, his book fills a definite need and will be helpful to all students of ancient history.

The purpose of the book, as the author states in the Preface, is to record "the more assured results" of recent scholarship and "to put the reader on the track of some of this for further study". He has, therefore, included far more notes on sources, books and articles of a specialized nature, than is usual in a work of this type. These notes, which cite articles as late as 1958, will be useful both to the scholar and the layman who wishes for more than a compressed

and inevitably somewhat dogmatic account of one of the best documented but most controversial periods of the Greek and Roman world.

As he admits, Scullard has relied considerably on the relevant volumes of the Cambridge Ancient History, and his approach is conservative throughout. Naturally, when we consider his special interests, most of the book is devoted to political history. Nevertheless the book is balanced in its judgments, and Scullard has managed to include useful observations on the personalities of the main actors, and on the social and cultural life of the times. It is a refreshing change to be able to remark that, unlike most of his contemporaries, Scullard is fair both to Caesarians and Republicans—even to Cicero.

The one solid ground for criticism concerns the style in which he writes. While admitting his desire and need to compress his material, we may justifiably complain of the dullness with which he describes this fascinating period. Here there is no drama; only a bald and pedestrian account.

The book is well produced, and there are few typographical errors. It is unfortunate that such a useful work should have so few and such inadequate maps.

S. E. SMETHURST

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Crime and Punishment

STAR WORMWOOD. By Curtis Bok. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd. 1959. Pp. 228. \$4.50. *PREDICTING DELINQUENCY AND CRIME.* By Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck. Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press. Pp. xxii + 273. \$8.50.

Both these books deal with Crime and Punishment, but they resemble each other in no other respect.

The author of *Star Wormwood* has been a judge in Pennsylvania for nearly 24 years. In 1957 he delivered three lectures on penology at the University of Virginia Law School, and the critical parts of his text

are based on those lectures. The work is obviously put forward as a serious contribution to the science of penology and the cause of reform of penal laws. Regrettably, it fails in respect of both objectives.

The tone of the book is one of supercharged emotion and the writing is characterized by exaggeration and distortion, sometimes to the point of caricature. Worse than that, the substance of the work is mixed up with the purported narrative of a homicide complicated by cannibalism that is so crudely conceived and composed as to destroy the effectiveness of the book as an instrument for carrying out the author's genuinely humane and, in spite of his confused thinking, admirable purpose of protesting against a criminal and penal system said to be based on vengeance. The story is intended to support an attack on the McNaghten Rules basing criminal responsibility in cases of insanity on ability to know the nature and quality of an act or to know that the act was wrong. His point may be sound but is not supported by his argument.

It is a pity that books of this kind are published, not because their purpose is wrong, but because by pretending to be what they are not they do more harm than good to the cause they are intended to advance. A judge with the experience of Judge Bok is capable of much better work.

On the other hand, *Predicting Delinquency and Crime* is the summation of the results of over thirty years of thorough and dispassionate study of the occurrence of delinquency and crime by the distinguished scholar Dr. Sheldon Glueck and his equally distinguished wife, who is also Dr. Glueck. The husband is Roscoe Pound Professor of Law and the wife is Research Associate in Criminology both at the Harvard Law School.

By no means the only or even the first investigators of the predictability of individual criminal behaviour, the Gluecks have perhaps achieved, if not a broader basis of research, at least a more complete investigation of individual cases than others studying similar problems. The careers of 500 inmates released from the Massachusetts Reformatory, whose sentences expired in 1921 and 1922, were followed in detail for fifteen years after the date of expiry, and

reports were published at the end of each five year period. A similar study was made of a thousand juveniles dealt with by the Boston Juvenile Court and Child Guidance Clinic whose lives were followed for ten years. The lives of five hundred delinquent women were studied over a period of five years from release. In each individual case a large number of factors potentially bearing on criminality were investigated and various statistical and predictive studies were made.

Three, four, five or six factors were finally selected for each of their numerous prediction tables, except for one table where seven are employed. Nobody else has tried to base prediction on so few factors, but the Gluecks say theirs are significant enough for prediction that all others can be ignored. For example, the factors permitting prediction of behaviour of male juvenile offenders during parole after confinement, are: birthplaces of both parents, discipline by each parent and school misconduct. Forty-three other tables follow male or female offenders into adulthood and into, through and out of prison or reformatory. Eighteen other tables purport to predict the onset of delinquency or crime among persons who have not yet given outward and visible signs of such misconduct. For example, potential juvenile delinquents may be identified by five traits of character, namely: social assertiveness, defiance, suspiciousness, destructiveness and emotional lability; or by five personality traits, namely: adventurousness, extroversion in action, suggestibility, stubbornness and emotional instability.

Obviously, the value of such predictive devices depends on the reliability of the data-collecting processes and the use made of the data in the selection of factors and the assigning of weight to each. Being neither a sociologist nor a psychologist, I am not qualified to criticize this book on either ground but I find in an article by Frank E. Hartung, (23 *Law & Contemporary Problems*, 704-9), a summary of widespread and extremely severe criticism on both grounds of previous publications by the authors presenting parts of the material now collected in the work under review. I am also informed by a colleague thoroughly conversant with sta-

tistical procedures that the statistical methods used by the authors are inadequate and unsuited for dealing with prediction of human behaviour, which is affected by complicated arrangements of factors, the significance of which can be estimated only by elaborate statistical devices probably requiring the use of computers. Such methods have been deliberately avoided by the Gluecks.

Examination of the tables themselves strongly suggests that the relationship between some of the factors and the behaviour of the subjects was fortuitous rather than significant, even assuming that correlation rather than causation is the highest degree of association claimed. Whether recognizing these weaknesses or for other reasons, the authors do not lay claim to infallibility, but put their tables forward as tentative. Even this modesty appears to involve an overestimate, since, in spite of supposedly dramatic confirmation of some of the tables in several experiments, it seems that they are not likely to be reliable for general application.

If these criticisms are valid, as they appear to be, *Predicting Delinquency and Crime* is potentially more dangerous than *Star Wormwood*. The latter book will deceive few readers, but the reputation of the Gluecks and the apparently scientific tone of the former will create for it an unmerited credibility.

STUART RYAN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Science for the Layman

THE TRIUMPH OF SURGERY. By Jürgen Thorwald. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. New York: Pantheon Books. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1959. Pp. 454. \$7.00.

Historians who can present a dramatic account of momentous events along with a colourful account of the secondary circumstances surrounding them admittedly are not very rare. However, very few authors can take so specialized and technical

a subject as surgery and make its history dramatic without immediately displeasing the living specialists in the field concerned. Thorwald is one such rare author. He has successfully blended genuine, well-documented history with a semi-journalistic and urgent style that actually lends real colour to his subject. Surgeons and medical historians will not only happily accept Thorwald's approach but they will become immersed with the ordinary non-specialist reader in the fascination of his unfolding story.

The story is told by an imaginary widely-travelled American surgeon who, by chance or design, witnesses or follows the development of all the major surgical discoveries during the second golden age of surgery, the three or four decades preceding the First World War. An unknowing critic might object to the use of the autobiographical style as being a rather hackneyed device. Yet three substantial reasons must have occurred to the author for the use of this device. First, the reader cannot fail to be overlastingly impressed by the fact that the golden age occupied a period equal only to the professional lifetime of one man. Second, and equally important, an undeniably genuine aura is given to the many colourful background events and everyday occurrences when they are described in the first person. Third, and least important, the use of the autobiographical style allows the author to veil the prejudices that influenced his choosing of what actually were the truly significant events. This last reason should not have influenced Thorwald because his choices would appear to be acceptable to most authorities.

In an earlier book, "The Century of the Surgeon," the same imaginary eye-witness, a Dr. Hartmann, was present at most of the stirring surgical events that occurred in the middle of the nineteenth century. The present book, unlike most sequels, has an independent strength. Contributing greatly to this strength is the literate and easy translation by Richard and Clara Winston, which approaches perfection. Indeed, it does not appear to be a translation at all, the idiom (both medical and English) having no foreign ring whatever.

The book opens with Dr. Hartmann freshly arrived in London to attend the Third International Medical Congress.

Events move briskly to a climax as the Englishmen Ferrier and Yeo experimentally demonstrate the localization of functions in the cerebral hemispheres. The attending turmoil of controversy and the final triumph of the new discovery make such a thrilling opening chapter that one fears that thereafter the author can only produce anticlimaxes. This fear is soon forgotten as the story moves from one great discovery to another. The mystery of diseases of the thyroid gland and their surgical treatment is unravelled by Kocher; local anesthesia, antisepsis, and brain surgery are introduced; the gall bladder first yields to the scalpel; neurosurgery is born; and Bassini invents the cure of hernia which had defied attempted cures for the previous 3,000 years.

Sigmund Freud appears on the scene too, but only as an ambitious and unhappy bumbler. It appears that, because of a bad defect in personality, he missed being acclaimed as the discoverer of local anesthesia. He is shown to have been so anxious for self-advancement that he overlooked the obvious local effects of cocaine, with which, by chance, he was one of the first to experiment. This was long before he discovered the fabulous mine of the psyche which made him both famous and notorious.

Thorwald writes with particular verve in describing several of the most vituperative surgical controversies. For example, the tragedy of Crown Prince Friedrich III of Germany, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, is played to its fatal conclusion against the background of an international scandal. This was brought about by the unscrupulous London surgeon, Morell Mackenzie, who insisted, against all the evidence, that Friedrich did not have cancer of the larynx.

The general reader who almost certainly will read this book with genuine enthusiasm and fascination may not care whether or not the situations described are authentic. Nonetheless, this reviewer considered it his duty to seek out errors, and, happily, his efforts were unproductive. "The Triumph of Surgery", therefore, is equally as good history as it is good reading.

J. V. BASMAJIAN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

RACES AND PEOPLE. By William C. Boyd and Isaac Asimov. London and New York: Abelard-Schuman, 1958. Illustr. Pp. 189. 12/6.

The ability to explain the essentials of complex biological phenomena in simple language, avoiding the semantic pitfalls of journalese, is a talent these two scientists have to a high degree. Dr. Boyd is Professor of Immunochemistry and Dr. Asimov is a biochemist, both at Boston University School of Medicine. Each has made scholarly contributions in his special field; and Boyd's popular "Genetics and the Races of Man" and Asimov's engaging science-fiction are widely known and testify to their skill in writing on science for the non-scientist. The reader of "Races and People" will learn why chromosomes and genes are basic stuff of skin and bones, race and racism. And he will incidentally see genially demolished much superstitious nonsense regarding blood, race and heredity. Addressed to young people at advanced secondary school level, it can be read with profit by the inquisitive adult. The simple line-drawing illustrations add further clarity to the text.

B. N. KROPP

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Archaeology

MAYA HIEROGLYPHIC WRITING. By J. Eric Thompson. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. Toronto: Burns & MacEachern Ltd. 1960. Pp. xxii, (1) + 347. 64 plates. \$12.50.

Ten years have passed since the Carnegie Institution of Washington published the first edition of this work, and the University of Oklahoma Press has done a great service to scholars in making available this new edition. The fact that a new printing was desirable indicates in a compelling way the importance of the work and the demand there is for it. The author is a distinguished former curator of Central American archaeology at the Field (now Chicago) Museum of Natural History, now retired to live in

his homeland, England. It is perhaps not too much to say that he is the greatest living authority on the Mayan calendrical systems and Mayan astronomy, and his contributions to the subject have been of the first importance.

The subject matter of *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* is highly technical and complicated and one with which this reviewer has only a nodding acquaintance. It involves a competent knowledge of Mayan epigraphy, comparative Mayan linguistics, archaeology, and history, not to mention basic astronomical procedures and calendrical systems. All of these Thompson handles with erudition and conviction, not to say verve, and his scorn for the dabbler, though politely concealed, is none the less present; Whorf fares particularly badly at his hands, as does the Russian Knorozov. Nor does he claim the last word, for he admits that "the implications" of Tatiana Proskouria-koff's "work are of the greatest importance" (p.v.). (This, of course, is new since the first edition was published).

Thompson leads the reader through the many complexities of the subject step by step, beginning with sources, texts and the principles of glyphic writing, then into the various "counts" and cycles, both ritualistic and astronomical, and finally lists some aids to decipherment. Throughout it all, he reveals an erudition and urbanity which lift the book well above that of a textbook and make it pleasurable—even exciting—reading. Through the magic of his words, the reader is made to feel something of the awe with which the ancient Maya witnessed the passage of time: "The grand cadences of the Initial Series sang its glory and the concluding hieroglyphs echoed its praise; towering pyramids rose to exalt it and stone lintels intoned its majesty. Captives lost their lives in sacrifice to it; priests shed their own blood in its honor. The whole pomp and wealth of each community was directed to its greater glory in a degree not seen by western eyes since the passing of mediaevalism." This is the writing, not only of a master of his subject, but of a master of English prose, and we are all the richer for it.

KENNETH E. KIDD

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METHOD AND THEORY IN AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY. By Gordon R. Willey and Philip Phillips. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1958. Pp. ix + 270. \$4.75.

In reviewing this important book it is first of all necessary to point out that it is not a treatise on excavation techniques or the philosophy of archaeology, as the title might suggest. Rather, the term "archaeology" here is a synonym for prehistory—the interpreted results of excavation—and the words "method" and "theory" are concerned with the manner in which these results should be organized. As our sources of information for the Americas are almost exclusively archaeological (not "historical", for the American cultures were for the most part non-literate), the special limitations imposed on our ability to reconstruct such a prehistory must be recognized, and a set of "ground-rules" or definitions should be accepted by all workers in the field in order to minimize, as much as possible, terminological confusion.

So much may be admitted. But, it is notoriously difficult to arrive at definitions that will suit everyone and every occasion, and the attempt in this volume to establish precise meanings for words such as "phase", "component", "horizon" and others tends to become tedious. It also leads to the suspicion that if the archaeologist using the term does not know what he means by it, all the dictionary definitions and semantic distinctions will not help. This part of the book, understandably, provides some of the most unreadable English ever put into print. Sentences are long, with many qualifying adjectives, subsidiary phrases and clauses. Words are generally abstract, rarely concrete. The mind cannot absorb the meaning of a sentence without many re-readings. One example may be quoted: "We now prefer to say that the archaeologist is on a firmer footing with the concept of an archaeological unit as a provisionally defined segment of the total continuum, whose ultimate validation will depend on the degree to which its internal spatial and temporal dimensions can be shown to coincide with significant variations in the nature and rate of cultural change in that continuum." (pp. 16-17)

The purpose of the study is well defined as follows: "The object of the present inquiry is to see whether a gross classification of all New World archaeological data into a small number of broad developmental stages is possible and, if possible, useful." (It is unfortunate that this, the clearest statement, is relegated to footnote 121 on page 135!). It is this process of "gross classification"—the attempt to apply the suggested "historical-developmental" framework to the actual results of excavation in the Americas—which is of greatest value.

For the archaeologist—professional or amateur—who is interested in the latest theories about the correlation of cultures all over the Americas and in the Carbon-14 dates assigned to many of them, this book is a convenient compendium. For the Canadian, however, interested in Canadian Indian archaeology, the value will be indirect only.

Canadian archaeology has not yet progressed to a stage where the results add very much of significance to the synthesis here worked out. The many local sites in Canada which have been dug need, first of all, some local correlation and synthesis before they can be profitably compared with the cultural groupings in the United States or farther afield.

The authors are both on the staff of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University. This fact (and the 48 pages of bibliography) should certify for the reader their qualifications to write such a volume as this. It should also prepare him for a piece of research and theorizing which will be of greater value to other experts than to the general reader.

A. D. TUSHINGHAM

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM,
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THE NEW BOOKS

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